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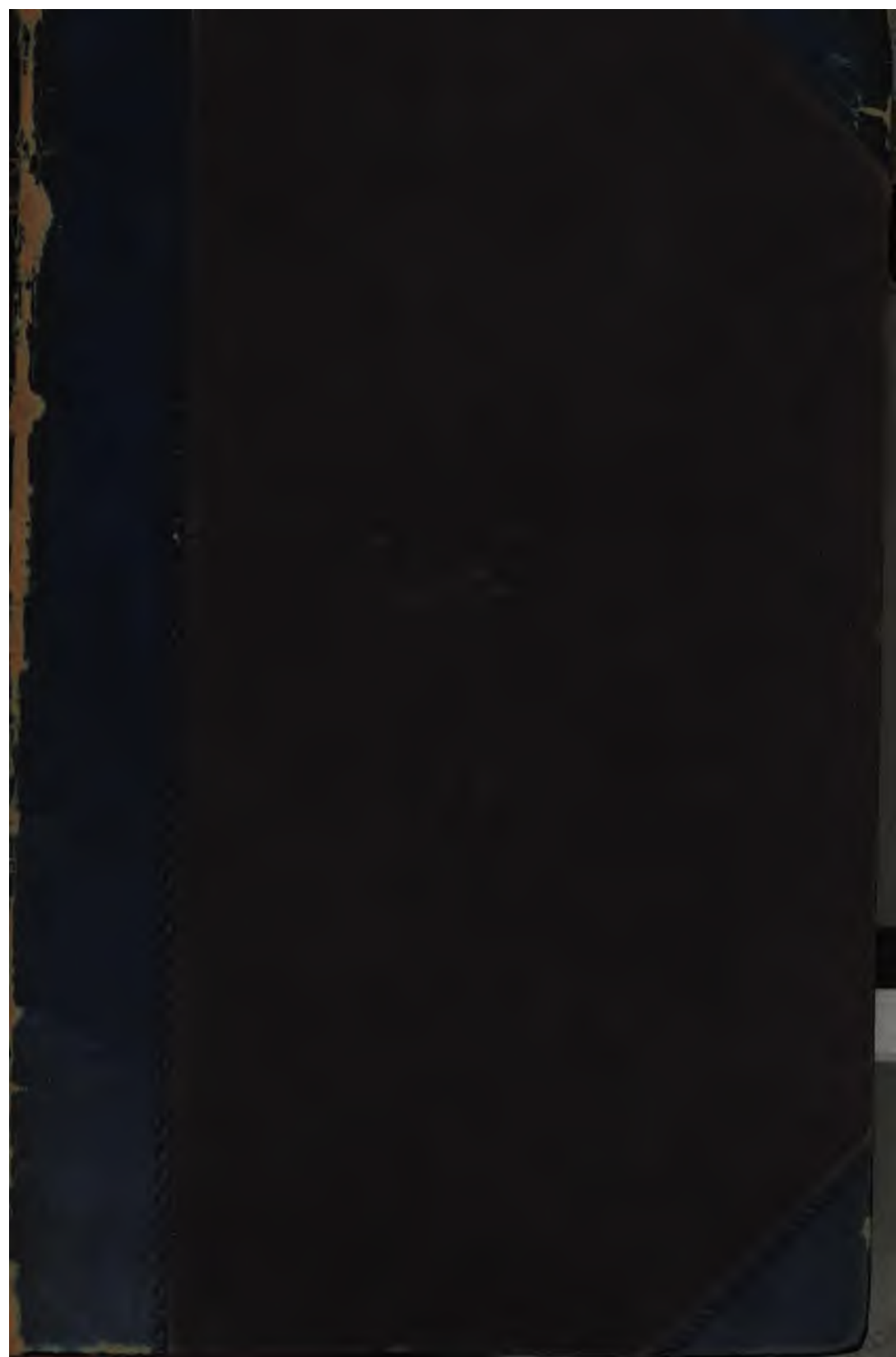
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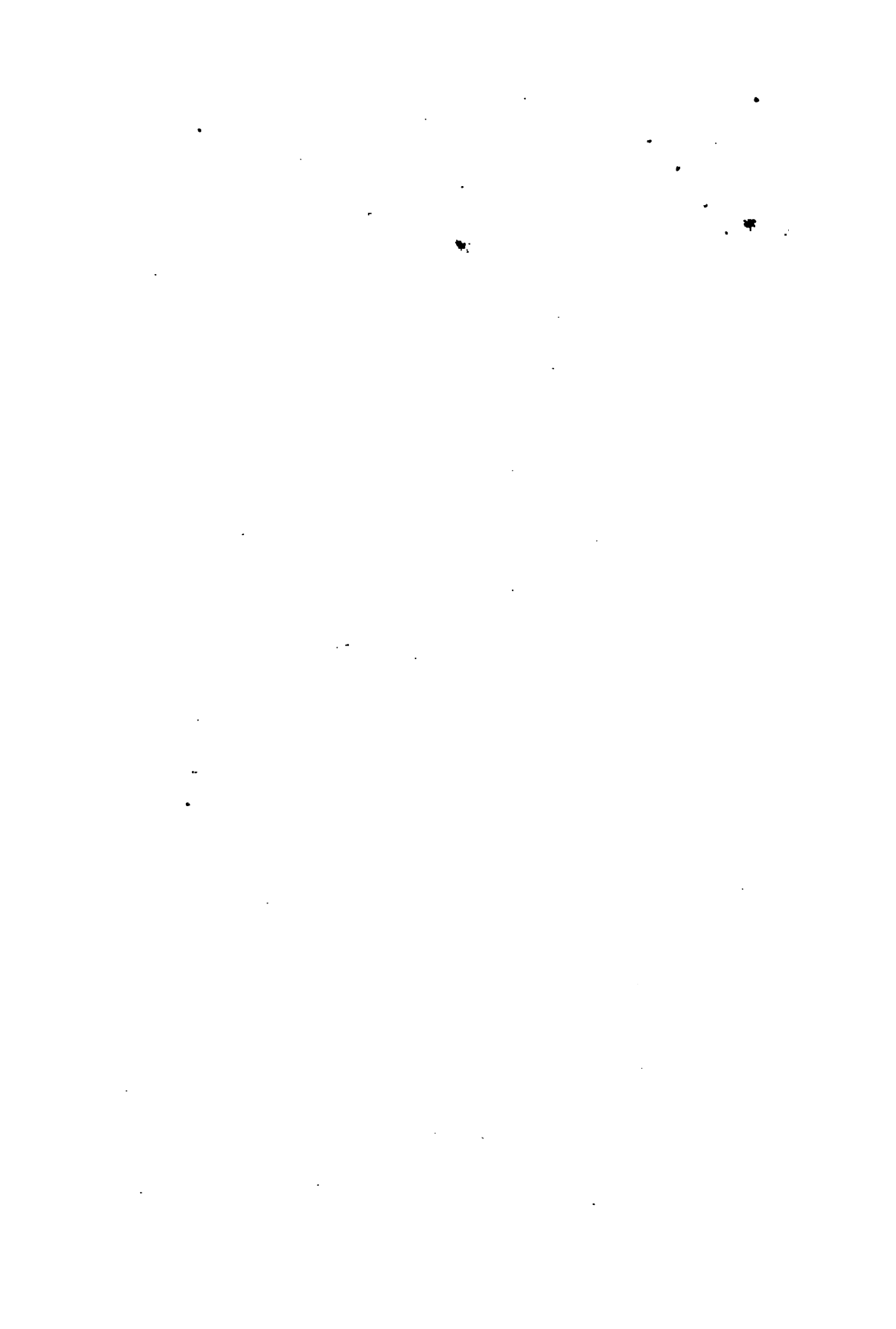
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INTERESTING

ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,

ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS;

TENDING TO

AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

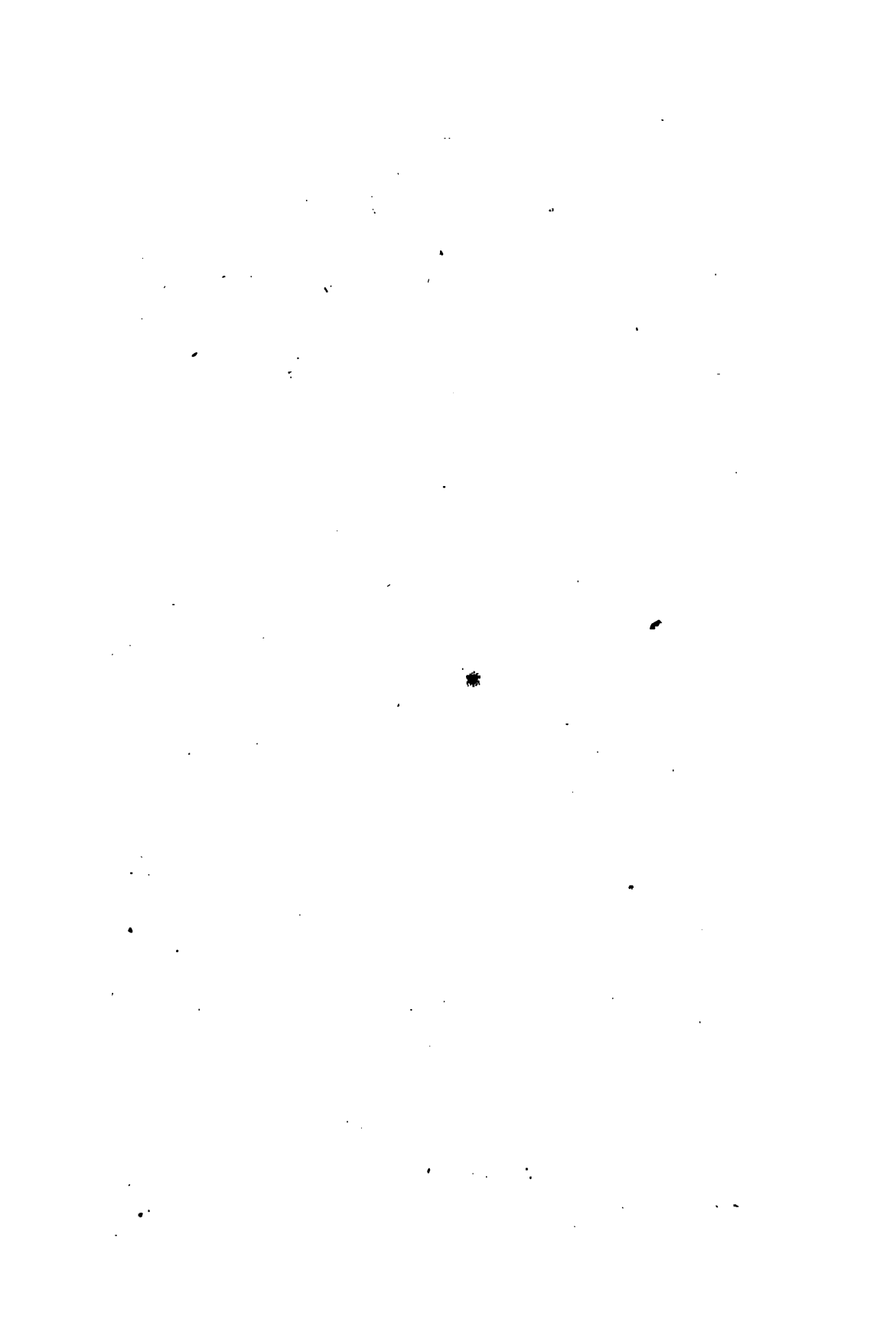
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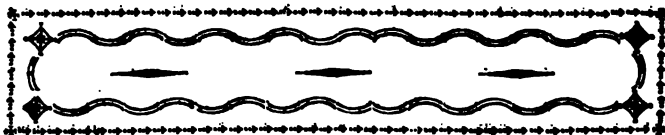
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A
COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE of CROMWELL.

WHEN the affairs of Charles I. were in their wane in all the Southern counties, the Marquis of Newcastle's prudence gave them some credit in the North. His residence was at York, where he engaged two gentlemen of the country to act under him as Lieutenants. Sir Richard Graham was one; whose commission under the Marquis is still in the hands of the family. As Sir Richard was both an active man, and much attached to the Royal cause, he entered into it with all that vigour, which ability, inspired by inclination could exert; and did the King more effectual service than perhaps any private gentleman in those parts.

B

On

On that fatal day when the precipitancy of Prince Rupert, in opposition to the sage advice of the Marquis, led the King's forces out of York against Cromwell, who waited for them on Marston-Moor, Sir Richard Graham had a principal command; and no man did more than he, to end an action with success, which had been undertaken with temerity.

When the day was irretrievably lost, and nothing remained but for every man to seek the best means of security that offered, Sir Richard fled, with twenty-six bleeding wounds upon him, to his own house, at Norton-Conyers, about fifteen miles from the field. Here he arrived in the evening; and being spent with loss of blood and fatigue, he was carried into his chamber, where taking a last farewell of his disconsolate lady, he expired.

Cromwell, who had ever expressed a peculiar inveteracy against this gentleman, and thought a victory only half obtained if he escaped, pursued him in person with a troop of horse.

When he arrived at Norton, his gallant enemy was dead; having scarce lived an hour after he was carried into his chamber; and Cromwell found his wretched lady weeping over the mangled corpse of her husband, yet scarce cold.

Such

Such a fight, one would have imagined, might have given him—not indeed an emotion of pity,—but at least a satiety of revenge; on the contrary, he still felt the vengeance of his soul unsatisfied; and turning round to his troopers, who had stalked after him into the sacred recesses of sorrow, he gave the sign of havoc; and in a few moments the whole house was torn to pieces; not even the bed was spared on which the mangled body was extended, and every thing was destroyed which the hand of rapine could not carry off.

ANECDOTE of the late Unfortunate QUEEN MATILDA.

DURING her confinement in the Palace of Cronborg, she inhabited the governor's apartment, and had permission to walk upon the side batteries, or upon the leads of the tower. She was uncertain of the fate that awaited her; and had great reason to apprehend that the party which had occasioned her arrest, meditated still more violent measures. When the English minister at Copenhagen, brought an order for her enlargement, which he had obtained by his spirited conduct, she was so surprized with the unexpected intelligence, that she instantly burst into a flood

of tears; embraced him in a transport of joy, and called him her deliverer. After a short conference, the minister proposed, that her Majesty should immediately embark on board of a ship, that was waiting to carry her from a kingdom, in which she had experienced such a train of misfortunes. But, however anxious she was to depart, one circumstance checked the excess of her joy. A few months before her imprisonment she had been delivered of a princess, whom she suckled herself. The rearing of this child had been her only comfort; and she had conceived a more than parental attachment to it, from its having been the constant companion of her misery. The infant was at that period afflicted with the measles; and, having nursed it with unceasing solicitude, she was desirous of continuing her attention and care. All these circumstances had so endeared the child to her,—rendered more susceptible of tenderness in a prison than a court, that when an order for detaining the young Princess was intimated to her, she testified the strongest emotions of grief, and could not, for some time, be prevailed upon to bid a final adieu. At length, after bestowing repeated caresses upon this darling object of her affections, she retired to the vessel in an agony of despair. She remained upon deck, —her eyes immoveably directed towards the place

lace of Cronborg, which contained her child that had been so long her only comfort, until darkness intercepted the view. The vessel having made but little way during night, at day break, she observed with fond satisfaction that the palace was still visible; and could not be persuaded to enter the cabin as long as she could discover the faintest glimpse of the battlements.

V E R S E S,

*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, * during his
solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandes.*

I Am Monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am Lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That Sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of Humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,

Never

* Alexander Selkirk was a Native of Scotland, and an excellent Seaman. Having been left alone upon the desolate Island Juan Fernandes, between four and five years; at last he was happily released by an English Ship that happened to touch there.

Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own !

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see ;
They're so unacquainted with Man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon Man !
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !

My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of Religion and Truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of Age,
And be cheer'd by the follies of Youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold,
Presides in that heavenly word ?
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell,
These vallies and rocks never heard ;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye Winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,

Some

Some cordial, endearing report,
Of a land I can visit no more.

My Friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a Friend,
Though a Friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight;
The Tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrow of Light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! Recollection, at hand,
Soon hurries me back to Despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's Mercy in every place,
And Mercy, encouraging Thought!
Gives even Affliction a grace,
And reconciles Man to his lot.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.

ABOUT forty years ago, a very worthy man went to St. James's-Palace, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly, (on his friend's shutting the door after him) he half slipped, and half tumbled, down a whole flight of steps, and, with his head, burst open a closet-door. The unlucky visitor was completely stunned with the fall; and, on his recovery, found himself sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and fitting with great exactness, pieces of sticking plaister to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's unwigged pate. For some time his surprize kept him silent; but finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received. These were, however, instantly checked by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand toward the door of the closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired, wondering how so much humanity,

manity, and so much unfociableness, could dwell in the same breast. His wonder ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received, to the first man in the kingdom.

ANECDOTE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY the end of the year 1754, Dr. Johnson had compleated the copy of his Dictionary, not more to his own ease and satisfaction, than to the joy of Millar, the Bookseller, the principal Proprietor of the work, and the guardian or treasurer of the fund, out of which the payments were from time to time issued. To say the truth, his joy on the occasion was so great, that he could not refrain from expressing it somewhat intemperately, as appears from the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript.

“ Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money, for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him.”

To which Johnson returned this good-humoured and brief answer:

C

“ Samuel

“ Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing.”

ANÉCDOTE OF HENRY IV.

AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry being very much in want of money, asked one of his most trusty Courtiers where he could procure some.—The Courtier replied, that he knew a very rich merchant's wife, a zealous royalist, who very probably might lend him some. The Monarch advised his Confidant to pay a visit immediately to the lady; and offered to accompany him in disguise. At the close of the evening, they both set out from Mante, where the camp was, for Meulan, where Madame le Clerc, the lady in question, resided. They were most hospitably received, and after the usual congratulations on the success of the King's army, the Courtier affecting an air of deep sorrow,—“ Alas! Madam, to what purpose are all our victories! We are in the greatest distress imaginable: His Majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt, and join the leaguers; Mayenne will triumph at last.”

‘ Is it possible!’ (exclaimed Madame le Clerc)

‘ but

‘ but let not that afflict our gracious Sovereign, he will still find new resources; he fights for too noble and glorious a cause to be abandoned; many other persons will follow my example!’ On saying this, she quitted the room, and returned with many bags full of gold, which she laid at his feet. ‘ This is all I can do for the present (adding she gracefully) go and relieve the Prince of his anxiety; wish him from me all the success and happiness he deserves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal.’

Henry could not conceal himself any longer. “ Generous woman, (cried he) my friend has no occasion to go far to tell his Majesty the excellency of your heart;—here he stands before you, and is a witness to your effusions of sensibility. Be assured that the favour will be indelibly engraved on Henry’s heart!”

Madame le Clerc fell at the Monarch’s feet, without being able to utter a word; the Confidant wept, and Henry joined in the sweet emotions. But the time was too precious to devote it solely to friendship and gratitude: for want of money the troops were ready to revolt every moment.—Henry and his friend took leave of the lady, and

went to the army, who, hearing they were to receive their pay, began to cry, *Vive le Roi!* (long live the King!)

From that time success attended every one of that Monarch's enterprizes; and after having subdued his enemies, and rendered himself master of the capital, he sent for Madame le Clerc one day, when the Court was very brilliant and full:—In presenting her to the Nobility, “You see this lady, (says he) a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the successes of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me considerable sums of money to carry on the war, even at a time when the troops threatened to abandon me. She shall be reimbursed with more than lawful interest; and letters patent of nobility shall forthwith be issued in her favour.” “Ah! Sire, (interrupted Madame le Clerc) do you reckon as nothing the infinite pleasure I then felt, and have felt ever since, for having contributed to the happiness and success of my Sovereign? *That* is the only *Interest* that belongs to me, and the only reward my ambition aims at.” The lady accepted the title, but refused the offered interest. The family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exist. This act, properly drawn and engraved, might be the companion

companion of the celebrated one where Sully presents his Master with the money he had received by the sale of the Royal forests.

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A GREAT female Personage hearing that Mr. R. of Gloucester was at Windsor, on a visit to one of his relations, sent for him to the Lodge, and expressed a desire to know by what accident a thought, which promised so much benefit to the lower order of the people, as the institution of Sunday Schools, was suggested to his mind; and what effects were observable in consequence, on the manners of the poor. In a conversation which lasted more than an hour, Her Majesty most graciously said, that she envied those who had the power of doing good, by thus personally promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction and morality to the general mass of the common people; a pleasure from which, by her situation, she was debarred. What a glorious sentiment is this for a Queen! Were this known among the ladies of the British nation, it would serve to animate them with zeal to follow the example which the Queen is desirous to set before them!

KINDNESS

KINDNESS continued will often work
on the most OBSTINATE.

A BENEVOLENT old man, called Cleon, who had an only Son, with whose education he had taken the greatest pains, saw with regret, the nearer he approached to manhood, the more he wandered in the paths of error. Carried away by the violence of his passions, he listened only to the insidious voice of pleasure, blind to his excesses, and deaf to repentance, every day was marked by vice and folly.

Remonstrances, threats, promises, complaisance, and rigour, in short, all that love and wisdom could invent, had no effect upon his inflexible heart, and he pertinaciously adhered to his former courses. "Cruel Gods!" cried the old man, while the tears rolled down his reverend cheeks, "Why have you given me a child so abandoned? Take back your fatal present, or take from me the affection of a father; his sight is poison to me, and destroys the happiness of the few moments I have yet to live." Then turning to the unworthy youth. "Fly from me, monster! far as the poles convey thy wretched being. I stifle the voice of nature in my heart, never see me more: happy would it be for mankind, if a sudden stroke of death, would prevent thee from adding another
crime

crime to those thou hast already committed and hide from the world my shame and sorrow ?

At these words, though a tempest had arose, and ravaged the country, Cleon thrust his son out of doors. The youth parted with an air of despondence; and the father following him with his eyes, was suddenly struck at seeing him proceed towards a house which had been damaged by the storm, and from which the tiles were tumbling in great numbers. His anger was immediately forgot; distracted for the safety of his child, he called him back : "Avoid that house," said he, "nor lose your life until you are fit to die."

The heir of Cleon was so moved with this proof of his father's affection, that it occasioned an alteration of his conduct, which produced the happiest effects.

ANECDOTE OF LENS,

The celebrated Miniature Painter.

A JOLLY Parson, who loved a beef steak as well as any Layman in Britain, walked up to Ivy-lane in order to regale himself with a prime cut at Master Burrow's; and as he entered the house,

house, a gentleman in a lay habit went out, but whose general dress pointed him to be a clergyman: The clergyman, whose dress was much the same, took his place at the table where one person only sat; and that person was this profligate Miniature Painter. The Clergyman had no sooner ordered his steak, than Lens said, "I believe that fellow who is just gone out, is a Parson; I wish I had thought on it while he was in your seat, for of all fun whatever, nothing is so great to me as roasting a Parson." Such a declaration, made to a stranger who appeared likewise to be one of that order, astonished the surrounding company, who, like the Parson and the Painter, were waiting for their dinners, and rather roused in the Parson a disposition to roast him. Perceiving the eyes of every one fixed towards them, and a profound silence, he thus began:—"You observed, Sir, (said he) that had you known the Gentleman just gone out to have been a Parson, you would have roasted him; now, as you have nothing else to do 'till your dinner is set before you, I am a Parson at your service; and while my steak broils, I beg you will roast me for the gratification of your humour, and the entertainment of all the gentlemen who sit round us;" adding, that he would take the roasting with that decency and temper which it became one of his

his cloth to receive the taunts and sneers of such men who thought Parsons fair game.

This was the first time, perhaps, that Lens (who was not out of the way when impudence was shared) was put to the blush. In short, he could not even spit his meat, much less roast it; however, a prospect of something to hide his embarrassment appeared, and that was a fine mackerel with gooseberry sauce, which were set before him; but before he could put his knife to it, the Parson observed, that he never saw a finer mackerel, adding, that as his steak was not ready, he would take the liberty of eating a bit of his mackerel; accordingly he stripped it up half to the back bone, and helped himself. This manœuvre had such a wonderful effect, and produced such an unanimous roar of laughter throughout the whole room, that Mr. Lens got up, went to the bar, paid for his fish, and left the other moiety for the victorious Parson. This story soon took wind; and whenever a mackerel was mentioned in Lens' company, he was always knocked down as flat as a flounder.



THE FOLLOWING VERSES

Were ordered by the late Mrs. Turner, of Woolwich, to be laid upon her Husband's Writing-Desk, a few Days before her Death, and may prove acceptable to the admirers of that Lady's Composition.

A H Y M N.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of Life's mistaken ill or good:
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

He portions with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share,
Of joy and sorrow,—health or pain.

Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r,
Fix we our feet on Fortune's ball;
When most secure, the coming hour,
If he sees fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with grief or shame,
Gorg'd with Affliction's bitter cup;
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
His pow'rful hand can raise thee up.

His mighty consolation cheer,
His smiles erect th' afflicted head;
His hand can wipe away the tear,
That secret wets the widow'd bed.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S

On BENEVOLENCE and CHARITY.

Suggested by an inclement Season.

GENIUS of Pity! now exert thy sway,
And with thy soft emotions soothe the breast;
May every heart thy dictates still obey;
And be thy humanizing pow'r confess'd.

May sweet Benevolence, auspicious fair,
Vouchsafe thy cheering progress to attend;
And smiling Charity, with constant care,
Where'er Distress appears, her succour lend.

For winter now resumes his frigid reign;
In just succession cheerless cold returns;
Now low'ring mists a fullen gloom maintain;
Now frosts prevail, and vegetation mourns.

Of verdure now the trees are all bereft,
And Nature's face a joyless scene displays;
The feather'd songsters now the groves have left,
They now no more their choral matins raise.

Where shall the houseless wand'rer now retire?
Where shall his aching eyes discern a home?
Where shall his steps approach the social fire?
His steps, alas! are fated still to roam.

In this drear season of distress and woe,
 O may the Sons of Opulence and Ease,
 Of Pity feel the animating glow,
 Nor suffer Avarice their souls to freeze.

May they, where'er the Child of Want is seen,
 Dispense their warm benevolence around;
 The hapless Suff'rer from Misfortune screen,
 Nor to a narrow sphere their mercies bound:

And not to th' wand'ring wretch their gifts confine,
 But the sad roofs of silent Woe explore;
 Where modest Mourners secretly repine,
 And, unsoliciting, their wants deplore.

Then shall the Orphan's and the Widow's pray'r,
 Be rais'd to Heav'n, for blessings on their views;
 Their faults, obscur'd by Charity's bright glare,
 Humanity and Candour will excuse.

JUSTICE OF SULTAN MAMOOD.

A PERSON one day thrusting himself into the
 presence of the King, called loudly for justice. The King ordered him to explain his complaint, which he thus did: That unfortunately having a handsome wife, the King's nephew had conceived a passion for her, and came to his house
 every

every night with armed attendants, beating him, and turning him into the street, till he had gratified his adulterous passion; that he had frequently complained to those who ought to have done him justice, but that the rank of the Adulterer had shut their ears against him.

The King, upon hearing this, was so much enraged, that tears of resentment and compassion started from his eyes: he reprimanded the poor man for not making sooner known his complaint to him. The man replied, that he often attempted it, but could not gain admittance. He was then commanded by the King to return to his house, and to give him notice the first time his Nephew was guilty of the like violence; charging those who were present, upon pain of death, to let nothing of this complaint transpire; and ordering him to be admitted at any hour. Accordingly the man returned to his house; and upon the third night following, the King's Nephew, as usual, came, and having whipped the husband severely, turned him into the street. The poor man hastened to the King, but the Captain of the Guards would not give him admittance; saying, that his Majesty was in the Haram. The man immediately began to make a violent outcry; so that the porter fearing that the Court might be disturbed, and that
the

the noise might reach the King, he was under the necessity to conduct him to the Eunuchs of the Bedchamber, who immediately acquainted the Sultan with the affair. The King immediately followed the man to his house:—He found his Nephew and the man's wife sleeping together in one bed, with a candle standing on the carpet near them. The Sultan, extinguishing the candle, drew his dagger, and severed his Nephew's head from his body;—then commanded the man to light the candle: He called out for some water, and having taken a deep draught, he told him he might now go and sleep with safety, if he could trust his own wife.

The poor man fell down at the Sultan's feet, in gratitude to his justice and condescension; but begged he might tell him why he put out the candle, and afterwards called out so vehemently for water. The King replied, that he put out the candle that pity might not arrest his hand in the execution of justice, on a youth whom he tenderly loved; and that he had made a vow to God, when he first heard his complaint, that he would neither eat nor drink till he had brought the criminal to justice, in so much that he was upon the point of dying of thirst.

ANECDOTE OF JOSHUA BARNES.

THIS learned Divine was professor of the Greek Language at Cambridge, and born in London the 10th of January, 1654. He distinguished himself very early by his knowledge of the Greek, and by some poems in Latin and English, written before he went to the University.—In the year 1700, Mrs. Mason, of Hemmingford, near St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, a widow Lady between forty and fifty, with a jointure of £200 per annum, who had for some time been a great admirer of him, came to Cambridge. She desired leave to settle a hundred pounds a year upon him after her death; he politely refused this request, unless she would likewise condescend to make him happy with her person, which was not very engaging. The Lady was too obliging to refuse any thing to Joshua, “for whom, (she said) the sun stood still,” and soon afterwards married him.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE Princess of Prussia having ordered some rich silks from Lyons, which pay a high duty
at

at Stetin, the place of her residence, the custom-house officer rudely arrested them until the duties should be paid. The Princess, incensed, let him know that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the silks for that purpose. On his entrance into the apartments of the Princess, she flew at him, seized the merchandise, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciseman, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonourable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The King having read the memorial, answered it as follows:

“ The loss of the duties belongs to my
 “ account. The Silks are to remain in the pos-
 “ session of the Princess. The Cuffs with him that
 “ received them. As to the supposed dishonour,
 “ I cancel it at the request of the complainant;
 “ but it is of itself null, for the white hand of a
 “ fair lady cannot possibly dishonour the face of a
 “ Custom-house officer.

(Signed)

FREDERICK.”

Berlin, Nov. 30, 1778.

AN

AN ESSAY

On the Proper Method of bearing Misfortunes.

DISSIPATION of mind, and length of time, are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions. But the first of these works is temporary, the second a slow effect; and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves, that we may fly from our misfortunes, and fondly to imagine that the disease is cured, because we find means to get some moments of respite from pain? Or shall we expect from Time, the Physician of Brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquility which ought to be the effect of their strength? Far otherwise. Let us set all our past and present afflictions before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, not wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision-knife, and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

The recalling of former misfortunes serves to fortify the mind against later. He must blush to sink under the anguish of one wound, who sur-

E

veys

veys a body seamed over with scars of many, and who has come victorious out of all the conflicts wherein he received them. Let sighs, and tears, and fainting under the lightest adverse fortune, be the portion of those unhappy people, whose tender minds a long course of felicity has enervated; while such as have passed through years of calamity, bear up, with a noble and immoveable constancy, against the heaviest. Uninterrupted misery has this good effect, as it continually torments, it finally hardens.

Such is the language of philosophy; and happy is the man that acquires the right holding of it. But this right is not to be acquired by pathetic discourse. Our conduct alone can give it us; and therefore, instead of presuming in our own strength, the surest method is to confess our weakness, and, without loss of time, to apply ourselves to the study of wisdom. This was the advice which the oracle gave to Zeno, and there is no other way of securing our tranquility, amidst all the accidents to which human life is exposed. Philosophy has her *thrasos* as well as war; and among her sons, many there have been, who, while they aimed at being more than men, became something less: The means of preventing this danger is easy and sure; it is a good rule to examine well before

we

we addiſt ourſelves to any ſect; but I think it a better rule to addiſt ourſelves to none. Let us hear them all with a perfect indifferency on which ſide the truth lies; and, when we come to determine, let nothing appear ſo venerable to us as our own underſtandings. Let us gratefully accept the help of every one who has endeavoured to correct the vices, and ſtrengthen the minds of men; but let us chuſe for ourſelves, and yield univerſal aſſent to none. Thus, that I may inſtance the ſect already mentioned; when we have laid aſide the wonderful and ſurprizing ſentences, and all the paradoxes of the portico, we ſhall find in that ſchool, ſuch doctines as our unprejudiced reaſon ſubmits to with pleaſure, as nature dictates, and as experience confirms. Without this precaution, we run the riſque of becoming imaginary kings and real ſlaves. With it, we may learn to aſſert our native freedom, and live independent on fortune.

In order to which great end, it is neceſſary that we ſtand watchful as centinels, to diſcover the ſecret wiles and open attacks of this capricious goddeſs, before they reach us;—where ſhe falls upon us unexpeſted, it is hard to reſiſt; but thoſe who wait for her, will repel her with eaſe. The ſudden invaſion of an enemy overthrows ſuch as are

not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand, without difficulty, the first and fiercest onset. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he that has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both those states: And, in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

ANECDOTE OF A DUTCHMAN,

ALATELY deceased Dutch merchant, well known on the 'Change at Amsterdam, who had acquired a competency by his commercial dealings, retired from the bustle and hurry of a commercial life, thinking he had as much money as, by a moderate computation, would keep him
 so

so many years. He locked up the cash, and expended every year just so much as he had intended, and never troubled his head about consequences. The calculation seemed to have been made rather near, as he was obliged to part with his cloaths and moveables to help out.—These, however, he managed frugally, and when he came to die, a pair of slippers were left. He ordered the figure of them to be cut in stone, and placed over his grave, with two Dutch words under them, which, in our language, signify “JUST ENOUGH.”

WOMEN OF FASHION,

Of the last and present Age.

BEFORE Parisian refinement had invaded and conquered this country, an English Lady was deemed one of the purest and most beautiful works of heaven. The emanations of a mind untainted by vice and folly, illuminated all her actions, and the lustre of virtue was considered the brightest ornament that her ambition could possess. Her conversation modestly checked by an humble conception of her own abilities, stamped with consequence and with pleasure, whatever fell from her lips, and was always certain of conquest, without knowing the triumph she had gained. Her countenance,

company are strangers, she smiles and simpers as if her bosom wished to convey delight to all around her, and plays off her countenance with a dexterity, only to be attained by habitual practice.—Then, after a view of the whole, and a stare at a few, without tasting the smallest degree of friendship, she puts on a semblance of sorrow at being elsewhere engaged, and departs just with as little ceremony as she entered; either envied, pitied, or abused by those she left behind. As to domestic felicity, that is wholly laid aside as a vulgar pleasure, unworthy the woman of fashion;—her husband is either a cypher or a tyrant.—In one case his bed,—in the other, hers is abused. The children as soon as born, are put out of sight, and they seldom after become one of the family, until their affections are gone to another quarter. The Mother, instead of prattling with her young one, and feeding it with the milk of her bosom at home, is nursing a sharper at a card table, or intriguing with a coxcomb at the opera. Thus mistaking the road to happiness, they get into the path of misery, and seldom find their error until it is too late in the day to get back.



IMPUDENCE

IMPUDENCE and MODESTY,

AN ALLEGORY.

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together ; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence : And, in that society, sent them upon the earth. But, though he thought he had matched them with great Judgment, and said that Confidence was the natural companion of virtue, and that vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far before dissension arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully ; to enquire whether it led ; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances, might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time, which delay was very displeasing to confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable ; but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions ; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed, and

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separated. As folly saw a very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by Diffidence, who with her doubts and scruples always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who did not love to hear of difficulties and delay, and was never satisfied without his full career in whatever his inclinations led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last, chance had led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to Wealth, the Lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartment, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to the landlord, and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly.

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They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation of Poverty, one of the tenants; and, entering the cottage, found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion on her, and Wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modesty.

As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel than example, degenerated so far, by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence.

Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and knew nothing of these mutual desertions, are led into strange mistakes by those means; and wherever they see Impudence, suppose his companions are Virtue and Wisdom; and wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

A MODERN TALE.

ALI, a young Persian Prince, was distinguished from his boyish days for the vivacity of his manners, and a desire of knowledge. On his arrival at maturity he could no longer repress his inclination for travel. After much solicitation, he at length obtained permission of his father to pass a few months in surveying the countries, and acquainting himself with the customs and manners of Europe. Having, by the assistance of an English trader, who had found means to establish himself at his father's Court, acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language, he determined that should be the first country he visited. They embarked, and, after an agreeable voyage, the Prince and his faithful Englishman arrived in safety in the Thames. They immediately waited on the merchant to whom the Prince's remittances were made, and where received with an hospitality, of which there are still some traces left; but which was once the brightest characteristic of an Englishman. It was the day before their annual feast, on their chief magistrate's entering into office. The merchant presented Ali and his Friend with tickets; and provided them apartments in his own house.

After dinner, the Prince and Lawson (for so was his companion called) set out on a ramble. When
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they were tired of walking, they entered into a house of public entertainment, to refresh themselves, and were shown into a room where a dozen respectable looking people were seated, enjoying themselves with their pipes. The entrance of the strangers did not interrupt their conversation.—One of them was haranguing on the present deplorable state of the nation; and drew so lamentable a picture of poverty, weakness, and impending ruin, as brought tears into the eyes of the tender Ali. We shall see none of the magnificence of Persia to-morrow, said Ali to himself; these are a sensible people, and as their finances are in so deplorable a situation, are too wise to add to its distress by unnecessary and useless expence. The daily papers were lying by.—The first thing that struck the eye of Ali, were numerous advertisements of public diversions;—these, I suppose, (thought the Prince) are given by the Monarch; for it is impossible the people, labouring under such a load of misery, can afford to support them. Ali would not trouble his friend with questions; time and attention, said he, will clear all my doubts. They set out, and soon after entered another public room, where the ears of Ali were again assailed with the distresses of the nation,

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The morrow came, and Ali was conducted to the Hall of Justice, where the Feast was to be held. On entering the room, he started back with astonishment ! Can it be possible, said he to himself, can this be the feast of merchants, of people who are in a state of ruin and bankruptcy ? He had no time for further reflection. A young man entered covered with mud. Ali imagined he had fallen down, and wondered why he had not gone into some house to clean himself ; but he was petrified with surprise when a fat-paunched citizen, who was next him, and whose mouth was extended from ear to ear with pleasure at the sight, informed him, that that there boy was prime minister, and had been well pelted by the mob as he was coming to dinner. “ Merciful prophet ! (cried Ali) what savages am I among ; where they invite a man to dine with them, and yet suffer his coming to be impeded, and his life endangered, by their own people ! When my father invites any of the neighbouring Kings, though his declared rivals and enemies, to visit him, he not only performs the rights of hospitality in his own state, but orders a sufficient guard to defend them from the Arabs in the desert, which lies between their kingdoms and his.—But pray, Sir, (said Ali, addressing the citizen) what enormous crime has he committed, to provoke this treatment ? ” ‘ He has influenced

fluenced the Representatives of the people to pass a very oppressive and partial tax,' replied the citizen. "Has he been applied to, again demanded the Prince, to repeal this injurious burthen." 'There has been no opportunity, answered the other; the Assembly has not yet met since the passing of the act; and it is a Parliamentary rule, never to make and repeal the same act in the same session.' "Heavens! (exclaimed Ali) still more savage to attack a man without knowing whether he has seen his error, and is willing to retract it; certainly the Minister of England is expected to be possessed of infallibility. It was from the class of people, then, on whom this tax has been oppressive, he has received this insult?" The citizen eyed the Prince with a look of contempt, and walked off, exclaiming 'No, no, young man, it was from the mob.'

"You are at a loss, I see, my dear Prince, (said Lawson) to understand the meaning of a mob; I will endeavour to explain it to you:—There are in this country, as in all others, two parties; those in power, and those endeavouring to get their places. In your father's Court, a Minister is displaced by the secret machinations of his enemies, without either public clamour or disturbance; and unless a Minister is the blackest and most despicable

ble of tyrants, the lowest class are little concerned who is in or who is not; while here, what is called the mob, that is, a collection of the vilest and most infamous class of human beings, are the principal tools of an opposition. You will soon find, that in this nation every man is a politician, and you have nothing to do but to tell these men, who have not one penny of property, and whose laborious life is ever the same, that their liberties and properties are in danger, to set them in a flame, and work them up to mischief and destruction. The approaching ruin of the nation, the deplorable state of their commerce and finances, the folly and ignorance of their minister, is for ever sounded forth by every lover of confusion, and every needy, interested, or party scribbler. The present Minister, who, from what I can collect, even from the opposite party themselves, has, by his wise conduct since he has been in place, increased the revenues of the country, and filled the treasury, is now the object of their clamour." "Let him be to-morrow displaced, and the man of the people put in his office, do you imagine all would be content and peace?" "No, my dear Ali, the moment themselves have placed their favourite in his seat, that moment he will become the object of their aversion and clamour. Opposition is as necessary to this people as for yours to be

be attached to the religion and customs of their ancestors. A new candidate is raised for popularity; they flock to his standard, and every measure of the new Minister is attacked in the same manner as those of his predecessors. Would you acquire popularity, would you gain the applause and shouts of the multitude, would you wish your name to be mentioned with huzzas, and your health drunk in every porter-house of the metropolis, you will not gain these ends by taking on you the laborious offices of state, by wasting your hours in concerting plans for the public good; no, my dear Prince, attach yourself to the opposition, abuse the Minister, rail even Majesty itself, and risque your ears in the pillory, by seditious and inflammatory discourses. Should you have abilities sufficient to call forth the indignation of government, your business is done; you are considered as the champion of liberty, and the devoted martyr of the public. They will raise you to the highest offices of the city, till government, finding opposition but increases your consequence, either ceases to notice you, or buys your silence with pensions, or title. You then, my dear Prince, may laugh at those to whom you owe your fortune, and give place to some new patriot to follow your steps and success. I can show you living

proof of what I assert." "Gracious powers (cried the Prince) I no longer wonder at this people's success; if Heaven, as our holy Prophet teaches, has a particular care for madmen, this nation must certainly claim his protection!"

ANECDOTE of ADMIRAL BLAKE.

MR. BLAKE, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened in an engagement, that one of his ships blew up, which damped the spirits of his people very much; but Blake, who was not easily daunted by ill success, called out to his men, "Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation." This well timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire, "There, my lads, says he, I knew we should have our revenge soon."



HISTORICAL

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

M. De Tourville, a French Admiral, in the beginning of King William's reign, meditated a descent on the English coast; and as his intention was to land somewhere in Suffex, he sent for a fisherman, a native of that county, who had been taken prisoner by one of his ships, in hopes of gaining some useful intelligence concerning the state of the government. He asked the fisherman, to whom his countrymen were most attached, to King James, or to the Prince of Orange, stiled King William? The poor man, confounded by these questions, made the Admiral this reply: "I have never heard talk of the gentlemen you mention; they may be very good Lords for any thing I know; they never did me any harm, and so God bless them both.—As for the Government, how should I know any thing about it, since I can neither read nor write? All I have to do, is to take care of my boat and my nets, and sell my fish." "Since then you are indifferent to both parties, (resumed the Admiral) and are a good mariner, you can have no objection to serve on board my ship." "I fight against my country!" answered the fisherman with great vivacity; "no, not for the ransom of a King."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF
 SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

A Widow lady, aged about Sixty-two, who lodged in a two-pair-of-stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day in her devotions, before the altar dedicated to St. Paul, in a neighbouring church. Some villains, observing her extreme bigotry, resolved (as she was known to be very rich) to share her wealth: Therefore one of them took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar; and when no person but the old lady was in church, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near her, supposed it came by a miracle; which she was the more confirmed in, when she saw it was signed Paul the Apostle; and purported, "The satisfaction he received by her addressing her prayers to him, at a time when so many new canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of great part of their wonted adoration: and, to shew his regard for his devotee, said, he would come from Heaven, with the angel Gabriel, to sup with her, at eight in the evening." It is scarce credible to think any one should be deceived

ceived by so gross a fraud; but to what length of credulity will not superstition carry the weak mind?—The infatuated lady believed it all; and rose from her knees in a transport, to prepare the entertainment for the Heavenly Guests she expected.

When the supper was bespoke, and the side-board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate (which was worth near 400*l.* sterling) did not make so elegant a shew as she desired; therefore sent to her brother, (who was a Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris) to borrow all his plate; but charged the maid not to tell the occasion, but only, that she had company to supper, and should be obliged to him if he would lend her his plate for that evening. The Counsellor was surprized at the message; and, as he knew the frugality of his Sister's way of life, suspected that she was enamoured with some fortune hunter, who might marry her for her fortune, and thereby deprive his family of what he expected at his Sister's death; therefore he absolutely refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests she expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honour, replied, " that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband, but that St. Paul had sent her a letter from Heaven, that he
and

and the Angel Gabriel would come to supper with her; and that her mistress wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible." The Counsellor, who knew the turn of his Sister's mind, immediately suspected some villains had imposed on her: and sent the maid directly with the plate, while he went to the Commissary of the Quarter, and gave him this information. The magistrate went with him to an house adjoining, from whence they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man, in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to the widow's apartment. The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the Foot Guet (the Guards of Paris) to post themselves on the stairs, while he himself knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The old lady replied, that she had company, and could speak to nobody.—But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the Angel, how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The Divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door; when the Commissary, her Brother, and the Guet, rushing in, presented their muskets, and

and seized her guests, whom they immediately carried to the Chatelet.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the feigned Angel. Three days after their trial came on, when, in their defence, they pleaded, that one was a soldier of the French Foot Guards, and the other a barber's apprentice, and that they had no other evil design but to procure a good supper for themselves, at the expence of the widow's folly; that it being Carnival time, they had borrowed the above dresses; that the soldier had found the cords, and put them in his pocket; the razor was to shave himself with, and the pistol was to defend himself from any insults so strange a habit might expose him to in going home. The barber's apprentice said, his design also was only diversion; and that as his master was a tooth drawer, the gag was what they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, were of some avail to them, and as they had not manifested an evil design by an overt act, they were acquitted. But the Counsellor, who had foreseen what would happen, through the insufficiency of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner were they discharged from the civil power, but the apparitor of the Archbishop

Archbishop of Paris seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical Prison, and in three days more they were tried, and convicted of "a scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of an holy Apostle, and a blessed Angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion." Therefore they were condemned to be publicly whipt, burnt on the shoulder by an hot iron, with the letters G. A. L. and sent to the gallies for fourteen years.

The sentence was executed on them the next day, on a scaffold in the Place de Greve, amidst an innumerable crowd of spectators; many of whom condemned the superstition of the lady, when perhaps they would have had the same on a like occasion; since it may be supposed, that if many of their stories of apparitions of saints and angels had been judicially examined, they would have been found to be like to the above,—a gross fraud; or else, the dreams of an over-heated enthusiastic brain.

A DANISH ANECDOTE.

IN the great church at Roskild is shewn a large whetstone, which was, they tell us, sent to the celebrated

celebrated Queen Margaret, by Albert, King of Sweden, in derision, intimating thereby that women should sharpen their needles, instead of aiming at war. The wit, which is very poor, was better answered by *her*. Her reply was, that she would apply it to the edges of her soldiers swords, and she was as good as her word; she fought him in a pitched battle, gave him an entire overthrow, and made him prisoner. In that situation she left him seven years, and did not then release him but upon very hard conditions.

ANECDOTE OF A MARINER, .

IN THE LAST WAR.

ON the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the Loyalist, of 22 guns, then in the *Cheapeake*, became a party in that disastrous event. Her crew were immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet.—Of that fleet, the *Ardent*, captured off Plymouth, made one, but was then in a very leaky condition. The Count being informed that the Carpenter of the Loyalist was a man of talents, and perfectly acquainted with the nature of the chain pump, of which the French are ignorant, ordered him on board the *Ville de Paris*, and ad-

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dressed him thus: "Sir, you are to go on board the Ardent directly; use your utmost skill, and save her from sinking; for which service you shall have a premium, and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy:—To this I pledge my honour; on refusal, you will, during your captivity, be fed on bread and water only." The Tar, surprized at being thus addressed in his own language, boldly answered, "Noble Count, I am your prisoner—it is in your power to compel me—but let it never be said, that a British Sailor forgot his duty to his King and his country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy. Your promises are no inducement to me, and your threats shall not force me to injure my country." We are sorry to add, that he was treated with extreme severity by the French, in consequence of this behaviour. On his exchange, Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of the Sybil, which appointment the Board of Admiralty were pleased to confirm. The above is an undoubted fact.



SHOOTING,

S H O O T I N G,

A P O E M.

THE night recedes, and mild Aurora now
 Waves her grey banner on the eastern brow :
 Light float the misty vapours o'er the sky,
 And dim the blaze of Phœbus' gayish eye;
 The flitting breeze just stirs the rustling brake,
 And curls the crystal surface of the lake;
 Th' expectant sportsmen, urg'd by anxious haste,
 Snatch the refreshment of a short repast,
 Their weapons seize, their pointers call around,
 And fall y forth impatient to the ground.

Here, where the yellow wheat away is drawn,
 And the thick stubble clothes the ruffet lawn,
 Begin the sport.—Eager, and unconfin'd,
 As when stern Æolus unchains the wind,
 The active pointer, from his thong unbound,
 Impatient dashes o'er the dewy ground,
 With glowing eye, and undulating tail,
 Ranges the field, and snuffs the tainted gale;
 Yet, 'midst his ardor, still his master fears,
 And the restraining whistle careful hears.

See how exact they try the stubble o'er,
 Quarter the field, and every turn explore;
 Now sudden wheel, and now attentive seize,
 The known advantage of th' opposing breeze.—

At once they stop!—yon careful dog descries
 Where close and near the lurking covey lies;
 His caution mark, lest e'en a breath betray
 Th' impending danger to his timid prey;
 In various attitudes around him stand,
 Silent and motionless, th' attending band.

Now by the glowing cheek, and heaving breast,
 Is Expectation's sanguine wish express'd.—
 Ah, curb your headlong ardor! nor refuse
 Patient to hear the precepts of the Muse.
 Sooner shall noisy heat, in rash dispute,
 The reasoning calm of placid sense confute;
 Sooner the headlong rout's misguided rage,
 With the firm Phalanx equal combat wage,
 Than the warm youth, whom anxious hopes in-
 flame,

Pursue the fleeting mark with steady aim.
 By temperate thought your glowing passions cool,
 And bow the swelling heart to Reason's rule;
 Else when the whirring pinion, as it flies,
 Alarms your startled ear, and dazzled eyes,
 Unguided by the cautious arm of care,
 Your random bolts shall waste their force in air.

They rise! they rise! Ah yet your fire restrain,
 Till the 'maz'd birds securer distance gain;
 For, thrown too close, the shots your hopes elude,
 Wide of your aim, and innocent of blood:

But

But mark with careful eye their lessening flight,
 Your ready gun, obedient to your sight,
 And at the length where frequent trials shew,
 Your fatal weapon gives the surest blow;
 Draw quick!—yet steady care with quickness join,
 Lest the flock'd barrel deviate from the line;
 So shall success your ardent wishes pay,
 And sure destruction wait the flying prey.

As glory more than gain allures the brave
 To dare the combat loud, and louder wave;
 So the ambition of the Sportsman lies
 More in the certain shot than bleeding prize.
 While poachers, mindful of the festal hour,
 Among the covey random slaughter pour;
 And, as their numbers press the crimson'd ground,
 Regardless reck not of the secret wound,
 Which borne away, the wretched victims lie,
 'Mid silent shades, to languish and to die.
 O let your breast such selfish views disclaim,
 And scorn the triumph of a casual aim:
 Not urg'd by rapine, but of honour proud,
 One object single from the scatt'ring crowd:
 So, when you see the destin'd quarry down,
 Shall just applause your skilful labour crown.



A N E C D O T E.

DR. SCHMIDT, of the Cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, couched in the following terms:—"Sire, I acquaint your Majesty, First—That there are wanting books of Psalms for the Royal family. I acquaint your Majesty, Second—That there wants wood to warm the Royal Seats. I acquaint your Majesty, Third—That the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT, Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The King, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer:—"I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, First.—That those who want to sing, may buy books. Second.—I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that those who want to be kept warm, must buy wood. Third.—I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river; and I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, Fourth.—That I will not have any more correspondence with him."

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

SIR WALTER BLACKETT.

THE unbounded generosity of this worthy man was remarkable on all occasions, of which

which the following is but a slight instance:—He was remarkably fond of shooting, and in a excursion of that kind, being alone, on a moor adjoining to Weerdale, he happened to arrive at the cottage of a poor shepherd, who, though unknown to him, was his tenant. To a visitor of Sir Walter's appearance, the poor cottager brought out the best his frugal board afforded: During his stay, Sir Walter took occasion to enquire to whom the house belong'd; To one of the best men in the world, (replies the cottager) to Sir Walter Blackett, Sir; no doubt you have heard of him; but these knavish stewards, for these three years past have advanced my rent to almost double the value of the little tenement I occupy;—I wish I could have the honour to see my worthy landlord; (for I am told any person may speak to him) I would acquaint him with my ill usage." Sir Walter smiled, but did not discover himself. On departing he presented the cottager's wife with a sum of Money, and soon after ordered his house to be rebuilt, and a considerable abatement to be made in the rent.



The

The folly of bringing up Children
TO A LEARNED PROFESSION,

WITHOUT THE PROBABILITY

Of providing them with a Competency.

THAT admiration is the effect of ignorance, is a truth universally confessed; and nothing so forcibly excites the wonder of the illiterate Plebeian, as the character of profound erudition.

Dazzled by the splendor of literary honours, many an honest parent has prevented his son from acquiring a fortune behind the counter, to see him starve in a pulpit.

These reflections were occasioned by meeting an old friend at a coffee-house, one evening last week. His looks were meagre, his dress shabby, and he sufficiently apologized for the rustiness of his coat, by the following narrative :

“ My father,” said he, after some preliminary conversation, “ was a shoemaker of tolerable business in London; a very honest man, and very much given to reading godly books, whenever he could steal a moment from the lapstone and the last. As I was the only child, he took great delight in me, and used frequently to say, that he hoped in time to see me Archbishop of Canterbury,

"terbury, and no such great matters neither; for
 "as to my parentage, I was as good as many a
 "one that had worn a mitre; and he would make
 "me as good a *scholar* too, or it should go hard
 "with him."

"My destination to the church was thus unal-
 "terably fixed before I was five years old; and
 "in consequence of it, I was put to a grammar-
 "school in the city, whence, after a thousand pe-
 "rils of the cane, and perils of the rod, I went to
 "the University on an exhibition of fifteen pounds
 "a year, which my father obtained from one of
 "the city companies, with no small difficulty. So
 "scanty an allowance would by no means defray
 "the enormous expence of university education;
 "and my father, whose pride would not let me
 "appear meaner than my companions, very rea-
 "dily agreed to pay me forty pounds out of the
 "yearly profits of his trade, and to debar himself
 "many innocent gratifications, in order to ac-
 "complish in me the grand object of all his am-
 "bition."

"In consequence of my father's desire, that I
 "should compleat the full term of academical edu-
 "cation, I did not go into orders 'till I was of
 "seven years standing, and had taken the degree
 "of Master of Arts. I was therefore incapable

" of receiving any pecuniary emoluments from my
 " studies, till I was six and twenty. Then, how-
 " ever, I was resolved to make a bold push, and
 " to free my father from the burthen of support-
 " ing me with half the profits of his labours. The
 " old man was eager that I should attempt to get
 " some kind of preferment; not, as he would
 " generously say, that he wanted to withdraw his
 " assistance, but that he thought it was high time
 " to begin to look up at the Bishoprick."

" I hastened to London as the most ample field
 " for the display of my abilities, and the acqui-
 " sition of money and fame. Soon after my arrival
 " I heard of a vacant Lectureship; and though I
 " was an entire stranger to every one of the pa-
 " rishioners, I resolved to trust my cause to ho-
 " nest endeavors, and a sedulous canvass. I shall
 " not trouble you with an enumeration of the fe-
 " veral indignities I suffered, (for I had not lost
 " my university pride) from being under the ne-
 " cessity to address, with the most abject suppli-
 " cations, chandlers, barbers, and green-grocers.
 " Suffice it to acquaint you, that myself, and ano-
 " ther young clergyman of regular education, ap-
 " peared, on the day of election, to have but se-
 " venteen votes between us; and that a methodis-
 " tical enthusiast, who had once been a carpenter,
 " bore

“ bore away the prize with a majority of a hundred and twenty.”

“ Though disappointed, I was not dejected;
“ and I applied to a certain Rector for his Curacy,
“ the duty of which consisted in prayers twice a
“ day, a sermon on Sundays, and innumerable
“ burials, christenings, and weddings. I thought
“ myself happy, however, in being offered forty
“ guineas a year, without surplus, or surplice
“ fees; but how was I chagrined, on being told by
“ the Rector, on the very first Sunday I went to
“ officiate, that I need not trouble myself as a
“ nother gentleman had undertaken the whole duty
“ at forty pounds.

“ I waited now a considerable time in expectation that something would fall; but heard of
“ nothing in which there was the least probability
“ of success, unsupported, as I was by friends,
“ and unknown to fame. At last, I was informed
“ by an acquaintance that a certain Clergyman
“ in the city was about to resign his Lectureship,
“ and that he would probably resign in my favour,
“ if I were early enough in my application. I
“ made all the haste I possibly could to reach this
“ gentleman before his resignation; and found
“ very little difficulty in persuading him to in-

"tercede in my favour. In short, his endeavours,
 "joined to my own, secured the Lectureship, and
 "I was unanimously chosen. The electors, how-
 "ever, expressed a desire, that I would quit my
 "place of residence which was at a distance and
 "live in the parish. To this request I consented,
 "and immediately fixed myself in a decent family,
 "where I lodged and boarded for fifty pounds a
 "year; and as I was not so ambitious as my
 "father, I congratulated myself on the happy
 "event, and sat down contented and satisfied. But
 "alas! how was I confounded, when my collectors
 "brought the annual contribution, to find it
 "amount to no more than an exact sum of twenty
 "one pounds two shillings and three-pence three-
 "farthings! I was under an immediate necessity
 "of discharging my lodging, resigning my prefer-
 "ment, and quietly decamping with the loss of no
 "inconsiderable sum.

"Thus, Sir," said he, "have I now for these
 "twenty years been tossed about in the world,
 "without any fixed residence, and without any
 "certain prospect of my bread. I must not how-
 "ever complain, as I am well assured there are
 "many in the metropolis in situations very similar
 "to mine. Yet sometimes, I own, I cannot help
 "being foolish enough to imagine, that I might;
 "perhaps

“ perhaps, have been happier, and I am sure I
 “ could have been richer, had I been brought up
 “ to my paternal awl and last. My poor father
 “ died about two years ago, and I have reason to
 “ think, his disappointment and sorrow for my ill
 “ success hastened his dissolution.”

“ I now support myself tolerably well in the ca-
 “ pacity of, what the world ludicrously calls, a
 “ *Hackney Parson*. And though I do not get
 “ quite so much as a journeyman shoemaker, I
 “ make shift to keep soul and body together; and
 “ I thank God for that. If, Sir, you could re-
 “ commend me, here is my address, up four pair
 “ of stairs.”—

He was proceeding, but he had too powerfully
 excited my sympathy; and after consoling him to
 the best of my power, I took my leave of him, not
 without severe reflections on those parents, who,
 to indulge a childish vanity, bring up their off-
 spring to misery and want.



AN ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE
E A R L o f R O S S,
Of the Kingdom of Ireland.

THE late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester. He had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beaumonde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do, and, finally, his health, beyond repair. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic of reproach and having fifty thousand faults invented to compleat the number of those he had: Nay, some asserted that he dealt with the Devil; established a Hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork hill, and that one W—, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was, indeed, only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned: But what won't malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the Groom Porters, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him for generosity.

Having led this life till it brought him to Death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. Dean Mad-den

den, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write to him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; exhorting him, in the tenderest manner, to employ the few moments that remained to him in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.

It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of K——e was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and, in every respect, a contrast, in character, to Lord Rofs. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of K——e.—He likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord K——e was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, in-
much

much, that when he was married to Lady M—y O—n, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged, with what surprize and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of.—He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received.—Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could possibly be, but, withal, observed that the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner; "Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a rioter, and every thing that is base and infamous?"—"You, my Lord!" said the Bishop, "every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue." "Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and Reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?" "Surely," answered his Grace, "no man in his right senses, that knew your Lordship, would

would presume to do it; and, if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship, will have satisfaction from the Spiritual Court." Upon this, Lord K——e delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant; and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand-writing.

The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord K——e to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter: The Dean answered, "I did, my Lord."—"Mr. Dean," returned the prelate, "I always thought you a man of sense and prudence; but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men:—To throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: Besides, Sir, you have, by this means, laid yourself open to a prosecution, which will either oblige you publicly to retract

retract what you have said, or to suffer the consequence." "My Lord," answered the Dean, "I never think, act, or write any thing for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and, if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer, patiently, the severest penalties in justification of it." And so saying the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two Noblemen as much in the dark as ever.

Lord K——e went home, and sent for a Proctor, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended to him to ask my Lord's pardon, before the matter became public. "Ask his pardon," said the Dean, "why the man is dead." "Lord K——e dead! "No, Lord Rofs." "Good God!" said the Archbishop, "did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord K——e?" "No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rofs, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the servant, the whole was rectified;

fied; and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Rofs died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE MAURICE.

PRINCE MAURICE of Nassau, of immortal memory, governor of the Dutch Brazils, having one day many officers at his table, and being in a very good humour, called for a glass of wine, and pledging one of his captains, said, "Here's to you, soldier!" The captain started, and replied, "My Prince, you mistake; I am one of your captains, not a soldier." The Prince hereupon took a second glass, and said, "Here's to you, captain, who are no soldier!" The company remarked the poignancy of the reply, and the captain was abashed. This magnanimous Prince and soldier was, on account of some suspicions of his conduct, recalled by his sovereign, and went into the service of the Elector of Brandenburg, who created him governor of all the provinces in Westphalia.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV.
KING of FRANCE.

MESSIEURS de Saint Agnan and Dangeau had persuaded the King he could write verses as well as another. Louis made the experiment, and composed a madrigal, which he himself did not think very good. One morning he said to the Marshal de Grammont, "Read this, Marshal, and tell me if ever you saw any thing so bad; finding I have lately addicted myself to poetry, they bring me any trash." The Marshal having read, answered, "Your Majesty is a most excellent judge in all matters of taste, for, I think I never read any thing so stupid or so ridiculous." The King laughed, "Do not you think he must be a very silly fellow who composed it?" "It is not possible to call him any thing else," said Grammont. "I am delighted," said the King, "to hear you speak your sentiments so freely and frankly, for I wrote it myself." Every body present laughed at the Marshal's confusion, as it certainly was as malicious a trick as could possibly be played on an old courtier.



The

The Honourable ROBERT BOYLE,

The most exact searcher into the Works of Nature, that any age has known, and who saw atheism and infidelity beginning to shew themselves in the loose and voluptuous reign of King Charles the Second, pursued his philosophical enquiries with religious views, to establish the minds of men in a firm belief, and thorough sense of the infinite power and wisdom of the great Creator.

THIS account we have from Dr. BURNET, who was intimately acquainted with him, and who says, ‘ It appeared from those who conversed with him on his enquiries into nature, that his main design in that (on which as he had his own eye constantly, so he took care to put others often in mind of it) was to raise in himself and others, vaster thoughts of the greatness and glory, and of the wisdom and goodness of God.’ This was so deep in his thoughts, that he concludes the article of his will, which relates to the Royal Society, in these words: ‘ Wishing them a happy success in their attempts to discover the true nature of the works of God; and praying that they and all other searchers into physical truths, may cordially refer their attainments, to the glory of the great Author of Nature, and to the comfort of mankind.’

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In another place the same person speaks of him thus: ‘ He had the profoundest veneration for the
 ‘ great God of heaven and earth, that I ever ob-
 ‘ served in any man. The very name of God, was
 ‘ never mentioned by him, without a pause and
 ‘ visible stop in his discourse.’

Of the strictness and exemplariness of the whole course of his life, he says: ‘ I might here challenge
 ‘ the whole tribe of libertines to come and view
 ‘ the usefulness, as well as the excellence, of the
 ‘ Christian Religion, in a life that was entirely
 ‘ dedicated to it.’

The veneration he had for the holy scriptures appears, not only from his studying them with great attention, and exhorting others to do the same, but more particularly, from a distinct treatise which he wrote, on purpose to defend the scripture style, and to answer all the objections which profane and irreligious persons have made against it. And his zeal in propogating Christianity in the world, appears by many and large benefactions to that end.



A N O B L E
INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY,
 RECORDED BY PLUTARCH.

A SLAVE, having determined the death of his master, entered his chamber to execute his purpose at a time when others were with him. The intent was as evident as the mistake: the master enquired the cause of his resolution, and owned it was a just one: instead of ordering him to the tortures, he gave him his liberty; and he found him, to the latest hour of his life, the most affectionate of his friends.

The Affecting History of
L U C Y M I R A N D A.

IN the year 1539, Gabot, the Governor of the fort of the Holy Ghost, in Paraguay, having occasion to embark for Spain, appointed Nunez de Lara to succeed him in his absence; but left him no more than one hundred and twenty men, with a small quantity of provisions, in a place where the Spaniards had few certain friends, and an immense number of declared enemies.

Lara, on his side, seeing himself surrounded by nations, from whom he could expect no respect
 but

but in proportion as he could command it, thought the best thing he could do, would be to gain over those nearest to him, which were the Timbuez; and he succeeded pretty well in the attempt. But his success soon proved fatal to him, in a manner he little dreamed of. Mangora, Cacique of the Timbuez, happening, in one of the frequent visits he paid to Lara, to see Lucy Miranda, a Spanish lady, and wife of Sebastian Hurtado, one of the principal officers of the fort, became deeply enamoured with her. It was not long before she perceived it; and knowing what she had to fear from a barbarian, with whom it was so much the Commander's interest to live upon good terms, she did all that lay in her power not to be seen any more by him, and to guard against any violence or surprize. Mangora, on his side, thinking that if he could but get her to his habitation, he might dispose of her as he pleased, often invited Hurtado to come and see him, and bring his wife along with him. But Hurtado as often begged to be excused, alledging, that he could not absent himself from the fort, without the commander's leave; and that he was sure he should never be able to obtain it.

Such an answer as this was enough to let the Cacique see, that to succeed in his designs upon the
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the wife, he must first get rid of the husband.— While he was therefore considering ways and means to do it, he got intelligence, that the husband had been detached, with another officer called Ruiz Moschera, and fifty soldiers, to collect provisions. Looking upon this, therefore, as a favourable opportunity, since it not only removed the husband, but weakened the garrison, by which the wife might expect to be protected, he posted four thousand picked men in a marsh in the neighbourhood of the fort, and set out for it, with thirty others loaded with refreshments. On his arrival at the gates of it, he sent word to Lara, that, hearing how much he was in want of provisions, he was come with enough to serve him, till the return of the convoy. Lara received the treacherous Cacique with the greatest demonstrations of gratitude, and insisted upon entertaining him and his followers. This was what Mangora had expected; and he had accordingly given his men instructions how to behave, and appointed signals for those he had posted in the marsh.

The entertainment began with a great deal of cheerfulness on both sides, and lasted till night was far advanced; when, the Spaniards rising to break up, Mangora gave some of his attendants the signal for doing what he had before-hand directed;

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rected; which was to set fire to the magazines of the fort as soon as the Spaniards should be retired. This was accordingly done, without the Spaniards having the least suspicion of the matter. The officers were scarce composed to rest, when most of them being alarmed by the soldiers crying out fire! fire! and jumping out of bed to extinguish it, the Indians seized the opportunity of dispatching them. The rest were killed in their sleep; and the four thousand men posted in the marsh, having been at the same time let into the fort, it was immediately filled with slaughter and confusion. The Governor, though wounded, having espied the treacherous Cacique, made up to him, and ran him through the body; but being more intent upon satisfying his revenge, than consulting his safety, he continued so long venting his now useless fury on the dead body of his enemy, that the Indians had time to intercept his flight; and immediately dispatched him.

There now remained no living soul in the fort but the unfortunate Miranda, the innocent cause of so bloody a tragedy, four other women, and as many little children, who were all tied and brought before Siripa, brother and successor to the late Cacique. This barbarian, at the sight of Miranda, conceived the same passion for her, that had proved

proved so fatal to his brother; and ordered her to be unbound, relinquishing to his attendants all the other prisoners. He then told her, that she must not consider herself as a slave in his house; and that it would even be her own fault, if she did not become the mistress of it; and that he hoped she had sense enough to prefer, to an indigent forlorn husband, the head of a powerful nation, who would take pleasure in submitting to her, himself, and all his subjects. Miranda might well expect, that, by refusing his offers, she should expose herself, at best, to a perpetual and most cruel slavery; but her virtue got the better of every other consideration. She even gave Siripa the answer she thought was most likely to exasperate him, in hopes his love might change into fury, and a speedy death put her innocence and honour beyond the reach of his brutal inclinations.

But in this she was greatly mistaken. Her refusals served only to increase the esteem Siripa had conceived for her, and heighten his passion, which he still flattered himself he should be at last able to satisfy. He continued, therefore, to treat her with a great deal of lenity, and even shewed her more civility and respect than could be well expected from a barbarian. But his moderation and gentleness

gentleness served only to make her more sensible of the danger she was exposed to.

In the mean time, Hurtado, being returned with his convov, was greatly surprized to behold nothing but a heap of ashes, where he had left Gabot's tower. The first thing he did was to enquire what was become of his wife; and being informed she was with the Cacique of the Timbuez, he immediately set out to look for her, without considering what dangers he thereby fruitlessly exposed himself to. Siripa, at the sight of a man who was the sole object of all Miranda's affections, could no longer contain himself, but ordered him to be tied to a tree, and there shot to death with arrows.

His attendants were preparing to obey him, when Miranda, drowned in tears, threw herself at the tyrants feet, to obtain the life of her husband; and, such is the power of a passionate affection, it calmed the violent storm, which it had but a little before excited in the heart of the barbarian. Hurtado was unbound; he was even sometimes permitted to see his wife: But the Cacique, at the same time he thus indulged them, gave them to understand, that they must not, on pain of death, attempt to go any further lengths.

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It is therefore probable, he only meant this indulgence as a snare to obtain a pretext for recalling the conditional reprieve he had granted Hurtado, who soon supplied him with one. A few days after, Siripa's wife came to inform him, that Miranda was lain down with her husband; the barbarian immediately ran to examine the truth of the report with his own eyes; and, in the first emotion of his passion, more to the satisfaction of his wife's jealousy than his own, he condemned Miranda to the flames, and Hurtado to the kind death he had but lately escaped. The sentence was immediately executed, and this faithful pair expired in sight of each other: full of sentiments worthy of their virtues.

PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

A GIRL of the TOWN in Paris found a pocket book in the street, which on inspection she found to contain notes to the amount of 182,000 livres, payable to the bearer.—Struck with the importance of the loss which the owner must sustain, the charming girl carried the pocket-book, with its contents, to M. le Noir, Lieutenant of the Police. The Magistrate, surprized at such an instance of generosity, asked her who she was? She said

said she was of a good family, whom she had disgraced. M. le Noir, delighted with her openness, as well as generosity, took her address. The proprietor of the book lost no time in repairing to the Magistrate to assist him in the recovery of his property. M. le Noir sent for the girl, and presented her and the book together to the gentleman, relating to him, at the same time, her behaviour.—The Gentleman demanded in rapture, what reward she should receive for her generosity and truth? “The enlargement,” replies she, “of three of my unfortunate companions, who are now imprisoned in the house of Salpetriere, for having yielded like myself, by hard necessity, to the prostitution which they abhor.” This new demonstration of virtue, still exalted her in their esteem. Her companions were relieved, and the gentleman farther insisted on her acceptance of a pension of 1200 livres, with which she declared she would settle in some of the provincial convents, as her family would not receive her. Here is a lesson to those prudes who are fond of slandering those unhappy women, and who include in the loss of chastity, every possible vice.



AN ANECDOTE
OF THE
Imprisonment of RICHARD I.
KING OF ENGLAND

A MINSTREL, called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world 'till he had discovered the destiny of this Prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany; when talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with the inn-keeper, in order to make this discovery, he learnt that there was near the city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and antient castle, in which there was a prisoner who was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard; he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble; he got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry provision, questioned and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man; though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and the quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him, that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle

castle and his servants. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country, through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the stair-case and the apartments were black with age, and so dark, that at noon-day it was necessary to have lighted flambeaux to find the way along them.

Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prisoner, but all in vain. At last when he found that from the height and narrowness of the window he could not get a sight of his dear master, for he firmly believed it was him, he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung with a loud and harmonious voice, the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice, which came from the castle window, "continue and finish the song." Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the King his master, who was confined in this dismal castle. The chronicle adds, that one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known

known to Richard; and informing his Nobles, with all possible expedition, of the situation of their Monarch, he was released from his confinement on paying a large ransom.

AN ITALIAN ANECDOTE.

MATILDA was married very young to a Neapolitan Nobleman of the first Quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna; the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprize, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate these two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This

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base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye, her merit soon after his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators, in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow; which was only suspended till the General, who presided as Judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came

came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, denouncing her voracious passions, and the cruelty of fate that had driven her from perishing by a premature death in the arms of a monster, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The General, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but was still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers.—He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger: he acknowledged her as soon as mother and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each, were united.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

Celebrated NIXON DE L'ENCLOS.

MADAME de L'ENCLOS was always much caressed, on account of the charms of her wit, and the happiness of an amiable disposition. Without being the paragon of beauty, she commanded all the respect that is generally paid to it. The sweetness and equality of her character, a probity sincere and natural, a resolute soul, and

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a heart

a heart as tender as it was faithful, procured her admirers, even when she was far advanced in life. The account which her biographer gives of the Abbot of Gedoyne's attachment to her, is truly singular. This Abbot was presented to her when he was twenty nine years of age, and Ninon approached her eightieth. However, whether it was thought the caprice of love, or an inconceivable enchantment, the Abbot became passionately fond of her, and was so ardent in his solicitations, that Ninon consented to listen to him; but she would not consent to make him happy till the end of a certain period, which she fixed. The time arrived.—He threw himself on his knees, and conjured her in the name of love, to keep the promise she had made. The Abbot soon ceased to solicit. Enchanted with his good fortune, he asked her, why she had suffered him to languish so long? "Alas! my dear Abbot," replied Ninon, "my tenderness had suffered as much as yours, but it was the effect of a spark of vanity. I was desirous, for the novelty of the case, to wait till I had reached my eightieth year, which I did last night."



ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

GARRICK and Hogarth sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think (said Garrick) I could make his face;" which he did accordingly. "For Heaven's sake hold, David," said Hogarth, remain as you are for a few minutes."—Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of Tom Jones: But Garrick and Hogarth did not always agree so well.—The latter intreated his friend David at one time to sit for his own picture, with which Garrick complied; but while the painter was proceeding with his task, he mischievously altered his face with gradual change, so as to render the portrait perfectly unlike. Hogarth blamed the unlucky effort of his art, and began a second time, but with the same success. After swearing a little, he began a third time, and did not discover the trick until after three or four repetitions. He then got into a violent passion, and would have thrown his palette, pencils, and pound brushes at Garrick's head, if the wag had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him.

ROYAL

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE occurred some time ago, which, as it serves, however simple in itself, to put the private character of our amiable S——n in its true light, that of being the benevolent father of his people, ought on no account to be buried in oblivion.

In the course of his walks one morning with the H— A——t by his side, he met a farmer's servant travelling to W—— with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud; nor could the man himself extricate it with all his might.

Both the K—— and the P—— were dressed in a style of simplicity; and as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic: Having, through the dint of main strength, enabled him to set his cart to rights, the honest fellow, glowing with gratitude, asked them very cordially if they would accept of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that in the mean time they were heartily welcome to take a seat upon the cart.— Each of these offers was of course declined, and they parted; the K—— having previously slipped into his hands a guinea, and the P—— two guineas.

The

The man was thunderstruck; nor could he help spreading about the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached W——. From these it appeared plainly, that it was to the K—— and the P—— he had been indebted so highly; and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the P—— should have given two pieces, while the K—— gave him but one.

Every thing, as here related, presently reached the ears of his M——; and happening, the week following, to meet the same man again, on his way to market, he stopped him and smiled.

“ Well, my friend, (said he) I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when last we met: The son you thought more munificent than the father.—He was so I confess; but remember this, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be just before I can be generous. My son has, at present, nobody to care for but himself, and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my bosom than you possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children at home expect, and have a right to demand from you.

Of

OF ROMANTIC
 NOTIONS OF FRIENDSHIP:
 OR, THE
HISTORY of AMICUS.

THE ancient notions of Chivalry do not (however preposterous they may seem) exceed the extravagance of our ordinary conceptions of what is called Friendship. Young people carry this to so enthusiastic a height, that even though it springs from a noble source, they ought to be warned against the indulgence of it, as it exposes them, sooner or later, to the artifices of more experienced characters. There can be no objection to an endeavour to obtain *one* valuable friend; but it is much to be feared, if we expect more than one, we shall be bitterly disappointed; at least I was a sad example of this, and I shall commit my story to posterity, that I may at least do what is incumbent upon every man—contribute my mite to the service of my fellow-creatures.

“ I AM one of those mortals who never knew the value of resistance, and could never be master of the language of denial. Acquiescence & civility, were ever my characteristics. I never gave affronts, and I even received them without much acrimony of recrimination. By this negative excellence

cellence I acquired a numerous acquaintance, and imagined myself in very general esteem. To say the truth, I did not doubt, but if it should ever be necessary for me to use their services, I might command them without reserve.

“ In the course of a little time I had occasion to make the trial; for by unexpected failures in business, and other ill strokes of fortune, I was stript of every thing but—*resources of Friendship*.

“ Here follows an accurate journal of my successes in a pecuniary application :

“ I arose early one melancholy morning, and turned my affairs on all sides, to see if, by any new arrangements, I could set all right again. I took a walk into the street of my village where I resided, and tried to shake off my chagrin; but the prospect was too dark for me. “ It will not do, (said I) assistance must directly, must this very day be obtained, or I am ruined for ever.” This sentiment had scarce passed in my mind before one of the oldest, ablest, and richest of my friends came towards me and with the greatest cordiality wished me the health and pleasures of the morning.— I accepted them with equal warmth. Our harmony was favourable to the subject in hand, and I spoke it as follows; “ I am exceedingly re-

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joiced

joiced to meet you, (here my friend smiled) particularly to see you in so chearful a humour (here my friend smiled again) it suits well with a little petition that I have now to make to your pocket, (here my friend seemed a little uneasy;)—Yes, dear Mr. RITCHLEY, I say to your pocket. You have always expressed a desire to serve me: I am now in the utmost need of your assistance, and I know it will not be more pleasing for me to receive your kindness, than for you to confer it.—What a pleasure is there in being indebted to a friend! It excites both gratitude and sensibility, you will thank me, that I have made you happy in the opportunity of obliging me: Pray let me have a thousand pounds without delay.”

“ Here my friend gave a great hem, and said with some incoherence, ‘ Yes, yes, no doubt, certainly, a thousand pounds—by all means—I shall be very glad—but the truth is, I have not got five guineas in the house. At any other time I shall be proud to serve you.”

“ Here my friend, who had a little time before been noticing the extreme beauty of the weather, found out that it was terribly cold, and wished me a good morning.—I called two days after and saw him at his window, but—*he was not at home.*

“ The

“ The next person that encountered me, was Mr. STURDY, a wealthy farmer, who accosted me with the news of his having receiv'd a prize of £5000 in the lottery. He was all joy and jollity. This is the very moment, said I to myself, so, without any ceremony, I told him that he must do me a favour: ‘ That will I, (said he) for I am so rich, I scarce know what to do.’ “ The very thing! (said I)—you shall lend me a thousand pounds.”

“ Whew! (said he) How much?—Why, you are a worthy man, and I would serve you with all my heart, but if I was to lend my prize-money, I should have no luck another time. At present I cannot assist you therefore, but at any future opportunity, you may depend upon my readiest and very best endeavours.”

“ My third application was made to a Lady of great reputed generosity. I laid my case pathetically before her: ‘ Good heaven, Sir, (said she) how sincerely I pity you! Only to see the revolutions of this world! Why, you was a very responsible man some little time ago; I remember you talked of a carriage. God bless me how surprisingly the things of this world turn about! They are *topsy-turvy* in a moment. Now, if any man in

the universe but yourself had told me that you could stand in need of money in the way of borrowing, I should have vindicated you from the scandal. Mercy upon us, how careful we ought to be; we should turn a shilling over ten times before we let it go out of our hands; and even then we should take good care, that we have twelpence, or twelve-penny-worth for it. Oh lack-a-day, oh lack-a-day! Oh deary oh! oh deary oh!

“ Here the lady, my old friend, went away lifting up her hands and pitied me exceedingly.

“ The fourth application, was to another Lady who heard my story with great attention; said, that she was beyond measure touched at it, as well as at my misfortune, but she excused herself from assisting me with a thousand pounds, because, “ Sir, (says she) as I am not married, and you have no security to offer me, it would give the world reason to believe, there was something between us more than there ought to be. It is my delicacy, and not my want of inclination, that refuses you, I protest, Sir, I hope you will see it in the right light. Young women must, in this age, be very guarded in their conduct. They must not be even seen to long conversing with men alone.”

“ Upon

“ Upon this, my fair friend walked off in a great hurry, for the sake of her *delicacy*.

“ The person I next spoke to had once borrowed five thousand pounds of me. He was now rich himself, and as I had heard, rich by lending out money at a certain interest. I opened the matter briefly: “ How much will do? said he very civilly. “ A thousand pounds,” said I. “ you shall have it.” My heart jump’d for joy.—“ Pray what security do you choose to offer?”—Security (said I!) I wish it to be a matter of friendship”—Friendship! (said he) friendship and a thousand pounds!—Pardon me—they never met together in my time, and I wish you a very good day. Friendship and a thousand pounds, indeed!

“ Upon this my friend turned upon his heel, and rapping his cane angrily on the ground, never spoke to me afterwards.”

“ I now tried a Clergyman, whose favourite Sunday-subject was Benevolence: Little doubt here, methought, as he was rich in preferments, and in private fortune: I told him the whole affair. ‘ Misconduct, young man, (said he) is often called misfortune. Don’t deceive yourself. If you have been imprudent, confess it, for confession is the first step towards penitence, and penitence

tence is the true path to pardon, and pardon is the high road to felicity. If thou hast erred err no more. Turn from thy evil ways, and do that which is right. Work while it is yet day, lest the night come and overtake thee. Remember these sayings and be happy. As to money it ill becomes my profession to encourage misconduct. Child, go thy ways, go thy ways.'

"My friend, the Parson, walked off in a very stately manner, and the very next day, which was Sunday, preached a most pompous and pathetic discourse upon the indispensable Duties of Charity.

"In this way did I proceed to no purpose, but that of losing my time, until another of my friends who had heard of these my pecuniary petitions, arrested me for a large debt contracted in the way of business: I was thrown into prison, and I subsist at this time on the bounty of a Sailor without an arm."

EXTRAORDINARY
INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE.

A worthy young Clergyman who had a small curacy of forty pounds a year, was presented
by

by a gentleman to a vicarage of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, which he enjoyed some time; but never altered his manner of living. His patron from a too open generosity, and want of œconomy in the conducting an estate of twelve hundred pounds a year, deep mortgaged, when he came to it, more money taken up afterwards by him, with a long arrear of interest, and the additional expence of protracting the fore-closure, was, at last, rendered incapable of longer preventing it; and the mortgage took possession. When this unhappy news reached the young Clergyman, he immediately set out to wait upon his Patron, to offer his assistance in the distressful situation, to which he was reduced: who when he saw him said Mr. —, I take this visit extremely kind of you; and the more so since I find myself deserted, almost by every man, who formerly had not only pride but interest in my friendship, yet now avoid me, lest they should be called upon to make the slightest retribution; and though the scanty stipend you possess, will not admit your serving me, it is a mark of esteem and gratitude, I am most feelingly affected with. The Clergyman deeply touched at this relation, was obliged to turn away his head, to hide those marks of sensibility he felt rising towards his eyes, lest they should give any additional grief to the man he so highly revered, and already found
too

too much distressed. After shifting them, as well as possible, he preserved the same deference of behaviour to his Patron, he had ever paid him, saying with an apparent mixture of confusion, and fear of offending, " I hope Sir, that gentle humanity and benevolence of mind, ever so distinguishable, and most especially towards me, of which, I shall ever retain an indelible sense, will pardon what I am going to propose, as some alleviation of the misfortunes which humanity and benevolence have chiefly drawn upon you ; and are also imbertered by the ingratitude of those, who were the hateful instruments,"—filling with concern, he was unable to proceed ; his Patron almost as incapable of answering, said—" My worthy friend, whatever your goodness has to propose, though it should not prove really essential to my interest, it will to my happiness and tranquility of mind, even adequate to the re-possession of my fortune : and I shall receive more solid joy in reflecting one such man exists, than I ever knew amongst the multitude of those who were my former intimates, and imaginary friends. What has your generous humanity to offer ? " What" answered the other, " I fear, Sir, your generous humanity will be apt to reject, but pardon me, when I say, I must insist upon your receiving, since I can consider it in no other view than your indisputable right, the income

income of the Vicarage you so bounteously bestowed, and which now reverts to you, by all the laws of gratitude, humanity, and every social virtue. I can easily, Sir, attend the duty of that and my curacy, the income of which will fully gratify every wish I have, but that of contributing to your future ease and welfare." The Gentleman, after looking stedfastly upon him, replied, "Amazing! Is it in man to partake thus largely of his Creator? This single instance is sufficient to silence, and put to shame, all those who meanly attempt to deprecate human nature, and form their judgments of its universal tendency by the confined limits of their own, and their adherents narrow groveling minds, insolently arraigning the divine author with having constituted that sordidly selfishness, which by their own irregular and extravagant passions, they pervert an impious charge on him, as defective in their construction." After this and many other expressions of pleasurable amazement, with the strongest marks of love and gratitude, he peremptorily rejected the proposition; which the other as strenuously insisted upon executing, and he did from that time constantly remit him the whole income of his living; but declined seeing him, to avoid giving or receiving a confusion, great minds alone are susceptible of. Is it in the gifts of fortune, though in her most wanton lux-

urious mood, to minister to the mind of man, the least comparative degree of pleasure, in wealth, servants, equipage, and pomp, to that, which this great, this worthy man enjoyed, in the calm consciousness of possessing so ample, so beneficent a heart.

H O P E I S A B L E S S I N G
WHICH WE KNOW NOT
HOW SUFFICIENTLY TO PRIZE.

IT is astonishing, that man, the most noble Being of the creation, should have so many imperfections as we find him surrounded with. It seems that there is always something which he wants, since no moment in life passes without some desires. Every thing he sees, every thing he hears, and every thing he thinks of, excites in his heart so many passions as nothing can extinguish, and which it is almost impossible for him to gratify; his weakness cannot answer to the vivacity of his imagination to furnish the means of satisfying itself; an eternal uneasiness devours him, which nothing but hope can satisfy.

Though frequently unhappy in his projects, yet man is very eagerly bent upon them; and even
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the misfortune of having failed therein does for the most part serve him as a fresh motive to prosecute them. This thirst which he cannot quench, and which incessantly burns within him; these desires always insatiable, and which he is never sure of satisfying, would be to him no doubt a terrible punishment, without the hope of success, with which he flatters himself, and which at least renders him happy by the idea he forms to himself, that he cannot fail of being so.

In fact, HOPE never leads him but through agreeable roads, even to the farther end, when it is forced to leave him; it alone has the power of taking from him the sense of the present, when it is unpleasing, and of anticipating as present the happy time to come, where it proposes to arrive. How distant soever the pleasing object be, hope brings it nigh; so that we enjoy a happiness, while we hope for it: if we miss it, we still hope for it; if we come to possess it, we promise ourselves we shall always do so.

Happy or unhappy, hope supports and animates us; and such is the instability of human affairs, that even hope itself justifies projects the most adventurous, since, by continual vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, we have no more reason to fear what we hate, than to hope for what we desire.

May not we say truly, that hope is the soul of the universe, and a spring the most powerful to maintain the harmony thereof.

It is by hope that the whole world governs itself. Would laws be enacted, if mankind did not hope a wise policy from them? Should we see obedient subjects, if each individual did not by his submission flatter himself to contribute to the happiness of his country? What should become of the arts, and how useless would they be reckoned, without the hopes of the good effects the world must reap from them? Would not the sciences be neglected? Would not talents be uncultivated, and the most happy genius's sink to a brutal rudeness, without the flattering hopes of a surer and a more refined taste in every thing that it concerns us to know.

If you ask the soldier, what makes him expose himself so often to the hazards of days, which he might render less perilous, or more easy? He will tell you, that it is the hope of glory which he highly prizes, and which he prefers to the melancholy softness of a life spent in an obscure languor. The Merchant traverses the seas, but he hopes to indemnify himself by his riches for the fears which he has undergone amidst the storms and the rocks.

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The husbandman, bent down upon his plough, waters the ground with his sweat; but this very ground is to feed him; and he would give himself no trouble to cultivate it, if he did not certainly expect the reward of his labours.

Whatever be our undertakings, hope is the motive to them; it is the foretaste of our success, and is, at least, for some time a real blessing in default of that which escapes us. It is an anticipated joy which is sometimes delusive; but which, while it lasts, affords a pleasure that is no ways inferior to the enjoyment of that which we promise ourselves, and which often effaces the memory of all the sweets we have already tasted in the most happy situation.

And how could we quietly enjoy life if we did not live from one day to another, in hopes of prolonging it: There are none, down to sick persons, even in the most desperate case, that are not shocked at the approach of death, and who have not hopes of recovery almost in the very moment they are expiring. We even carry our hopes beyond the grave; and at the time when we are endeavouring to render ourselves immortal among mankind, full of this flattering idea, we are the more disposed to lose ourselves irrecoverably in the abyss of eternity.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.

O F F R A N C E.

THE faithful servants of Henry often represented to him the prejudice it might be to him, if he continued to shew such great clemency towards his enemies. The reply he made to this, will sufficiently prove the goodness of his heart.

“ If every one of you, who speak this language, were to say your daily prayers with sincerity of heart, you would not offer me this advice. I am truly sensible that the victory I have obtained, I owe solely to the great goodness of Almighty God, who has extended his mercy towards me, though unworthy of it; and as he pardons my offences, so will I pardon them who have offended against me; and moreover, convince them of the sincerity of my heart, by shewing them every mark of clemency and mercy in my power. If there are any who candidly confess their faults, and are sensible of their error, it is sufficient for me that they acknowledge it.

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the Protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, a young Officer, who had been bred
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in France, went to the ordinary at the Black Horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at table was a rough, old-fashioned gentleman, who according to the custom of those times, had been both Major and Preacher of a Regiment. The young officer was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking against the dispensations of Providence. The Major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," (said he) "do not abuse your master while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters to a jest, asked him if he was going to preach? But at the same time bid him take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour!" (cried the Major) "thou art an infidel, and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." At length the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the Major. On their coming into the garden, the old gentleman advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but finding him grow scurrilous, "Sir-
rah,

rah, (said he) if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastize thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." This said, he drew his sword, and cried with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Which so terrified the young gentleman, that he was instantly disarmed, and thrown on his knees; in which posture he begged for life; which the Major refused to grant, 'till he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extempore prayer, which the Major dictated on the spot; and the other repeated it in the presence of the whole company, which was by this time assembled in the garden.

A N U N C O M M O N

Instance of the Divine Interposition.

DURING the government of Don Diego de Mendoza, in Paraguay, a dreadful famine raged at Buenos Ayres; yet Don Pedro, whose forces were very much weakened by mortality, and the attacks of the barbarous nations, being afraid of giving the Indians a habit of spilling Spanish blood, forbid the inhabitants, under pain of death, to go into the fields in search of relief. But, as hunger is one of those extremities which makes people

people blind to the greatest dangers, and deaf even to the most sacred injunctions, he placed soldiers at all the out-lets to the country, with orders to fire upon those who should endeavour to transgress his orders. A woman, however, called Maldonata, was lucky enough to elude the vigilance of the guards, and God twice preserved her by one of those exertions of his Providence, to which public notoriety alone can extort belief from the incredulous, apt to take offence at every thing beside the common course of things. This woman, having for a long time rambled about the country, took notice of a cavern, where she flattered herself she might at last find a sure retreat against all the dangers that threatened her: but she had scarce entered it, when she espied a lioness, the sight of which terrified her to the last degree. She was, however, soon quieted a little, by the caresses of this animal, at the same time that she perceived they were not disinterested. The lioness, it seems, was reduced to the last extremity, as, though her term for littering was expired, she could not get rid of her burthen. Maldonata upon this took courage, and gave the poor creature the assistance she seemed so earnestly to require. The lioness being happily delivered, not only immediately gave her benefactress the most sensible proofs of her gratitude;

gratitude; but never returned from searching her own daily subsistence, without laying at the feet of Maldonata enough for her's, till the whelps being strong enough to walk abroad, she at last took them out with her, and never returned, leaving Maldonata to shift for herself.

Maldonata soon after fell into the hands of some Indians, who made a slave of her, and kept her in captivity for a considerable time. Being at length retaken by some Spaniards, she was brought back to Buenos Ayres, where Don Francis Ruiz de Galan commanded for Don Pedro de Mendoza, who happened to be absent. Galan was a man whose severity often degenerated into cruelty. Therefore, as he knew that Maldonata had stolen out of the city, contrary to orders, and did not think her sufficiently punished by a very long and very cruel slavery, he condemned her to death, and to a kind of death which no man but a tyrant could have thought of. He ordered some soldiers to take her into the country, and leave her tied to a tree, not doubting but some wild beast or other would soon come and tear her to pieces.

Two days after, the same soldiers being sent to see what was become of her, they were greatly surprized to find her alive, and unhurt, though
surrounded

surrounded by lions and tigers, whom a lioness, lying at her feet with her whelps, kept at a distance. As soon as the lioness perceived the soldiers she retired a little, as it were to give them leave to unbind her benefactress, which they accordingly did. Maldonata then related to them the history of this lioness, whom she knew to be the same she had formerly assisted; and the soldiers remarked, that on their offering to carry away Maldonata, the lioness fawned greatly upon her, and seemed to express some concern at losing her. On the report the soldiers made to the Commander of what they had seen, he saw that he could not but pardon a woman whom Heaven had protected in so signal a manner, without appearing more inhuman than lions themselves.

The author of *Argentina*, the first author to relate this adventure, assures us, that he had heard it, not only from the public voice, but from the mouth of Maldonata herself; and father del Techo says, that when he arrived at Paraguay, a great many persons spoke to him of it, as an event which had happened within their memory, and of which nobody doubted the truth.



ANECDOTE OF
FIDELITY AND RESOLUTION.

WHILE the shadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greatest men in that nation were heroic and brave. A noble anecdote of this brave spirit offers itself: Alonzo IV. surnamed The Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention. His confidants and favourites encouraged him, and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their Sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his Nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, in fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a Nobleman of the first rank rose up: "Courts and camps," (said he) "were allotted for Kings, not woods and deserts. Even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business: but when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a King, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chaec,

chace, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your Majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find obedient subjects. If not—" The King starting with rage, interrupted him, "If not—what?" "If not," resumed the Nobleman in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better King." Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the room. In a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled. "I perceive" (said he) "the truth of what you say. He who will not execute the duties of a King, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the Sportsman, but with the Alonzo the King of Portugal."—His Majesty was as good as his promise, and became, as a warrior and a politician, the greatest of the Portuguese Monarchs.

ANECDOTE OF
ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

WHILE this gentleman commanded the Squadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the Ministry by the merchants trading to the Levant, &c. of the piracies
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of

of the Algerines. These complaints were passed over, 'till two ships richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers. This was so flagrant an infraction of treaties, that the Ministry could no longer be silent. Accordingly, orders were sent to the Admiral, to sail into the harbour of Algiers, and demand a restitution of the Dey; and in case of a refusal, had an unlimited power to make reprisals.

The Admiral's squadron cast anchor in the of-fing, in the bay of Algiers, facing the Dey's palace. He went ashore, attended only by his captain and barge's crew, proceeding to the palace, where he demanded an immediate audience; and being conducted into the Dey's presence, he laid open his embassy, and, in his master's name, desired satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty. Surprized and enraged at the boldness of the Admiral's remonstrances, the Dey exclaimed, " That he wondered at the English King's insolence, in sending him a foolish beardless boy." The Admiral replied, " That if his master had supposed that wisdom had been measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent his Deyship a he-goat."

Unused to such language from the sycophants of his own Court, this reply put him beside himself,

self, and, forgetting the laws of all nations in respect to Ambassadors, he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string, at the same time telling the Admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the Admiral took him to a window facing the bay, and shewing him the English fleet riding at anchor, told him, that if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile.—The Dey was wise enough to take the hint: The Admiral came off in safety, and ample restitution was made.

ON HAPPINESS.

I OUGHT hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praise to the Creator of my Being, for having formed me of a disposition that throws off every particle of spleen, and either directs my attention to objects of chearfulness and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on shades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happiness of constitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked; extending our commerce; and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I
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can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the blessings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a passage in that truly original poem, called the *Spleen*, which pleases me more than almost any thing I have read.—The Passage is this :

*Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Now puffing, pull'd against the tide :
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd ;
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the follies of the fray.*

The laughing philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one; but before I sit down either to laugh or to cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject, which

which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart those malignant and sullen humours, which destroy the harmony of social life.

If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the uneasiness of mankind owe their rise to inactivity, or idleness of body or mind. A free and brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good humour; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthened to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessaries of life, but peace and health to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within

the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it, to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour which the narrowness of their circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten who, by all the advantages in wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury, or sleeping in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himself, or the happiness of others! And how many do we meet with, who, for their abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to the perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain!

Whoever seriously considers this point, will discover that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: On the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the Creator passed on Man for his disobedience, *By the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread:* for to the
punishment

punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first paradise was forfeited for his transgression, yet by the penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we see daily produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience; yet is that curse so ordered as to be the punishment, chiefly and almost solely of those, who, by intemperance or sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the wants and weaknesses of mankind, are the bonds of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing that every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering

that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true, that those persons are the happiest, who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under a kind of necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by an useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave and party of faction. Or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have the frequent mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed; and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. I have add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our enquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of a King, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people ;

people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people, is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

This happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be found in those stations, which neither totally subject men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of disquietude—Ambition of disappointment—and Riches of disease. I will conclude these reflections with the following Fable :

“ Labour, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Wealth and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: but, having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road, with Health on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and, by her perpetual good humour, encreasing the vivacity of her sister.

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" In this manner they travelled over forests,
 " and through towns and villages, till at last they
 " arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their
 " entrance into the great city, the mother conjured
 " her daughter never to lose sight of her, for it
 " was the will of *Jupiter*, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of
 " all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard all the counsels of Labour: she
 " suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at last died in child-bed of disease.
 " Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave
 " herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was
 " never heard of after: while Labour, who could
 " have no enjoyment without her daughters, went
 " every where in search of them, till she was at last
 " seized by a lassitude in her way and died in
 " Misery."

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

THIS celebrated composer, though of a very
 robust and uncouth external appearance,
 yet had such a remarkable irritation of nerves,
 that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew
 how

how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new Oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare-headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance; but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, 'till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.



A GENUINE ANECDOTE.

A YOUNG Lady, from the North of England, being sent to the East-Indies to marry a certain Governor, rather advanced in years, that Gentleman, soon after her arrival, was for performing his engagements immediately; but the fair traveller positively refused, and finally gave as a reason for her conduct, that she did not chuse to deceive him; that during her voyage she had betrothed herself to the captain of the ship, who, however, was base enough to retract his promise, although she feared that their connection had been productive of certain disagreeable consequences. The Governor repaid her frankness with the most generous conduct; and was not at all surprized that she should rather give her hand to a young fellow, who had besides the advantages of being on the spot, than wait with uncertainty for an elderly man, who was an absolute stranger to her. He therefore married her himself without hesitation, after having in vain endeavoured to persuade her false lover to take that step.



AVARICE

AVARICE AND GLORY:

A T A L E.

THE Miser is chiefly his own enemy, but the ambitious man is the enemy of the human race. He strides forward to vice with impunity, and even his virtues degenerate into faults. The miser and the ambitious are both equally self-interested; but, while one destroys only a cottage, the other, perhaps, overturns an empire.

Avarice and glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed to receive them. Heroes, citizens, priests, and lords, immediately lifted beneath their banners, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture. Travelling, however, into a most remote part of the country, they, by accident, set up at the cottage of a simple shepherd, whose whole possessions were his flock, and all his solicitude his next day's subsistence. His birth was but humble, yet his natural endowments were great. His sense was refined, his heart sensible of love and piety; and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and repose.—Here, with his favourite Sylvana, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he lived unknown and unknowing a world, that could only instruct him in deceit and falsehood.

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Our two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity. "How insupportable is it," cried Glory, "thus to be a spectator of pleasures which we have no share in producing!—Shall we, who are adored here below, tamely continue spectators of a man, who thus flights our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights? No, rather let us attempt to seduce him from his wife pursuit of tranquillity, and teach him to reverence our power."—Thus saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the rustic in terms the most inviting: "Dear shepherd, how do I pity," cries Glory, "your poor simplicity! To see such talents buried in unambitious retirement, might certainly create even the compassion of the Gods. Leave, prythee, leave a solitude destined only for ignorance and stupidity: It is doubly to die, to die without applause.—You have virtues, and those ought to appear, and not thus lie concealed by ungrateful Obstinacy.—Fortune calls, and Glory invites thee.—I promise you a certainty of success:—You have only to chuse, whether to become an author, a minister of state, or a general; in either capacity be assured of finding respect, riches, and immortality."

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At so unaccustomed an invitation the shepherd seemed incapable of determining: He hesitated for some time between Ambition and Content, 'till at length the former prevailed, and he became in some measure, a convert. Avarice now came in to fix him entirely, and willing to make him completely the slave of both, thus continued the conversation; " Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your ignorance; learn from me in what true happiness consists.—You are in indigence, and miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man formed for the most important concerns, like you, exhaust a precious life only in ogling his mistress, playing upon his pipe, or shearing his sheep? While the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapture; improved with art, shall you remain in a cottage, perhaps, shuddering at the winter's breeze! Alas! little dost thou know of the pleasures attending the great! What sumptuous palaces they live in; how every time they leave them, seems a triumphal procession; how, every word they pronounce is echoed with applause. Without fortune, what is life but misery? What is virtue but sullen satisfaction? Money, money is the grand mover of the universe; without it life is insipid, and talents contemptible.

The unhappy shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions: His mistress, his flock are at once banished from his thoughts, or contemptible in his eye. His rural retreat becomes tasteless, and ambition fills up every chasm in his breast. In vain did the faithful partner of all his pleasures and cares solicit his stay; in vain expose the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter; nothing could persuade a youth bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in extreme. However, uncertain what course to follow, by chance he fixed upon the muses, and began by shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius. He instantly found admittance among the men of wit, and gave lessons to those who were candidates for the public favour.—He published criticisms, to shew that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself. But soon Satire attacked him with all its virulence; he found in every brother-wit a rival, and in every rival, one ready to depreciate what he had written. Soon, therefore, he thought proper to quit this seducing train that offer beds of roses, but supply only a couch of thorns. He next took the field in quality of a soldier; he was foremost in revenging the affronts of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger,

and

and in mounting every breach. With a few successes more, and a few limbs less, our shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself; but soon envy began to pluck the hardened lawrel from his brow. His conquests were attributed, not to his superior skill, but the ignorance of his rivals; his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude from unfeeling assurance.

Again, therefore, the shepherd changes, and in his own defence, retired from the field to the cabinet. Here he became a thorough-bred minister of state, he copies out conventions, concludes treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace to procure the peace of Europe; he even, with the industry of a minister, adopts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious, and austere.—Intoxicated with power, and involved in system, he sees, consults, and likes none but himself. He is no longer the simple shepherd, whose thoughts were all honest, and who spoke nothing but what he thought; he is now taught to speak what he never intends to perform.—His faults disgusted some, his few remaining virtues more,

At length, however, his system fails, and his projects are blown up. What was the cause of
misfortune

misfortune was attributed to corruption and ignorance. He is arraigned by the people, and scarcely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Now, too late, he finds the folly of having attended to the voice of Avarice, or the call of Ambition. He flies back to his long forsaken cottage. He assumes the rustic robe of innocence and simplicity, and in the arms of his faithful Sylvana passes the remainder of his life in happiness, and undisturbed repose,

THE PRISONER.

A RECENT FACT.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence; but the capture of our West-India fleet, in the late unnatural American war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable

honourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possess'd Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and with her infant son she preferred chafing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day, had fled; but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extend her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent.—Give attention to my short prayer.—Grant me forgiveness.—endue me with fortitude to appear before thee:—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries.—Chase not sleep from her, till I am dead.

The Keeper interrupted his devotions by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you,
replied

replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more.

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery. He, who with apathy had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request. Nature, for once, predominated in a gaoler.

At this instant the child cried! O Heavens, said Henry, am I too guilty to have my prayer heard. He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment. At last he thus broke out—this is too much—my heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day.

What do I hear, replied Henry? Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office. This is more than I was prepared to hear. Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate.—

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the Ordinary advanced to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone

alone could administer. It was a reprieve, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed.—Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy—she ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane gaoler freed him from his fetters.

THE FORCE OF LOVE,
UNITED TO RELIGION:
A MORAL TALE.

MR. Shepherd, a very respectable merchant, who had acquired a genteel fortune, with an unblemished character, in the Turkey trade, received so severe a shock to his spirits by the death of an every-way amiable wife, with whom he had lived near thirty years, that his health was considerably injured by his excessive grief. He was inconsolable, and would have been, probably, driven to despair, had not a dutiful and affectionate daughter, who inherited all the valuable qualities of her mother, prevented him from reflecting too intensely on the loss he had sustained, by her ten-

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der attentions and alleviating conversation. By that conversation, and by those attentions, she, happily, brought him into a chearful train of thinking; and from the moment he began to look upon an event which he had deplored in terms that too much indicated a criminal dereliction, in a religious light, his health gradually returned.

Miss Shepherd was, at the time of her mother's death, not quite of age; but she had a fine understanding, and a matronly dignity in her behaviour. With a strong understanding, and as pleasing a person, without any pretensions to beauty, as can be imagined, her manners were extremely engaging, and she had many elegant accomplishments.—For her intellects, her virtues, and her accomplishments, for her tenderness, her discretion, and her obedience, she was justly doated on by her father; and his parental affection was increased, (if it could be increased) when he beheld in *her* the only comfort he had in his declining years.—Never were paternal love and filial duty carried to a more exemplary height. Equally studious to endear themselves to each other, they were revered, as well as beloved, by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with them.

Miss Shepherd had many admirers; but the gentleman whose addresses gave her the most pleasure,

ture, was, unluckily, the only man in the world to whom her father had particular objections; and she was determined never to give *her hand* without his consent, whatever uneasiness *her heart* might suffer from the violence which she offered to her inclination.

Mr. Digges had just before the death of Mrs. Shepherd, inherited a considerable estate from his father, who was possessed of many valuable plantations in Jamaica.

Mr. Digges was sufficiently accomplished by nature and education to recommend himself powerfully to the fair-sex in general; and he was particularly agreeable in the eyes of Miss Shepherd; happier would she have been if her father had seen him in as favourable a light. The truth is, Mr. Shepherd was not only a good moral man, he was also a man of piety; punctual in his attendance at church, from which he never absented himself, but through necessity, and strongly believing all the awful articles of faith contained in the Scriptures, he could not help feeling compassion for those who lived as if they had a contempt for revelation: he felt more than compassion, he felt his resentment also rise against them.

Digges was, indeed, too much a man of pleasure to be excluded from the number who drew Mr. Shepherd's resentment upon them, by the licentiousness of their lives: he certainly considered public worship as a thing of no sort of consequence; and had a very slight, if any opinion of the christian religion.—Mr. Shepherd, therefore, flatly refused to receive him into his family as a son-in-law, and actually prohibited his visits to the house, intreating his daughter at the same time to give up all thoughts of him.

To give up all thoughts of a man who had made a very deep impression on her heart, was not in poor Fanny's power. The dismissal of her lover had such an effect upon her spirits, that she fell into a melancholy state. She was as dutiful as ever in her carriage to her father; but the almost daily alteration in her person alarmed him. The roses of health no longer bloomed in her cheeks, and her face was no longer brightened with the smiles of contentment.

Mr. Shepherd wanted not to be acquainted with the cause of *that* alteration in his daughter, which he sincerely lamented; but hoping she might, if removed from the spot on which she had met with a disappointment too severe to be sustained

ed by her, recover her spirits and health, he sent her to an aunt, by the mother's side, about five and twenty miles from London, who just at that juncture had pressed him to let her spend part of the summer at her house.

Accordingly, Fanny set off to her Aunt, and not without some animating reflections; for as Mrs. Bonnel had always behaved to her in the most affectionate manner, and had a great influence over her father, she hoped that her mediation, might prove serviceable to her.

Mrs. Bonnel received her niece with much politeness, and expressed, no small satisfaction at her arrival; but started a little to see her look paler and thinner than she expected, though Mr. Shepherd had previously dispatched a preparatory letter.

Fanny being closely questioned concerning her looks unbosomed herself without the least reserve to her aunt: but concluded her narrative with declaring, that whatever disquietude she felt, she would not do any thing to render his life unhappy who had been instrumental to her existence, who had taken a great deal of pains to promote her felicity, and who had opposed her inclination for
Mr.

Mr. Digges, she was satisfied, with the best intentions in the world.

“ You are an excellent daughter, my dear Fanny,” said Mrs. Bonnel, “ and deserve to be rewarded for your filial gratitude and regard. As for Mr. Digges, I shall endeavour to come at his real character from impartial people; for I look upon your father as a prejudiced person upon this occasion. He is a very good man; but he is of too rigid a way of thinking about religious matters. I am not so uncharitable as to imagine that none can be worthy who are not always going to church, and minutely complying with every injunction in their prayer-books,”

Mrs. Bonnel had soon an opportunity to gratify her curiosity, and finding that Mr. Digges, though not a religious character, was a sensible, sober, good-natured man, rather encouraged her niece's inclination for him, and undertook to bring her father to consent to their union.

Soon after she had dispatched her letter to Mr. Shepherd, in which she pleaded for Digges with all the powers of persuasion she was mistress of, he being on a visit to an uncle's who lived near her, ventured to wait on her, and met with an encouraging

couraging reception. From that day he had frequent interviews with his Fanny.

Fanny, however, though she could not help being pleased with the conversation and behaviour of her lover, sincerely wished to remove his prejudices against Christianity; and would on no account agree to be his, without her father's approbation, which never could, she knew be obtained, while he continued in a state of infidelity. When he proposed a private marriage to her she plainly told him, "That she would never take any steps to make a parent unhappy who had never intentionally done any thing to render her so."—"My father," added she, "opposes our union, because he thinks that no man who neglects his religious duties can make a good husband."

"If that's the case, my dearest," replied he, briskly, "I'll soon put matters upon an easy footing: I'll appear at church as constantly as he does himself, and go thro' all the ceremonies mentioned in the rubrick with the utmost regularity: then, surely, I shall gain my point compleatly."

"You may, by so doing, Sir," said she, gravely, "impose upon my father; but if you comply with the duties enjoined by the rubrick, merely to serve a present turn, without feeling your heart subscribe

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to the language of your lips, you will be guilty of the most contemptible as well as the most criminal hypocrisy, and I would immediately undeceive my father."

Struck with the manner in which she delivered that speech, he beheld her in a new, and still more amiable light; and was so much affected by what she afterwards urged to him, with a vein of piety, which would have *canonized* her in the first ages of Christianity, that he became heartily ashamed of his infidelity, and convinced of the truths which she addressed with energy to his understanding.

Mr. Shepherd, when he read Mrs. Bonnel's letter, was almost ready to pronounce her unworthy of the good opinion he had always entertained of her: for having, with uncommon earnestness, recommended a man to be his son-in-law who laughed at religion in general; and who had distinguished himself against Christianity on every occasion: but instead of answering her letter, he determined to go down to L——d, and take his daughter out of her hands, lest she should connive at some clandestine proceedings.

Accordingly he set off, as soon as he had finished a little business which he could not prudently leave
undone,

undone, with various reflections rolling in his mind, the majority of which were disagreeable; being really apprehensive, from some parts of Mrs. Bonnel's letter, that she would rather spirit up her niece to follow her inclinations, than stimulate her to conquer it.

On his arrival he found Mrs. Bonnel in a back-parlour, which looked into a garden, by herself. She received him with her usual politeness, and cheerful looks; there was however, a coolness in his carriage at the sight of her which would, at any time, have surprized her; but she knew how to make allowances for a behaviour which her letter had occasioned.

When the first civilities were exchanged, he enquired in hurrying accents for his daughter—but seeing her at that instant walking towards the house, with Digges by her side, and seeing them also smile on each other, he began to reproach Mrs. Bonnel for admitting a man to his Fanny to whom he had so many material objections. When he had so reproached her, he was hastening to the garden-door—Mrs. Bonnel, catching hold of his coat, begged him to hear her, as she had something of consequence to relate to him. She then acquainted him with the revolution which Fanny

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had

had brought about in Mr. Digges's principles; and as he had great reason to believe, by talking with him afterwards, that he was become a sincere convert to Christianity, he willingly gave his daughter to him, with a handsome fortune.—By giving his daughter to Mr. Digges, he completed the happiness of them both; and they both made an exemplary figure in the marriage state.

Digges was not a little rallied by some of his most intimate companions, who came to see him on his wedding, for the *sneaking* notions, as they called them, which he had picked up during his courtship; but their mirth only moved his compassion. He pitied them for principles which were so ill calculated to make men happy, either here or hereafter; and that he might not be unhinged by their irreligious conversation, he broke off all connections with such dangerous associates.

AN ANECDOTE.

ON the first night of the representation of the comedy of *The Suspicious Husband*, FOOTE sat by a plain, honest, well-meaning citizen, whose imagination was strongly impressed by the incidents of the play. At the dropping of the curtain, the

the wit complained to his neighbour of the impropriety of suffering *Ranger* to go off as he came on, without being reclaimed. " Could not the author, (said he) throw this youth, in the course of his nocturnal rambles, into some ridiculous scene of distress, which might have reclaimed him? As he now stands, who knows but the rogue, after all the pleasure he has given us, may spend the night in a round-house?" " By G—d, (says the Cit) if it happens in my Ward, I'll release him, for I'm sure he is too honest a fellow to run away from his bail."

HUMANITY.

REMARKABLE

ANECDOTE of DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean was one morning standing at his study window, and from thence observed a decent elderly woman offering a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, with an insolent and surly aspect. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was the seat of compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery.—He every mo-

ment expected the servant with the paper; but to his surprize and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her station, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent Divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the case, he threw up the sash, and demanded loudly what the paper contained. ‘It is a petition, please your Reverence,’ replied the woman. ‘Bring it up, rascal,’ cried the enraged Dean!—The surprized and petrified servant obeyed. With Swift, to know was ^{to} pity,—to pity to relieve.—The poor woman was instantly made happy,—and the servant almost as instantly turned out of the doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct:

“The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharge him.” Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the
Dean

Dean forgave him; and, in consequence of another paper equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

THE UNNATURAL BROTHER.

SIR George Sonds, of Kent, had lately two sons, grown up to that age wherein he might have expected most comfort from them; but in the year 1655, the youngest of them, named Freeman Sonds, having no apparent cause or provocation either from his father or brother, did in a most inhuman and butcherly manner, murder the elder, as he lay sleeping by him in his bed: he beat out his brains with a cleaver: and, although this was his mortal wound, yet, perceiving him to groan and sigh, as one approaching unto death, he stabbed him seven or eight times, in and about the heart, and when he had finished this black and bloody tragedy, he went to his aged father, then in bed, and told him of it, rather glorying in it, than expressing any repentance for it. Being apprehended, he was presently after condemned at Maidstone assizes, and accordingly executed.

ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

EDWARD Bone, of Ladlock, in Cornwall, was a servant to Mr. Courtney, of that county. He was deaf from his cradle, and consequently dumb, yet could learn and express any news to his master that was stirring in the country. If a sermon was preached within some miles distance, he would repair to the place, and sitting himself directly opposite to the preacher, would look him stedfastly in the face while his sermon lasted: To which religious zeal his honest life was also answerable. Assisted with a firm memory, he would not only know a person whom he had seen but once, but describe him so perfectly as to be known by any other.

ON LIFE.

OUR Life is like a Winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest only sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

PERSECUTION.

P E R S E C U T I O N .

LORD Herbert, of Cherburg, relates that when he was at Paris, father Segnerand, confessor to the King of France, preached a sermon before his Majesty, on the Christian duty of *forgiving our enemies*. But he made a distinction in the objects of forgiveness, asserting that we are bound only to forgive our *personal* enemies, not the enemies of *God*: Such are heretics, and particularly the professors of the Protestant religion. These he urged his Majesty, as the most *Christian King*, to extirpate wherever they were to be found.

ANECDOTE OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN one of the forced marches, the King rode beside his cavalry, and heard a trooper, at a very little distance, make a horrid noise with cursing and swearing. He immediately rode up to him; and heard him exclaim, among many other shocking oaths, "I wish this damned sort of life at an end." "You are very right, my boy," cried the King, "I wish the same—but what can we do?—We must have patience until it is peace." With such lenity did the King behave to his soldiers,

diers, although they deserved to be reproached, nay, even punished. This accounts, in some measure, why the Prussian troops surmounted the greatest dangers, and gained the most glorious victories under such a leader as Frederick, justly called the Great.

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.

THE late excellent Princess of Orange, eldest daughter to our late good King George the Second, in her earliest years assumed a pride of behaviour to the Court ladies, unsuitable to her Royal birth and high station. When a lady of the first quality happened one day to be in waiting, the Princess obliged her to stand in her presence so long, that the lady was ready to faint.—She complained of this treatment to Queen Caroline; who assured the complainant, she would take care to reform this improper conduct in the Princess; to this end she sent for her, and desired her to read in a certain book, which she put into her hands. The Princess read, standing all the time for more than an hour, and then paused.—The Queen commanded her to read on.—She obeyed for near an hour more, and being not permitted to sit down, she burst into tears: Upon this,

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this, the Queen said to her, " Princess, I hope this lesson will teach you humanity. How could you so far forget yourself, as to oblige Lady —, to wait on you so long, and not to ask her to sit down? She was a woman of the first quality, but had she been a nursery maid, you should have remembered she was a human creature, and like yourself." The Princess thanked her Majesty for her admonition, and never gave her occasion for the like reprehension.

THE GENEROUS PEDLAR.

A TRUE STORY.

AN inhabitant of a village, in the circle of Suabia, was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a little oatmeal; and this being exhausted, their misery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused, with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread, till this sum was paid.—The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. ' Dearest husband,' said the distracted mother, ' shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish? Have we given them birth only

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to behold them die of hunger? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love, their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! For me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expence of my own—Run—fly to the next town—speak our distresses—let not a false shame conceal them!—Every moment you lose is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps Heaven may yet be touched by our miseries—you may find some good heart who may yet relieve us.

The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more resembling a spectre than a man, hastened to the town. He entreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with that affecting eloquence which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him. Not one would assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passer. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occurred.—A Pedlar passing by, he stopped him. The Pedlar made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns.—No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and returning to the Pedlar, he threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. ‘Take back your money,’

money,' said he. ' Believe how much it has cost me before I could be resolved to commit this crime.—My heart has been unused to guilt.—Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family, you will forgive—you will pity me—you will be my benefactor, my preserver!'

The poor honest pedlar raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his sollicitation, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter his ruinous habitation! How moving every object! The children, almost naked, lying on straw, dying with hunger,—and the mother—what an object was the wretched mother!

The peasant relates the adventure to his wife, ' You know,' said he, ' with what eagerness I went to the town, in the hope of finding some relief. But ah! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they already have in luxury and idle expences.—Refused by all,—desperate,—furious,—I went into a neighbouring wood,—can you believe it? I have laid

violent hands on this good man,—I have dared—
 Oh! I cannot tell you.’ ‘Pity my poor babes,’
 exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with
 moving earnestness at the Pedlar; ‘consider our
 miserable situation. Alas! poverty hath not altered
 our sentiments. In all our misery we have yet
 preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for
 my husband;—I implore your compassion for these
 wretched infants.

The good Pedlar, melted by this melancholy
 scene, mingled his tears with those of these poor
 people. ‘I am your friend,’ said he. ‘Take these
 twenty crowns—I insist upon it. Why is not my
 ability equal to my good wishes for you? I grieve
 that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the
 future.’ What! answered the peasant, ‘instead of
 treating me as your enemy, are you so good as to
 be my protector? Would you be my preserver?
 Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this good-
 ness. No! if I die with hunger, I will not take
 this money.’ The Pedlar, insisting still, compels
 him to take it. The whole family kiss the bene-
 volent hand which had thus preserved them from
 death. Tears only on every face can speak their
 grateful hearts, and the Pedlar retires with that
 sweet delight which benevolent minds alone can
 taste.

Oh

Oh ye! on whom Fortune smiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious! after this example of benevolence in a poor Pedlar, can your hearts be ever inaccessible to pity? Can you henceforth behold unmoved the sufferings of your fellow-creatures? Will you never feel the delight of doing good? Oh! sleep not in the bosom of affluence. Fortune is inconstant; enjoy her present favours; but forget not this important truth, that your superfluities, at least, are the patrimony of the poor.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

AS Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might see the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan, that he should go thither disguised as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, when

when the blind fidler was received with shouts of joy. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. They sung, they danced, told their stories, crack'd jokes, &c. in a vein of humour entertaining to the two guests. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening, scattered about on different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these, they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

FOR

FOR THE KING.

Stanzas by an Old Curate of Deddington,

IN OXFORDSHIRE, AGED EIGHTY.

O THOU who art all ear to ear,
Who art all eye to see,
In our distress, where shall we fly,
But, mighty God, to thee !

Thou se'st our hearts with sorrow fill'd
Our sins for mercy cry;
Lord, if the sheep have gone astray,
Let not the shepherd die.

Thou hear'st, when two or three their vows
Into thy Temple bring;
O hear when thousands join their cry,
Kind Heaven—O spare our King.

When Judah's Lord lay sick to death,
Thou heard'st his mournful prayers;
And gav'st that good and pious King
A life of fifteen years.

Pity and see—a Nation sad
Before thy altar prays,
Let George still live to bless this land,
Nor die—till full of days.

Then

Then shall a joyful people pay
To thee their vows sincere,
And with united voices sing,
Praise God, my God most dear.

ANECDOTE OF HOLBEIN,

A famous Painter in Henry the Eighth's Reign.

A NOBLEMAN of the first quality came one day to see Holbein, when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein begged his Lordship to defer the honour of his visit to another day ; which the Nobleman taking as an affront, broke open the door, and very rudely went up stairs. Holbein, hearing a noise, came out of his chamber, and meeting the Lord at his door, fell into a violent passion, and pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, considering immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised, and made the best of his way to the King. The nobleman, who was much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him; and upon opening his grievance, the King ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offence. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied

fatished with less than his life; upon which the King sternly replied, " My Lord, you have not " now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever " punishment you may contrive by way of revenge " against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon " yourself: Remember, pray, my Lord, that I " can, whenever I please, make seven Lords of " seven Ploughmen, but I cannot make one Hol- " bein of even seven Lords."

STORY OF TWO SISTERS.

A NOBLE and ancient family, in one of the interior provinces of France, had a great number of children. The daughters, especially, were a heavy burthen on the family income; which, though very decent, was inadequate to any design of giving them each a portion sufficiently considerable to procure them a settlement fit for their birth.

The young ladies, as is too usual in France, in these cases, were sent into convents, and only one reserved at home.

This was the eldest, from whom, it seems, they hoped to find a husband in a young Count, whose estate lay contiguous to theirs, and who was not

only a near relation, but had often expressed a desire of being more nearly related.

He was very rich, and highly connected ; one of his uncles had a considerable place at Court, and, having no children, had declared the young Count his heir.

These flattering prospects made him the idol of all the ambitious families where he was acquainted, and induced them, of course, to use all their endeavours to obtain him for a son-in-law.

One of the daughters above-mentioned, after a stay of some years in a convent, grew tired of her situation, and prevailed upon her parents to take her home.

She was an insinuating artful girl, and by her dexterity had gained an ascendancy over her mother, by whose persuasions the father consented that she should leave her confinement.

But the youngest was not so fortunate ; she had often requested to be freed from the disagreeable abode she was in ; but her letters, though full of the most pathetic entreaties, were always disregarded, and very seldom answered.

Worn

Worn out with impatience at such treatment, she ventured to utter some spirited complaints in a letter to one of her aunts; but this lady very injudiciously shewed it to her father, whom it exasperated much more than it could move.

He was a man of a morose and brutal disposition, intoxicated with ideas of his consequence, and that of his family, interested to the highest degree, and ready to sacrifice every consideration to its aggrandizement.

His wife was a woman of the same character, proud, haughty, unfeeling, and made up of ill-nature and vanity.

These were not persons from whom much was to be expected through pity and supplication.—The poor young lady, accordingly, having continued to remonstrate in vain during a long space of time, lost her hopes and her health, and fell dangerously ill.

Louisa, that was her name, was, at this period, in the bloom of opening beauty; she was turned of sixteen, perfectly well made, and possessed an air of loveliness and dignity together, that made her the favourite of all her acquaintance. Several gentlewomen had interceded in her behalf for a

total release from the convent, and an introduction into the world; sure as they were that so handsome and accomplished a young lady would never want admirers.

But the obstinacy of the father was proof against all petitions in her favor. In this he was joined by the mother, who, with equal hardness of heart, rejected all expostulations, and insisted that a nunnery should be her portion.

Her illness, however, and the imminent danger they were informed she was in, obliged them at last to remove her home, and to treat her with some appearance of kindness.

As she was a girl of excellent temper, full of sweetness and good-nature, this seeming return of parental affection, made so powerful an impression upon her, that she quickly recovered her health and spirits.

But the consequences of this recovery were far from being favourable to her. Determined, at all events, to sacrifice her to their ambitious views, her parents again prepared to remand her back to her imprisonment.—The first proposal they made to her on this subject, affected her so much, that she fainted away, and was with much difficulty brought to her senses.

Convinced

Convinced that to force her to return to that odious spot would be instant death to her, they desisted from the attempt, and took the resolution to prevail upon her to comply by other means than those they had used hitherto.

Deceit was now called in to their assistance; they pretended that the addresses of the young Count to her eldest sister, would not continue long, if he once perceived that her fortune was less than they had at first apprized him; that it was therefore necessary they should feign she was destined to pass her life in a convent, otherwise her sister would miss of a splendid settlement; which she certainly must lose all hopes of, if three daughters were to divide the fortune which the Count had long been made to believe was only the property of one.

They promised most solemnly, at the same time, that as soon as the marriage had taken place, she should be at liberty to quit her retirement, and should live at large, without any further restraint on her person, or her inclinations.

Won by these promises, and by a variety of presents, which they took care to make her on this occasion, she consented, at length, to repair to her former mansion. Both father and mother attended her thither, and behaved with so much outward

ward tenderness at parting, that they left her fully convinced she might rely on all they had said.

In the mean time, Narcissa, that sister who had found means to deliver herself from her monastic fetters, began to appear a troublesome guest to her parents.

Whether the young Count grew cool in his attendance on the eldest, or whether her father and mother were apprehensive of such an event, they had already cast a disapproving eye on her presence in the family; and would willingly have dispatched her to the same confinement with Louisa, had they not apprehended, that being more knowing, she would have not only refused compliance herself, but induced her sister to join in the refusal.

After consulting in what manner to proceed with Narcissa, they determined to attempt a plot with her, of a deeper, as well as of a blacker die than that which had succeeded with her sister.

After loading her with caresses, and persuading her that she was the confidential possessor of all their secrets, they told her, as a proof of the high trust which they reposed in her, that they proposed to make her the instrument of the design which they had resolved to carry into execution respecting her sister Louisa.

They

They represented to Narcissa, that the invincible obstinacy of that sister made it requisite to assail her by artifice, and to draw her imperceptibly into those measures, which otherwise it was clear she would never embrace.

The stratagem they proposed, was, that Narcissa should repair to the convent on a visit, as it were, to Louisa; where, after two or three weeks or a month's stay, they would come down, on a pretence to bring her home; but that in the mean time she should make it her business to converse as much as possible with Louisa on the Count's courtship to their eldest sister, and convince her, by every argument she could think of, that his avaricious disposition hindered him from concluding the business, while he saw both her younger sisters in a way to claim a share of that fortune which he had been given to understand was to have been entirely settled upon her alone.

In order to make the stronger impression on the mind of Louisa, Narcissa was to tell her, that in consequence of these considerations, she had taken the determination to absent herself from home, and to feign a liking to a monastic life, the sooner to bring her sister's marriage to a conclusion. That possibly, the Count, on seeing both the youngest sisters withdrawn from the world,
would

would hesitate no longer, and terminate the business which the family wished so ardently to see completed.

Fraught with these instructions, and prepared to execute them by every promissory view, which both her father and mother industriously held out on this occasion, she hastened to the convent; where she found Louisa beginning to tire of her situation, and panting for that liberty, of which the little she had tasted at home, some months before, had given her a very great relish.

Narcissa did not fail, according to the injunctions she had received, to behave with all the artifice of which she was mistress, and to work upon the mind of her artless sister with so much dexterity, as to persuade her it was for the interest, as well as that of their eldest sister, to remain in the nunnery until she was actually married.

On the father and mother's coming to fetch her home, according to appointment, she acted the part agreed upon to admiration; and brought her sister Louisa into her measures so completely, that their parents returned home entirely satisfied with the success of their stratagem.

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In the mean time, from whatever causes it might proceed, the marriage of the eldest sister was protracted from day to day, and the Count did not seem to betray the least impatience on that account.

But the young lady's parents began to lose all their patience, and were no longer able to refrain from carrying the design they had framed, relative to the two other daughters, into the speediest execution.

They went to the convent, and informed the two sisters, that it was absolutely necessary, for the acceleration of their sister's marriage with the Count, to act a still more explicit part than they had done hitherto, and to close the comedy they had begun, by taking the veil, and pretending to become nuns in good earnest.

This, you will readily conceive, was no agreeable message to either of them. Louisa opposed it at first with great spirit and vehemence, but Narcissa offering to lead the way in this disagreeable business, she with much difficulty consented to the proposal made to them, after having received the most positive assurances that this should be the last act of the deceitful performance imposed upon them.

The task they were now put upon must certainly have been highly mortifying to young ladies in the prime of youth and beauty, and no ways inclined to the life they were now about to lead for perhaps a twelvemonth, or even more.

Such is the usual space allotted to that trial; which, in convents, is called the noviciate. On its expiration, it is expected that they who have gone through it, should either enter into a solemn engagement for life, or else depart from the convent.

It is usual, at the same time, for those who become novices, whether men or women, to cut off their hair. This, you well know, is a great sacrifice to a French woman; who takes uncommon pride in that appendage of comeliness, and parts with it, therefore, with infinite reluctance.

This loss must have been particularly felt by the two young ladies; had their real intentions been what they outwardly appeared, the deprivation of that ornament, would have been of no consequence to them, in a place where they were to be hidden from the sight of men; but expecting to be delivered from the tribulations they were undergoing for the sake of their sister, as soon as the Count had married her, the prospect of appearing
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in society without that necessary appurtenance to gaiety, must have very much affected them.

Narcissa, you see, had gone great lengths in her endeavours to circumvent Louisa. Every motive that her parents could frame was adduced on this occasion; they assured her that a few months should terminate her captivity, and that on her feigning a fit of illness, they would immediately recall her home.

Filled with these hopes, and with the expectation of that portion which was to go to Louisa, on her remaining a Nun, Narcissa cheerfully co-operated with the views of her parents on her poor sister.

But, exclusive of Narcissa, another person was to be won over, to assist in this affair. This was the lady Abbess of the monastery, in which they now were novices. She was accordingly made participant of the ultimate resolutions adopted by the parents of the young ladies.

This abbess, on the first opening of the business, was by no means inclined to second the intentions of these hard-hearted people. The enormity of the treatment they inflicted on their children was too visible to meet with her immediate concur-

rence ; and it was not till they had assured her in the strongest terms that they were not in circumstances to provide otherwise for them, that she consented to be accessory to their designs.

Near half the noviciate was expired, when Narcissa, vexed at seeing no end to the Count's courtship, petitioned for a release from confinement, and feigned an illness, as she had been allowed.

But this answered no other purpose than to bring her parents to the convent to visit her, and to make fresh assurances of their favourable intentions relative to her.

On the expiration of the eleventh, and entrance into the twelfth month of their noviciate, Louisa began to be alarmed at her situation, and exclaimed loudly against the barbarity of their treatment, threatening to endure it no longer, and to throw off the habit she had only assumed in compliance to her parents.

Narcissa herself was not pleased with these repeated delays; and could hardly contain her discontent within the bounds of the dissimulation she had hitherto preserved.

But the time was come that her parents had looked for to dissemble no longer themselves.—

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They came to the convent, and told Louisa, that after the maturest deliberation, they saw no other method of rendering the family happy, than by embracing the monastic state, and continuing to wear the habit she had assumed; that she had better do it with a good grace, than adhere to a refusal, which they gave her to understand would be unavailing; that by complying cheerfully with their request, she would gain and experience their good-will in a manner that would render her situation pleasing and comfortable in the highest degree; that every accommodation, suitable to her state, should be found her with the utmost kindness and liberality; and that, in short, every favour and indulgence should be shewn her, that she could ask or wish for.

Louisa was a girl of excellent sense, as well as of exquisite feelings.—She had not lived so long in a convent, without being perfectly acquainted what sort of happiness and satisfaction is to be found in such places.

Nature had formed her for society and pleasure, and a monastery was the last thing in her thoughts. Her mind was full of that liveliness which keeps every passion on the wing, and her whole appearance shewed her born for every enjoyment of life.

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To a young person of this frame, such a proposal was like a clap of thunder; it bereaved her, for a while, of sense and motion; she was carried to her cell, and confined to her bed several days.

This, however, had no effect on her parents; they left her to the care of Narcissa, fully resolved not to recede from their determinations.

As soon as they had heard that she was recovered, and somewhat composed, they returned, and insisted peremptorily on her compliance.

She threw herself at their feet, and implored their commiseration in the most moving terms; she offered, in case they would relent, to give up all expectation of fortune, and to make her portion over to her other sisters; she required no more than a bare maintenance, and to be suffered to live in the plainest manner; promising faithfully to act with all deference to their commands in domestic matters.

Instead of being softened by the prayers and tears of a lovely daughter submissively prostrate at his feet, the brutal father spurned her from him with the most shocking sternness: he threw himself into the most furious passion; and threatened, in case of further disobedience, to send her to a penitential

penitential house of confinement, at four or five hundred miles distance, where she should be shut up all her days.

You will, perhaps, think it strange, that any man should make such threats, or that having made, he should be able to execute them. But parental authority is sometimes, in France, and in other countries abroad, carried to great extremities. It is a remnant of that dreadful power which parents formerly possessed over their children, even in the freest states.

The youth of Greece and Rome were not free from this terrible bondage; much less were those of other countries, not so polite and civilized.

A menace of this nature silenced at once the unhappy Louisa, and left her no alternative between immediate obedience, and the worst of misery.

After having disposed of Louisa in this manner, it was now Narcissa's turn to learn her own destiny.

Her parents began, by expressing their regret at the behaviour of the Count, who, notwithstanding his seeming attachment to their eldest sister, was perpetually enquiring whether her two sisters had
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made their vows, and bound themselves formally to a continuance of the profession they had embraced. They saw that nothing short of this would induce him ever to marry her; that it was much against their inclination to part with so discreet and prudent a child; but they flattered themselves, from her moderation and good sense, that she would, as well as they, perceive the necessity of the measures they had planned for the general good of the family, and hoped, therefore, she would acquiesce, in conjunction with her sister Louisa, in the earnest desire and request of her parents, that they should both embrace a monastic life.

Such a speech struck Narcissa with the utmost astonishment; she remained some minutes confounded and speechless, and hardly mistress of her senses.

She now perceived how grossly she had been deceived; she saw the drift of all the pretended bounties and feigned caresses she had lately experienced; but what sunk deepest into her heart, she saw too plainly that she had entangled herself past all deliverance.

When she had recollected herself, finding that resistance would be vain, she promised implicit acquiescence;

acquiescence^c; and only begged that she and her sister might be allowed a short space of time to compose their minds, and prepare themselves for the great and unexpected change they were now to undergo for the residue of their lives.

This was granted, and after making every promise of future indulgence and kindness consistent with the nature of a monastic life, their parents took leave of them, with every demonstration of tenderness they were able to feign.

As soon as they were gone, and the two unfortunate sisters retired to their cell, Narcissa fell on her knees before Louisa, and, with a flood of tears, acknowledged the part she had acted throughout the whole transaction, asking her forgiveness with every mark of the deepest contrition.

Louisa, whose soul was all tenderness and magnanimity, embraced Narcissa in the most affectionate manner, and gave her every assurance of an entire forgiveness and reconciliation.

Narcissa, though she had condescended to be an instrument of deceit, was not so far depraved, as to be insensible of her guilt. She now sincerely repented the baseness of her conduct; and took a resolution to exert herself to the utmost, in order, if possible, to extricate her sister as well as herself.

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Louisa,

Louisa, whose tender disposition had sunk her into the most violent grief and affliction, gave herself up to weeping and lamentation; and was so woefully dejected, as to reject all consolation.

But Narcissa, who felt no less the indignity of the treatment they both suffered, did not submit to the like degree of despondency. As she was older, and more conversant in the world, she had also acquired sagacity and resolution; and was determined to try all she could to defeat the purpose of her unnatural parents.

Instead of unavailingly deploring the severity of their fate, she advised her sister to collect her spirits, and prepare for an attempt to escape from the prison wherein they were so undeservedly confined.

Louisa was not backward in acceding to this proposal; and though not so fertile in expedients as her sister, shewed every readiness to concur in any scheme that might seem practicable.

After holding a variety of consultations in what manner to effect their escape, and whither to fly after effecting it, they agreed on the following:

Among the many intercessors in favour of Louisa's emancipation, there was a young cousin,
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the intimate friend and companion of her infancy, who had passed several years in that convent, wherein she was now inclosed: that cousin had lately left it, in order to be married; her husband happened at this time to be absent with his regiment in Germany, in the army under the command of the Marshal Contayes; which, by the bye, fixes the epocha of this transaction to the year 1759.

In the absence of her husband, this young lady was settled in the family of an aunt, a woman of great-good nature and humanity, and who highly disapproved of the treatment of her other niece, Louisa.

Both these ladies had often hinted they would be happy in the company of Louisa, if she could prevail on her parents to permit her to live with them. The aunt, in particular, who was a widow, and had no children, had always professed a remarkable partiality for her.

To this aunt and cousin Louisa proposed to her sister they should fly for refuge; not doubting they would either keep or conceal them from the resentment and rage of their father, of which, they well knew, they should experience the most outrageous degree, on his hearing of their flight.

Having thus concerted a place of retreat, the next point was to contrive how to make their way out of the convent.

It was a strong and ancient building; it had been constructed at the time when civil dissensions were frequent in France; and had been formerly surrounded with a broad moat, now converted into orchards and gardens, beyond which there was an outer wall, beside that which inclosed the convent itself.

The sight of these difficulties did not, however, discourage them. The greatest obstacle to surmount was a large mastiff, chained in the day, but let out during the night, and whose vigilance in the garden rendered it impassable without immediate notice.

It was, therefore, thought advisable to make their attempt before the close of the day, after the last evening song was over, when the nuns would be all retired to their cells, and no person would be stirring in any part of the house.

After having thrown off their monastic habit, and put on a convenient dress, they sallied forth accordingly in the dusk of the evening, and proceeded to the chapel, where, it seems, they had observed



observed the windows were low enough to let themselves into that garden which had formerly been the moat.

When arrived there, the next business was to find a ladder, which they had some days before perceived to be used for the purpose of gathering fruit from the trees.

In the mean time, an elderly nun, whose office it was to walk the round of the dormitory, as it is called, and to knock at the door of every cell, coming to that of the two sisters, and receiving no answer, immediately alarmed the lady Abbess, who repaired to their chamber.

No answer being returned to her, any more than to the other, the door was opened by the common key that is always in that lady's possession, and by which she lets herself into every person's apartment whenever she pleases.

On finding them gone, she ordered the alarm bell to be rung, and dispatched all the lay-sisters in quest of the fugitives.

These two unfortunate young ladies, after a long search, had at last found the ladder they had so much wanted; but several of the steps were missing, and they were obliged to make the best use
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of it they could in this imperfect condition, not however till they had lost time in seeking for them.

The delay occasioned by this search proved fatal : they were on the point of applying the ladder to the outer wall, when two of the most active of the lay sisters came up with them.

These immediately seized and detained them, till the others came up ; they were then brought back into the convent ; and, notwithstanding all their tears and lamentations, locked up in separate chambers during the ensuing night.

Next day the Abbess sent their parents word of what had happened.—It is impossible to describe the savage fury of the father on this occasion. Had they been the most abandoned of wretches, his usage of them could not have been worse : he loaded them with all manner of abuse ; and, without deigning to explain his intentions, he left them, with a solemn menace they should never see his face again.

Had the abbess retained the least spark of religion or honesty, she must undoubtedly have insisted on the restoration of liberty to these innocent young women, who had done nothing but what they were fully warranted in by the laws of God and man.

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But instead of hearkening to any suggestions of pity or duty, that worthless woman basely consented, from lucrative motives, as it afterwards appeared, to continue the vile instruments of barbarity which their inexorable parents had found in her.

In order to sanctify the farce she had projected, a solemn chapter was held of all the nuns in the convent: both mothers and sisters, that is to say, both old and young, were called together, and the two young ladies were produced before them like culprits to receive their sentence.

Narcissa had courage enough to plead her cause before this assembly; she frankly acknowledged the duplicity of which she had been guilty, and declared that neither she nor Louisa had one moment entertained the least idea of becoming nuns; and that what they had done was in pure compliance with the injunctions of their parents.

But this justification availed nothing; she was told, that, notwithstanding her intentions to the contrary, her exterior conduct made her liable to be considered as a member of the community of which she had so long worn the dress; that having
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scandalized it in the grossest manner, she was, according to the statutes in force upon such cases, amenable to punishment.

In pursuance of this declaration, the Abbess condemned them both to receive every morning a dozen of stripes with a discipline, to be daily repeated while they remained in the convent; telling them, at the same time, that they had rendered themselves unworthy of any mercy from their parents, who had delivered them up to her discretion, during the short stay they were to make in the convent; from whence they would soon be removed to a place of much severer confinement and harder living.

On the next morning, the execution of this inhuman sentence took place: two lay-sisters inflicted it upon them, in the most unfeeling manner.

These lay-sisters are exactly the counter-part of the lay-brothers in the monasteries of monks and friars: they are, generally, both men and women of low birth, low education, and consequently, of coarse ideas.

They are employed in the menial offices of the houses they belong to, and undergo all the drudgery of the meanest domestics, being, in fact, no better than servants and labourers.

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Into such hands it was the lot of Narcissa and Louisa now to fall.—Three mornings did the delicate frames of these two young ladies endure the infliction of this torture; which, no doubt, was by the direction of their cruel parents: the Abbess durst never have proceeded to such extremities without their most positive injunctions: the father was a man of too much consequence for her to have adopted such measures without them.

The poor young ladies, however, not knowing where all this would end, and being debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, as well as the sight of all visitors, began to view their condition with horror, and to entertain the most desperate ideas.

Narcissa, who was less patient than her sister, told the nun who presided at these executions, that if they did not cease speedily, she knew how to put an end to them herself.

This being reported to the Abbess, she desisted from scourging them: but ordered that they should still continue under lock and key, and no person whatever be admitted to speak to them.

In this wretched condition they remained some days, when the Abbess, thinking they were sufficiently prepared for what she proposed, sent an art-

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ful nun to converse with them, and sift their intentions, and to discover whether the sufferings they had gone through had disposed them to accept of any alternative, sooner than meet with a repetition.

This crafty woman found them just in the situation she could wish, drowned in tears, and bewailing themselves in the most piteous manner: affecting the sincerest sorrow for their misfortunes, she told them that a letter had that very day been remitted to the Abbess from their father; wherein he signified, that she should not abate in the least of the rigorous usage of his unworthy daughters, as he styled them; that he insisted they should be kept apart from each other, fed on bread and water, and locked up in dungeons, if there were any in the convent.

Such excess of cruelty threw the unfortunate young ladies into a greater agony of despair than ever; they flung themselves on the ground before this nun, and besought her to intercede with the Abbess in their behalf, offering to do implicitly whatever she should order them.

The nun withdrew, and gave an account to the Abbess of the disposition she left them in, and of the facility there was now to mould them into any form she thought proper.

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In truth, the two sisters were now convinced that it was in vain to contend any longer with their destiny: cruel as it was, they both agreed to yield to it with as good a grace as they were able.

They sent their humble request to the Abbess, that she would forgive what was past, and overlook a misdemeanour that was prompted by youth and folly, and which they would endeavour to atone for by a behaviour conformable to what should be required of them.

Thus did these unhappy young ladies bow themselves down before oppression, and make a seeming virtue of the dire necessity they were driven to, of either obeying the tyrannical mandates of their barbarous parents, or of being imprisoned like felons all the rest of their lives.

The Abbess now gloried in the victory she had obtained over these helpless young women; she informed their parents of the new turn things had taken: in consequence of which they desired her to inform their daughters, that when they had fulfilled their promises, then, but not before, they should be forgiven, and received again into favour.

The only remedy to the various evils they had been threatened with, was, therefore, adopted:

they demanded re-admittance into the state they had quitted, with a solemn assurance of making the usual vows, and consecrating themselves to a monastic life.

They were re-admitted accordingly, and in a few days took the irrevocable oath, and made their profession with the usual formalities.

Narcissa was, at this time, little more than twenty years of age, and though less beautiful than Louisa, was allowed to be very handsome.

Whether they were ever visited, either by their father or their mother, after this dreadful sacrifice, I could never learn. Possibly, the shame and remorse of having treated their children with so much inhumanity, may, when too late, have operated upon their consciences, and made them averse to behold the innocent and unfortunate objects of their criminal inflexibility.

If, on the contrary, the wishes of this wicked couple went to a total discharge of all sort of incumbrance upon account of these unhappy children, they were very speedily gratified.

Soon after their profession, Narcissa, overcome with grief and repentance at having deceived her sister, lost all peace of mind, and fell into a decline that carried her off about a twelvemonth after.

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Her prediction was very soon verified: she sickened a few days after the death of Narcissa, for the loss of whom she became inconsolable; while she was alive, they were a comfort to each other; the deprivation of her was a blow which her sensibility could not brook: there now remained no individual in whom she could repose any confidence: the treatment she had met with in that house rendered it odious, and the necessity of passing her life in it aggravated the horrors of such a situation; she shunned all society, and became a prey to silence and melancholy: her beautiful form wasted gradually to a skeleton; and she died at last six or seven months after Narcissa, and was, at her earnest desire, buried in the same grave.

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The Emperor was so affected with this speech, that, fully resolved to take vengeance of a crime committed under the sanction of his authority, he immediately asked the old man if they were far from the house he spoke of; and the old man answering they were not above half a league, he said, he had a mind to go with him there himself, to exhort the Governor to restore to him his estate and his son, and that he did not despair of persuading him to it.—Persuade him! (replied the old man) ah, Sir, remember, if you please, that man belongs to the Emperor. It is neither safe for you nor me to propose any thing like what you say to him; he will only treat me the worse for it, and you will receive some insult from him, which I beg you would not expose yourself to.—Be under no concern on my account, (replied the Emperor,) I am determined to go on this business, and I hope we shall soon see a better issue to our negotiation than you imagine.—The old man, who perceived visible marks in this unknown person of that something which illustrious birth impresses on the aspect of those of rank, believed he should not more oppose his good intentions, and only objected, that, being broke down with old age, and a foot, he was not able to keep up with the walk of the horse the Emperor was mounted on.—I am young, (answered the Emperor,) do you get a horseback,

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THE Emperor Camki, of China, being out a hunting, and having gone astray from his attendants, met with a poor old man, who wept bitterly, and appeared afflicted for some extraordinary disaster. He rode up to him, moved at the condition he saw him in ; and, without making himself known, asked what was the matter with him.—Alas! Sir, (replied the old man,) though I should tell you the cause of my distress, it is not in your power to remedy it.—Perhaps, my good man, (said the Emperor,) I may be of greater help to you than you think : make me your confidant ; you do not know what may happen to your advantage. Well, good Sir, if you would fain know, (answered the old man,) I must tell you that all my sufferings are owing to a Governor of one of the Emperor's pleasure-houses. Finding a little estate of mine, near that royal house, to suit his conveniency, he seized upon it, and reduced me to the state of beggary you see me in. Not contented with this inhuman treatment, he forced my son to become his slave, and so robbed me of the only support of my old age. This, Sir, is the reason of my tears.

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The Emperor was so affected with this speech, that, fully resolved to take vengeance of a crime committed under the sanction of his authority, he immediately asked the old man if they were far from the house he spoke of; and the old man answering they were not above half a league, he said, he had a mind to go with him there himself, to exhort the Governor to restore to him his estate and his son, and that he did not despair of persuading him to it.—Persuade him! (replied the old man) ah, Sir, remember, if you please, that man belongs to the Emperor. It is neither safe for you nor me to propose any thing like what you say to him; he will only treat me the worse for it, and you will receive some insult from him, which I beg you would not expose yourself to.—Be under no concern on my account, (replied the Emperor,) I am determined to go on this business, and I hope we shall soon see a better issue to our negotiation than you imagine.—The old man, who perceived visible marks in this unknown person of that something which illustrious birth impresses on the aspect of those of rank, believed he should not more oppose his good intentions, and only objected, that, being broke down with old age, and a foot, he was not able to keep up with the walk of the horse the Emperor was mounted on.—I am young, (answered the Emperor,) do you get a horseback,

horseback, and I will go a foot.—The old man not accepting the offer, the Emperor hit upon the expedient of taking him behind him; but the old man again excusing himself, that his poverty having deprived him of the means of changing linen and clothes, he might communicate to him vermin he could not keep himself clean of.—Come, friend, (said the Emperor,) be in no trouble about that: get behind me; a change of clothes will presently rid me of all communication of the kind.—At length the old man mounted, and both soon arrived at the house they rode to.—The Emperor asked for the Governor, who appearing, was greatly surprized when the Prince, in accosting him, discovered to him, to make himself known, the embroidered dragon he wore on his breast, which his hunting-garb had kept concealed. It happened, to render more famous, as it were, this memorable action of justice and humanity, that most of the Grandees, who followed the Emperor in the chace, there met about him, as if assigned a place of rendezvous. Before this grand assembly he severely reproached this old man's persecutor with his signal injustice; and, after obliging him to restore to him his estate and son, he ordered his head to be instantly cut off. He did more: he put the old man in his place, admonishing him to take care, lest, fortune changing his manners, another might
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avail himself hereafter of his injustice, as he now had of the injustice of another.

The Emperor's whole conduct was truly noble, justice influenced by humanity, and this act of humanity in him principally regarded the concern men feel for the human species in general; for this single reason, that they are men like themselves, without being united either by the ties of blood, of love, or friendship; though we must not exclude in the Emperor the sacred tie between the sovereign and subject, by which they are bound to consult a reciprocal welfare.

It is just we should have a superior tenderness for a father, a wife, a child, or a friend; but there is a sort of affection which we owe to all mankind, as being members of the same family, of which God is the Creator and Father. Let us illustrate this by the circular undulations which the fall of a stone causes on the surface of a clear and tranquil water. The agitation in the centre, by communicating itself afar off, forms a great number of tremulous circles, the faintness of whose impression is in proportion to the largeness of their circumference, till the last seems to have escaped from our sight. Here is an image of the different degrees of our affections. We love principally that which touches us the more nearly, and less

they demanded re-admittance into the state they had quitted, with a solemn assurance of making the usual vows, and consecrating themselves to a monastic life.

They were re-admitted accordingly, and in a few days took the irrevocable oath, and made their profession with the usual formalities.

Narcissa was, at this time, little more than twenty years of age, and though less beautiful than Louisa, was allowed to be very handsome.

Whether they were ever visited, either by their father or their mother, after this dreadful sacrifice, I could never learn. Possibly, the shame and remorse of having treated their children with so much inhumanity, may, when too late, have operated upon their consciences, and made them averse to behold the innocent and unfortunate objects of their criminal inflexibility.

If, on the contrary, the wishes of this wicked couple went to a total discharge of all sort of incumbrance upon account of these unhappy children, they were very speedily gratified.

Soon after their profession, Narcissa, overcome with grief and repentance at having deceived her sister, lost all peace of mind, and fell into a decline that carried her off about a twelvemonth after.

She

She died in the arms of Louisa, imploring her forgiveness with her last breath.

The tender-hearted and noble minded Louisa had not only forgiven her, but, convinced of the sincerity of her contrition, she loved her with the warmest affection: she clasped her to her bosom in her dying moments; called her by every endearing name, and told her in the most moving and pathetic terms, that she felt an inward assurance she should not long survive her.

Her prediction was very soon verified: she sickened a few days after the death of Narcissa, for the loss of whom she became inconsolable; while she was alive, they were a comfort to each other; the deprivation of her was a blow which her sensibility could not brook: there now remained no individual in whom she could repose any confidence: the treatment she had met with in that house rendered it odious, and the necessity of passing her life in it aggravated the horrors of such a situation; she shunned all society, and became a prey to silence and melancholy: her beautiful form wasted gradually to a skeleton; and she died at last six or seven months after Narcissa, and was, at her earnest desire, buried in the same grave.

ANECDOTE

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A N E C D O T E

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and less, in proportion to the distance. We consider mankind, with relation to us, as divided into different classes, every one of which, encreasing gradually, consists of greater numbers than the former: we place ourselves in the smallest, which is surrounded by others more extended; and from thence we distribute to the different orders of men which they contain, different degrees of affection, more or less strong, in proportion to their distance from us, in such a manner, as that the last has hardly any share of it. These different classes may be ranked in the following order: a wife, children, friends, relations, men of the same religion; the next are those of the same trade or profession as ourselves; the other classes comprehend our neighbours, fellow citizens, and countrymen; the last, which includes all the rest, is the universal class of mankind.

POEM ON SHOOTING,

By LORD DEERHURST.

HAIL happy sports, which yellow Autumn chear,
And crown the ripen'd honours of the year;
The Muse to you her willing tribute pays,
In artless numbers and incondite lays;

Wou'd

Wou'd paint the pleasures which to you belong,
 And bid the partridge tale adorn her song.
 Thomson, whose bosom knew no vulgar fire,
 To your just praise attun'd his moral lyre;
 With rapture view'd the harvest-teeming plain,
 And hymn'd its beauties in no common strain;
 Yet, sometimes, by retirement led astray,
 Too oft, thro' Fancy's flow'ry paths wou'd stray :
 As cruel, blame what man with justice loves,
 And censure sports the polish'd mind approves.
 Others pretend to feel what Thomson felt;
 For the caught hare, or slaughter'd partridge melt,
 And while they read his gentle numbers o'er,
 Catch nicer feelings than they knew before.
 Say, ye refin'd, who would these sports upbraid,
 Say of what mould improv'd yourselves are made;
 Say, ye humane, who wou'd these pleasures blame,
 Inspir'd from whence these nicer feelings came?
 Deem not, while thus I speak, my bosom steel,
 The man thro' ev'ry thrilling nerve I feel.
 Yet, when I view the great primæval plan,
 I see each animal design'd for man;
 Since He who form'd Creation's vast design,
 To his own image said, " All these be thine."
 All who tremendous howl the forest's pride,
 Or range in harmless flocks the mountain's side;
 Each fish that cuts with fins yon wat'ry way,
 Each bird that flits thro' realms of liquid day.

Instructed Man his line of duty knows,
Nor hesitates to do what God allows.

Now to capacious barns the happy fwain,
On loaded teams bears home his golden grain;
Or forms, in well-compacted heaps, his store,
While frequent sheaves adorn the field no more.
Now oft the choral harvest-home we hear,
To none more grateful than the sportsman's ear;
Those sounds, which pleasure to his breast convey,
Announce destruction to the feather'd prey.
Hence, partridges, approaching slaughter date,
And fear in every passing gale their fate;
Where now in safety shall the covey fly?
In what recess unknown to Bouchier lie?
Where shall it 'scape unhurt from threatening foes,
Or how elude the dog's sagacious nose?
Fond of the licens'd joys September yields,
With early step I tread the spangl'd fields;
With buskin'd foot I brush the morning dew,
The flying game with ardor to pursue.
Cautious I tread the stubble field around,
While the staunch pointer beats it all around;
See with the wind he ranges o'er the plain;
Each furrow tries, and tries it o'er again;
Mark him each scent solicitous inhale,
Then sudden stop, and draw the tainted gale.
Fix'd as a statue o'er his latent prey,
Nothing can lure him from the spot away;

And

And if too eager, he shou'd on proceed,
 He stands corrected by the " lo, take heed !"
 And waits till borne on flutt'ring wing they rise,
 And speed on sounding pinions thro' the skies;
 Then be it mine to mark their course on high,
 And point the level tube with squinted eye.
 The random shot I scorn ! and doubtful aim,
 Nor wish by chance a hapless bird to maim ;
 But from the rest I single one alone,
 Nor fail to bring the fated victim down.
 Fond youths, unskill'd their ardor to contain,
 While the warm blood impetuous swells each vein,
 Too hot to think, too eager to debate,
 Too rash the proper moment to await,
 At rising coveys with impatience stare,
 And fire their useless guns in vacant air !
 Let care and quickness mark your better sport,
 Your judgment sound, deliberation short ;
 So shall the baffl'd shot bring rare disgrace,
 And your swell'd bag bear home the frequent brace.
 Let the fierce huntsman, with his circling crew,
 Thro' many a maze the tim'rous hare pursue ;
 Let others draw with care th' inclosing net,
 And catch whole coveys at a single set.—
 Yours be the joys which partridge shooting yields,
 Be mine with dog and gun to range the fields ;
 And ever scornful of th' insidious snare,
 Wage with the flying game more open war !

A DREAM :

A D R E A M :

*Or, Visionary Representation of the Souls
Employment after Death.*

READING, last night, in the universal history, an account of the great care which the ancient Egyptians took to have their bodies embalmed after death, and of the immense charges they were at to provide sumptuous repositories for them, where they shall be safe and entire for ages, and considering that all this care and expence arose from a notion they entertained, of the soul's hovering about the body, as long as any union of its parts subsisted, I was astonished, that a people so rational in other respects, should adopt such a senseless opinion! A worthy occupation, truly, for an immortal spirit, after its enlargement, to watch a loathsome carcase for ages, which, tho' formerly united with it, had in death neither use nor beauty to make its presence desirable.

How much more noble was the idea of Socrates, who told his friends, after he had drank the hemlock, that his body, which they should presently see dead, was no part of Socrates, who had made his escape from it. But the most sublime idea of a future state, and most suitable to the dignity of man, made after the image of his creator, is that
which

which represents, not only the perfect refinement of the mind, but the glorification also of the body, and the final conjunction and immortality of both.

Musing thus upon the state of the soul after its separation from the body, the thought, made so strong an impression on my mind, that it kept me awake for some hours after I went to bed: Before morning, however, I fell a sleep, and dreamed that I died suddenly, without any previous pain or sickness. No sooner was my soul dismissed from its confinement, but methought I immediately felt the happy effects of my freedom. All my faculties were enlarged, new thoughts sprung up in my mind, new objects surrounded me, and I was endowed with a new capacity to apprehend them.— Every thing about me was so refined and exalted, beyond any thing I had ever imagined, that there are no words in any language I know to express them. I thought myself somewhat like a man born blind, who having lived a long time in the world, and heard people often talk of light and colours, had formed strange notions of them in his own imagination, comparing them to different sounds and surfaces, but never knew what they really were, until the cataracts, which shut out the light, were happily removed from his eyes. While I stood anxious and doubtful, whether my new existence

istence had any thing real in it, or was only an illusion, I saw a man breaking out from an innumerable multitude, which was at a distance, and coming towards me, and as he drew near, knew him to be my late friend.

I perceived you to be a little bewildered, said he, and came out of pure friendship to encourage you at your first and transient appearance in this region. I am indeed so much engaged at present, that I cannot shew you those things that are most worthy of your observation in this place, but I have recommended to you guides equally willing, and more able than myself to give you all the information you desire. Yonder they are; farewell.—I sadly regretted his departure, but my new conductors were at hand : The one seemed to be a youth of celestial beauty, and to have a majesty in his air, and a gracefulness in his motion, far above any person I had ever beheld ; but I was most delighted with the compassionate kindness which appeared in his countenance and which persuaded me that he was come for my protection. I was going to kneel before him, but with a smile full of tenderness, he hastily prevented me, and said, *See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant,* and only thy guardian angel. The other was an old man, whose figure appeared mean at a distance,
but

employed?

employed? A multitude makes no crowd here, said he, as it commonly does on earth; there is no pressing or squeezing for place among us; for as our composition is pure and refined, whenever any thing is to be seen, or heard, which naturally brings a multitude together, we presently slip into a theatre prepared to our hands, larger or smaller, as the occasion requires, and every person glides swiftly into his proper place, higher or lower in the theatre; and, as we hear and see distinctly at a great distance, there is no necessity to thrust ourselves near an object, in order to view or understand it more accurately. As to yonder multitude, you shall know their business presently, for we came at your friends request on purpose to give you a general idea of our common entertainments in this place. Be wise and you shall see a great deal more hereafter. We then drew near to one of these theatres, which to me appeared a more magnificent and beautiful structure than I had ever seen or read of before. The body of the building, together with the columns and decorations within and without, seemed to be of the whitest and most delicate marble, finished with amazing art: The seats and benches of pure gold, and the area of the finest emerald: The whole illuminated with a splendor and brightness which I am not able to describe. Here an angel of high rank was explain-
ing

ing to the spirits lately arrived, the nature of the human mind, the beauty, extent, and necessity of virtue; the reasons of the soul's connections with the body, the bands of their union; and the certainty of a resurrection. The audience listened with admiration and joy, and I was so charmed with the entertainment, and so eager to understand the subjects he treated on, that I would have continued there, had not my guide admonished me to step further.

I shall conduct you next, said Socrates, to an assembly which seldom meets, but happens to be now sitting. It is a rendezvous from all nations, of those who made it their business on earth to enquire with reverence into the works of God, from the solar system and eccentric comet, down to the smallest plant and minute insect. It is not here, continued he, as on earth, where the human mind, from the narrowness of its capacity, and the richness of the works of creation, is obliged to confine itself to one branch of knowledge. Here the mind is so enlarged, that the former study of an age is soon acquired, and yet the fulness, variety, and beauty to be met with in every work of the Almighty, are so inexhaustible that they will furnish new arguments of admiration and praise to all eternity. This assembly meets at stated times, in

order to communicate their discoveries one to another. A genius practised in such contemplations either learns from a superior spirit the true nature and essence of any substance which he desires to know, or travels himself in a very little time, to any remote part of the universe, to make discoveries on the spot. The discovery that he has made (for there is but one language here) is communicated to the whole assembly, and every member takes his turn; while at the same time, a company of angels assists to do honour to the assembly, and farther elucidate, if desired, the facts related by each speaker : And upon every new discovery, a shout of praise and thanksgiving is sent up to him whose power and wisdom are infinite.

My guides had been drawing near to this assembly all the while that Socrates was describing it; and we came up at the moment when a member, who had attended a comet in several directions, through different tracts of space, explained to the society the curve which it described, and the cause by which its motions were regulated in the various parts of its rapid course; upon which one of those joyful hallelujahs mentioned before, was sung by the whole company. The splendor and majesty of this assembly so transported me, and the sweetness of the music filled my heart with such delight, that I attempted to join in the chorus,

rus, but found my voice too feeble for their exalted pitch.

Observe there, said Socrates, (pointing to a stately portico near this assembly) a select company of contemplative sages, surrounding that graceful and radiant seraph, who, to their entire satisfaction and transcendent joy, unfolds to them those mysteries of providence which they could not comprehend on earth, and cheers up every obscure step of the divine œconomy, with which they desired to be acquainted.

But do not imagine, from what you have yet seen, that this region is destined to bestow happiness only upon the inquisitive and learned. Piety, righteousness, and charity, practised on earth, are infinitely more regarded here than science; but, at the same time I must tell you, that all who are admitted hither, whether male or female, old or young, Grecian or Barbarian, (as we Greeks used arrogantly to distinguish mankind) become soon more knowing than the most learned man on earth ever was. For, as the different attainments of men among you, arise, for the most part, from the different dispositions of their organs, and their different opportunities of improvement; and as the organs and opportunities of all here are equally good

good, the only conspicuous regard paid to human creatures in this place, arises from the different degrees of piety and virtue, which they acquired in their state of probation; and you will find that they are ranked accordingly, but still without raising any envy or jealousy in those of inferior degree; for every individual is conscious, that he enjoys the greatest felicity he is capable of, and unspeakably more than he deserved.

I must also inform you, that virtuous friendships, cultivated on earth, are not broke off here; for tho' every creature you see loves you, and is wonderfully ready to oblige you, yet next to the presence and favour of God, your friends are the greatest delight of your heart. Here are myriads of husbands and wives, parents and children, relations, companions, and neighbours, expressing their minds in the highest strains of gratitude and praise, to the supreme Being; who, after all their tedious care and solicitude on account of each other, after all the vexations and disappointments they met with in the world, has at last admitted them into those blessed mansions, from which every sort of wickedness and distress is banished for ever, and where they will see each other happy, without interruption, and without end.

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Your own eyes, said he, shall confirm the truth of what I have told you; and immediately he conducted me to the summit of an high hill, where all the great beauties of nature lay blended together in a charming wilderness around me; and where the whole region was full of people: But where I fixed my eye on any particular prospect, it appeared like an immense garden laid out with a regular variety, where the verdure of trees and lawns, the beauties of flowers and fruits; the brightness and motion of waters, and the contrast of light and shade, that appeared thro' the whole, formed the most delightful landscape I ever beheld. In yonder arbours, alcoves and walks, continued he, you have a view of the relations and friends I mentioned, in conversation sweet and pleasing beyond all human imagination. You see also, theatres, porticos, pavilions, temples, chapels, and oratorios, of various materials, dimensions, and architecture, where larger and smaller companies frequently meet to improve themselves in every heavenly virtue, to admire the works of creation and providence, and to adore the author of all their felicity; at which times, to their inexpressible joy, they are admitted into as full a view of the transcendant glory of the Almighty, and as large a participation of his favour, as their respective minds are at present able to receive.—

Here

Here Socrates paused a moment, and I looked into two or three of those temples and oratories, where, with the utmost pleasure, I beheld several of my departed friends, whose lives were exemplary for piety and goodness. Some of these, in loud and melodious anthems, exalted the name of their Creator, and *some in inexpressive silence mused his praise*. Their garments shone like light; a radiant crown encompassed their heads, and their countenances discovered so much satisfaction and benignity, that the very sight of them was transporting. Blessed society! cried I, no wonder the martyrs of old, and good men in all ages, despised temporary afflictions for *the joy which was set before them*. Blessed indeed, said Socrates, and how easily may that blessing be obtained! What madness has possessed mankind, that they could not all come to this place, considering the rational and advantageous conditions required of them, the gracious encouragements given them, and that none are finally excluded, but those perverse wretches, who have contracted such deliberate habits of malice and wickedness, without repentance, that our conversation and employment here would be disagreeable and irksome to them, suppose they could be admitted. But there is a very different abode appointed for miscreants, who
took

took pleasure in affronting the Deity, and injuring their neighbour.

He then led me to the brink of a dreadful precipice; Look down there, said he, and view the habitation of misery, and listen to the groans of anguish. What the final result will be, with respect to these criminals, God only knows, who punishes for the sake of justice, example, and amendment; and not thro' fear, anger, or revenge, as man often does. One thing we are sure of, which is, that the Great Judge of the universe will finally determine what is wisest, best and fittest to be done, with respect to all his creatures, to the full conviction of every rational being.

I find that Christians daily offer up this petition to the Deity: *Thy Kingdom come*, in a prayer taught them by him who perfectly knew the will of heaven. But how can God's blessed kingdom of universal righteousness, charity, holiness, and happiness come, while so many myriads of reasonable creatures continue disobedient and refractory? May not punishment, proportioned to the heinousness of their crimes, to the malevolence of their dispositions, together with some remote hope or possibility of pardon, or some other method contrived by infinite wisdom, tho' unknown to us, at last produce humiliation and amendment?—

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Whereas,

Whereas, eternal and horrible despair can produce nothing but blasphemy, malice and distraction, which seem repugnant to the ends of creation, and to the order and beauty preserved in the government of the universe. Does it become weak and ignorant man to affirm, that there shall be no end of sin, which is so hateful to God, whose prerogative it is to bring order out of confusion. But my fight is too feeble to penetrate so far into futurity. To the wisdom, justice and goodness of God, therefore, I leave the state of those unhappy criminals to be determined. But I perceive that such a dismal scene shocks you ! This exalted spirit, continued he, (bowing respectfully to my guardian angel, who accompanied us all the while) can entertain you better.

The angel then taking me graciously by the hand, said, I am glad to meet you here in any shape, because I hope, that what you see among us will give you a just idea of the value and dignity of the human mind, and evermore induce you to pursue objects worthy of that image after which you was created. How vain, trifling, and transient are the honours, wealth, and pleasures of the earth, compared to the transcendent and endless happiness enjoyed here. The great privilege

lege and glory of man, his principal, and almost only superiority over the beasts of the field, consist in the relation in which he stands towards God; in being made after his likeness, capable to serve him, and to enjoy his presence and favour for ever. The time will come, when the righteous among mankind shall be raised to the rank in which I now stand, and perhaps a great deal higher, thro' the favour of the Almighty, who is perpetually enlarging our capacities, and drawing us nearer to himself in every kind of felicity. My endowments at present excel what they were at my first production; for it is impossible to have so near a view of the wisdom, goodness, and holiness of God, as we enjoy in this place, without receiving continual improvements. You think your faculties greatly refined by a cursory mingling with the world of good spirits. How will they be really exalted, if ever you come to dwell in these regions, where the source of all perfections is visible? How often have I pitied your folly, when you have given way to your passions and appetites, and deviated from your plain and known duty, which is the only path that leads hither. I could, and did frequently guard you from the snares of men and wicked spirits; and in manifest dangers seconded the remonstrances of your own conscience by suggesting

proper reasons against sin, while yet your mind hesitated between your duty to God, and the allurements of the world. But I had no orders to over-rule your freedom, or defend you from yourself, when you was perversely determined to gratify your vicious inclinations. Come, nevertheless, (continued he, with an air of compassion) I will now conduct you to yonder eminent temple, and I will there shew you as much of the external majesty of the Almighty, as a dimfighted person can behold. And as we went along, he continued his gracious discourse in the following manner :

O that men would sincerely endeavour to entertain a just conception of the Deity, of his excellencies and perfections; and would, in all events, resolve, to the utmost of their power, to perform the plain and obvious duties of loving God and their neighbour; and never quit the road of righteousness and holiness, to search for any other bye paths to heaven: Hereby they might secure to themselves, through the merits and intercession of the great Redeemer, a joyful reception into this region of light and truth, where their capacities would soon be enlarged, all their mistakes rectified, and themselves made, beyond
imagination,

imagination, happy. How much wiser would such a conduct be, than to wrangle and dispute concerning difficult points, which they do not yet understand, hating in the mean time, and persecuting their neighbours, because they differ in opinion with them on those obtruse speculations. There is nothing more certain, than that the supreme Being cannot make himself less infinite than he is in every excellence, in order to accommodate his immensity to the narrow apprehension of mankind, or make his conduct in every instance obvious to the human understanding.—Why then should such a weak, ignorant creature as man, break through all the plain rules of charity, swell with pride, and damn, and persecute his neighbours, because in some high and intricate points they cannot think as he does? O that they would all rather strive by a sincere and humble practice of piety, and virtue, to arrive at this place, where their understanding will be wonderfully enlightened, and all their doubts quickly removed! We, whose intellectual faculties are far superior to those of man, when we contemplate the divine nature and perfections, and his government of the universe, perpetually discover new glories, and new matter of wonder and adoration, and shall discover more and more to all eternity, nay (to use the words of one of your own species) *Eternity is too short to utter all his praise.* As

As the angel had pronounced these words, we found ourselves near the temple, and I perceived innumerable rays of a glorious light darting from it, which far surpassed the sun in brightness, and yet rather invigorated than dazzled the sight.— But when we arrived at the outer gates, and the angel was going to open one of them, conscious of my own unworthiness, and afraid to appear in the presence of him, whose eyes are *purer than to behold iniquity*, I was struck with so great an awe of the majesty and holiness of God, that I immediately awaked, and found my bed trembling under me.

INTEMPERANCE.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the Court of his grandfather, Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the King. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather.—The King reminded him of the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: For not long since, at
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an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the Lords of your Court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrellsome, and frantic.—Even you, Sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a King.

ANECDOTE

OF A

FAT COUNTRY PARSON.

A CLERGYMAN, who had long dozed over sermons in the pulpit, and strong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tythes, to exert himself mightily; his text was, “ The patience of Job.” Deeply impressed with his own discourse, he, probably for the first time, acknowledged to his spouse at supper, that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practise himself what he had preached to others. But, added he, let us refresh ourselves with a mug of the best beer; remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent? The obedient wife, pleased with his good humour, flew to the cellar, but, alas! the barrel was staved, and quite empty. What should she do? there was no hiding.—My dear,

dear, said she, with despair in her eyes, what a sad accident has happened! I am sorry, replied the parson, gravely, if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relates to me, I am resolved to bear it with Christian patience; but where is the beer all this while? A-lack-a-day, that is the very thing; how it has happened I cannot understand, but it is all running on the ground.—The parson fell into a violent passion. My life, says she, do but reflect upon your sermon, think of the patience of Job.—Job, said he, don't talk to me of Job's patience.—Job never had a barrel of such beer in his life!

ANECDOTE OF AN IRISHMAN.

WHEN the British and American armies were near each other, in the neighbourhood of German-town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: He immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender: they, supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters.

ters.—General Washington wondered at the spirit and atchievement of the fellow, asked him, how he a single man, could capture five? “Why,” says the Irishman, “please your Excellency, by Jafus, I furrounded them!” The General, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, and gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year is ended, and I have got one year less to live, one year more to account for at the bar of the Almighty, and am one year nearer to an eternal world: What do these thoughts suggest to me? Surely nothing less, nothing more seasonable, and nothing of greater importance, than the necessity, the absolute necessity, of numbering my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom; of earnestly seeking to know the things which belong unto my peace, before they are for ever hidden from my eyes.

How few among the sons and daughters of mortality are mindful of their latter end! how few even of those who make a profession of reli-

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gion

ligion are truly concerned to improve their time in preparing for their last great change! Well might the prophet say, " Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Men live as if they were never to die, and too many die utterly regardless of the life which is to come; such is man's infatuation and stupidity, that he will not see, though it is daily before his eyes, that he is on the brink of eternity, and liable to drop into it every moment.—Many are called off the stage of life suddenly and unexpectedly every revolving year; some in the bloom of youth, others just as they arrive to mature age. Melancholy accidents frequently terminate the lives of some, while dread diseases daily hasten the deaths of others. Alas! how many have fallen the past year! how many began the year with as sanguine expectations of ending it as myself, but ere the half of it was past, were summoned into another world! And wherefore am I still spared? Whence is it I am still a probationer upon earth? Why am I permitted to see the close of another year, while many younger than myself are numbered with the silent dead, and gone to the house appointed for all living? Surely these questions demand our most serious regard, and should be the matter of our constant meditation.

Dr.

Dr. Young, in his Night thoughts, very justly observes, ‘ time wasted is existence—used is life;’ and then, as if considering the importance and necessity of improving it aright, adds,

“ Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth,
“ And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.”

Yes, fellow mortal, whoever thou art, whether young or old, rich or poor, be assured time is precious, and soon will be no more : death is at hand, and eternity awaits thee :—an awful eternity of bliss or woe will, ere long, open on the whole human race, which shall be the everlasting portion of thee, of me, of all : then let it be our constant study and pursuit, according to the poet’s admonition,

“ To make each year a critic on the past,
“ And live each year as though it was our last.

ON THE BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS

Of an open Behaviour,

AND AN [“]INGENIOUS DISPOSITION.

A GREAT part of mankind, if they cannot furnish themselves with the courage and gene-

rosity of the lion, think themselves equally happy, and much wiser, with the pitiful cunning of the fox. Every word they speak, however trivial the subject, is weighed before it is uttered. A disgustful silence is observed till somebody of authority has advanced an opinion, and then, with a civil leer, a doubtful and hesitating assent is given, such as may not preclude the opportunity of a subsequent retraction. If the conversation turn only on the common topics, of the weather, the news, the play, the opera, they are no less reserved in uttering their opinion, than if their lives and fortunes depended on the sentiment, they should at last venture, with oracular dignity to advance. Whatever may be their real idea on the subject, as truth is a trifle compared to the object of pleasing those with whom they converse, they generally contrive gently to agree with you; unless it should appear to them, on mature consideration, that their opinion (if contingencies to the number of, at least ten thousand, should take place) may, at the distance of half a century, involve them in some small danger of giving a little offence, or of incurring a trifling embarrassment. They wear a constant smile on their countenance, and are all goodness and benevolence, if you will believe the professions; but beware, for their hearts are as dark as the abysses which constitute the abodes of

of the evil spirit. A man of this character *nigrescit*, as Horace says, and thou, who justly claimest the title of an honest Englishman, be upon thy guard, when thine ill-fortune introduces thee into his company.

These crafty animals are even more reserved, cautious, timid, and serpentine, in action, than in conversation. They lay the deepest schemes, and no conclave of cardinals, no combination of conspirators, no confederacy of thieves, ever deliberated with more impenetrable secrecy. Connections are sought with the most painful solicitude. No arts and no assiduities are neglected, to obtain the favour of the great. Their hearts pant with the utmost anxiety, to be introduced to a family of distinction and opulence, not only because the connection gratifies their pride, but also because, in the wonderful complications and vicissitudes of human affairs, it may one day promote their interest. Alas! before that day arrives, their perpetual uneasiness has usually put a period to their ambition, by terminating their existence.— But even if they gain their ends, after a youth and a manhood consumed in constant care and servitude, yet the pleasure is not adequate to the pain, nor the advantages to the labour. Every one is ready to complain of the shortness of life; to spend, therefore,

therefore, the greatest part of it in perpetual fear, caution, suspense, and solicitude, merely to accomplish an object of worldly ambition or avarice; what is it but the proverbial folly of him who loses a pound to save a penny? Give me, O ye powers! an ingenious man would exclaim, give me health and liberty, with a competence, and I will compassionate the man of a timid and servile soul, who has at last, crept on hands and knees, through thick and thin, into a stall, and seated his limbs, after they have been palsied with care, on the bench of judges or of bishops.

Indeed, the perpetual agitation of spirits, the tormenting fears, and the ardent hopes, which alternately disorder the bosom of the subtle and suspicious worldling, are more than a counterbalance to all riches and titular honours, which successful cunning can obtain. What avail croziers, coronets, fortunes, mansion-houses, parks, and equipages, when the poor possessor of them has worn out his sensibility, ruined his nerves, lost his eyes, and perhaps, stained his honour, and wounded his conscience, in the toilsome drudgery of the most abject servitude, from his youth up, even to the hoary age of feebleness and decrepitude? When a man has a numerous offspring, it may, indeed, be generous, to sacrifice his own
ease

ease and happiness to their advancement. He may feel a virtuous pleasure in his conduct, which may soothe him under every circumstance of disagreeable toil or painful submission. But it is obvious to observe that the most artful of men, and the greatest slaves to interest and ambition, are frequently unmarried men; and that they were unmarried, because their caution and timidity would never permit them to take a step which could never be revoked. Themselves, however unamiable, have been the only objects of their love; and the rest of mankind have been made use of merely as the instruments of their mean purposes, and selfish gratifications. But the rest of mankind need not envy them, for they inflict on themselves the punishments they deserve. They are always craving and never satisfied; they suffer a torment which is justly represented as infernal; that of being perpetually reaching after blessings which they can never grasp, of being prohibited to taste the fruit, whose colour appears so charming to the eye, and whose flavour so delicious to the imagination.

How lovely and how happy, on the other hand, an open and ingenious behaviour. An honest, unsuspicious heart, diffuses a serenity over life, like that of a fine day, when no cloud conceals
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the blue æther, nor a blast ruffles the stillness of the air; but a crafty and designing bosom, is all tumult and darkness, and may be said to resemble a misty and disordered atmosphere, in the comfortless climate of the poor Highlander. The one raises a man almost to the rank of an angel of light; the other sinks him to a level with the powers of darkness.—The one constitutes a terrestrial heaven in the breast; the other deforms and debases it till it becomes another hell.

An open and ingenious disposition is not only beautiful and most conducive to private happiness; but productive of many virtues essential to the welfare of society. What is society without confidence?—But if the selfish and mean system, which is established and recommended among many whose advice and example have weight, should universally prevail, in whom, and in what shall we be able to confide?—It is already shocking to a liberal mind to observe, what a multitude of papers, parchments, oaths, and solemn engagements are required, even in a trivial negotiation. On the contrary, how comfortable and how honourable to human nature, if promises were bonds, and assertions affidavits. What pleasure, and what improvement would be derived from conversation, if every one would dare

to

to speak his real sentiments, with modesty and decorum indeed, but without any unmanly fear of offending, or servile desire to please for the sake of interest. To please by honest means, and from the pure motives of friendship and philanthropy, is a duty; but they who study the art of pleasing, merely for their own sakes, are, of all characters, those which ought least to please, and which appear, when the masque is removed, the most disgusting. Truth, and simplicity of manners, are not only essential to virtue and happiness, but, as objects of taste, truly beautiful. Good minds will always be pleased with them, and bad minds we need not wish to please.

Since cunning and deceit are thus odious in themselves, and incompatible with real happiness and dignity, I cannot help thinking, that those instructors of the rising generation who insisted on simulation and dissimulation, on the *penfieri stretti*, on the thousand tricks of worldly wisdom, are no less mistaken in their ideas, than mean, contracted, and illiberal. Listen not ye generous young men, whose hearts are yet untainted, listen not to the delusive advice of men so deluded, or so base. Have courage enough to avow the sentiments of your souls; and let your countenance and your tongue be the heralds of your hearts. Please, con-

frstently with truth and honour, or be contented not to please. Let justice and benevolence fill your bosom, and they will shine spontaneously like the real gem without the aid of a foil, and with the most durable and captivating brilliancy.

ANECDOTE

OF

JUSTIN MARTYR.

JUSTIN MARTYR, a philosopher, who received Christianity five and twenty years after the death of Ignatius, plainly tells us, in his relation of conversion to the Christian faith, ‘ That ‘ the power of godliness in a plain, simple Christian, ‘ had that influence and operation on his soul, that ‘ he could not but betake himself to a serious and ‘ strict life:’ and yet, before he was a Cynick, a strict sect: and it gave him joy at his martyrdom, that he had spent his days as a serious teacher, and a good example. And Eusebius relates, ‘ That ‘ though he was a follower of Plato’s doctrine, yet, ‘ when he saw the Christians’ piety and courage, ‘ he concluded, No people so temperate, less ‘ voluptuous, and more set on divine things:’ which first induced him to become a Christian.

ANECDOTE.

A N E C D O T E.

CARDINAL Wolsey was first minister of state to Henry the Eighth, and in great favour with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate, and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the King; but dying on his journey between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. "Had I served my God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

O D E T O S P R I N G.

YOUTH of the year, delightful Spring!
 Thy blest return on genial wing,
 Inspires my languid lays;
 No more I sleep in sloth supine,
 When all creation at thy shrine
 Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from winter's freezing pow'r,
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r;
 And, foremost of the train,
 By Nature (artless handmaid) drest,
 The snow-drop comes, in lilyd vest,
 Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains her tuneful throat,
And ev'ry loud and sprightly note
Calls echo from her cell ;
Be warn'd, ye maids, that listen round,
A beauteous nymph became a found ;
The nymph who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth benign,
Bids tree and shrub, and swelling vine,
Their infant buds display :
Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which winter bound in icy chains,
And sparkling blebs his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground
With nature's varied hues ;
Not so returns our youth decay'd,
Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The spring of life renews.

The sun's too quick revolving beam
Apace dissolves the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour ;
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly wasted day,
No longer in our pow'r.

Then

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd light
Pursues by Virtue's constant light
A hope beyond the skies;
Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

AN ANECDOTE

O F

PHILIP THE SECOND.

PHILIP, walking alone one day in one of the cloisters belonging to the convent of Escorial, a tradesman seeing the door open, went in.—Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which the house is adorned, he addressed himself to the King, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew the paintings and describe the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through all the apartments, and gave him every satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it very affectionately, said, ‘ I am much obliged to you, friend; I live at St. Martin’s, and my name is Michael Bambis;
if

if you should come my way, and call on me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service.—
 ‘ And my name (said the pretended servant) is Philip the Second, and if you will call on me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good.’

ANECDOTE.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concerns for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent; after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, “ Dear Sir! you sent for me, I believe, and I hope you have some commands; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred.” May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply!—Forcibly grasping the youth’s hand, he softly said, “ See in what peace a Christian can die.” He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

THE FORCE
OF
NATURAL AFFECTION.

THE power of natural affection is so well known, that it is unnecessary to introduce the following story with any general reflections upon it; as the events which it contains are of so interesting a nature, that they cannot fail to engage the attention of every reader that is not destitute of the virtues of humanity.

An old gentleman of an ancient family, and possessed of a large estate, whom I shall for the present call Gloriosus; as his greatest foible consisted in valuing himself too much upon the nobility of his ancestors, (an extravagant notion which he had improved by a long residence in Spain,) had a son, possessed of every amiable quality, whom I shall beg to call by the name of Theodosius. As Gloriosus was rather intent upon increasing the honour of his family than amassing wealth, he resolved to marry his son to the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whose pedigree could bear the strictest enquiry, though the portion of the young lady was but small. In this he was seconded by his wife, who had imbibed all the extravagant notions of her husband. But they were
both

both equally mortified and disappointed, to find that Theodosius was obstinately bent against the match. His mother hereupon formed a suspicion that his heart was pre-engaged ; and this was soon after turned into certainty, by her intercepting a letter addressed by Theodosius to Sylvia, a young woman of extraordinary beauty and great accomplishments, who, being the daughter of a merchant to whom Gloriosus had particular obligations, had been by him entertained, when her father, on account of the perplexed state of his affairs, was obliged to quit the kingdom. It appeared from this letter, that Theodosius had for some time past been privately married to Sylvia, and that his rejecting the match proposed by his parents took rise from his affection to her.

His discovery threw Gloriosus into the most violent rage imaginable ; and he immediately resolved to disinherit his son, and never see him more, if he did not consent to have his clandestine marriage annulled.

Sylvia, being informed of this rigorous determination, begged to be heard in her own defence ; and the old gentleman agreed to the interview, flattering himself that he should be able to persuade her to consent to the separation. The young
lady,

lady, however, pleaded her cause in terms so pathetic, that, seeing Gloriosus begin to melt, she produced the two children whom she had by his son: which affecting circumstance so powerfully moved the old man, that he immediately embraced them as his grand-children, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his wife; and, sending for Theodosius, declared that he consented to his marriage with Sylvia, and wished that their union might prove both lasting and happy.

The joy of the young couple, upon this occasion, may be more easily conceived than expressed: it was indeed so great, that it received no inconsiderable accession when the father of Sylvia, having settled his affairs, returned from abroad, and made her fortune much greater than that which Theodosius was to have had with the lady whom his parents urged him to marry. This circumstance, however, contributed not a little to their satisfaction, as interest has always great influence over the old.

ANECDOTE.

HENRY the Third of France asking those about him, one day, what it was the Duke of Guise did to charm and allure every one's

G g heart?

heart? he received this answer: Sir, the Duke of Guise does good to all the world without exception, either directly by himself, or indirectly by his recommendations. He is civil, courteous, liberal; has always some good to say of every body, but never speaks ill of any: and this is the reason he reigns on men's hearts, as absolutely as your Majesty does in your kingdom.

ON THE

Astonishing Effects of MUSIC.

THE following instance of the amazing change wrought upon the passions, by the power of music, is supported by the authority of Prince Cantimir, who relates it in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans.

Sultan Amurath, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taking it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the Officer who had the command to see the Sultan's orders excuted, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the Emperor.—
The

The Officer indulged him in his entreaty; and, being brought before the Sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath.—The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intentions. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the late Prince of Wales condescended to honour Mr. Pope with a visit, Pope met the Prince at the water-side, and expressing his sense of the honour done him in very

proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said, "it is very well, but how shall we reconcile your love to a Prince, with your professed indisposition to Kings, since Princes will be Kings, in time." "Sir," replied Mr. Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

ANECDOTE.

LORD BACON, towards the latter end of his life, said, that a little smattering in philosophy would lead a man to atheism; but a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a first cause; and that the first principle of right reason is religion; and seriously professed, that, after all his studies and inquiries, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those of religion taught, as it is professed among the Christians.



ON

ON THE DEATH

O F

D. R. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See LEVET to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
And sure th' eternal master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

AN ANECDOTE.

A DEAN of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson, who had some how procured the loan of a good horse. The parson, *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the Dean, who

who desired him to stop, begged he would call at the Mermaid, at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, told him he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner." "For how many, an please your honour?" says Boniface. "Why," replies the parson, "I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's Chaplains. The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the Dean arrived, a large table was set out, and the cloth laid; "How's this," cries his reverence, "you have shewn me the wrong room; this surely is intended for a large company." "An please your honour," replied the landlord, "Parson Singlechurch called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, an please your honour, I'd get enough."

enough.”—“ Oh, very well,” coolly, answered the Dean, who now recollected himself, “ I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have said and dined with me.”

AN ANECDOTE.

A LATE Archbishop having promised one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the first good living in his gift, that he should like, and think worthy his acceptance : Soon after, hearing of the death of an old rector, whose parsonage was worth about two hundred pounds a year, sent his chaplain to the place to see how he should like it. The Doctor, when he came back again, thanked his Grace for the offer he had made him; but said, he met with such an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his Grace pleased, to wait 'till something else fell. Another vacancy, not long after happening, the Archbishop sent him to view that; but he returned as before, not satisfied with it, which did not much please his Grace. A third living, much better than either of the others, became vacant, as he was told;—the chaplain was again sent to take a view of that; and when he came back,

“ Well,

“Well, now,” said my Lord, “how do you like this living? What objection can you have to this?” “I like the country very well, my Lord,” answered he, “and the house, the income, and the neighbourhood, but”—“But!” replied the Archbishop, what BUT can there be then?”—“But, my Lord,” said he, “the old incumbent is not dead; I found him smoking his pipe at the gate of his house.”

REFLECTIONS ON PLEASURE.

THE love of pleasure is the root of every crime. Theft, murder, perjury, are a few of its fatal fruits. What an extravagant dominion does pleasure exercise over us? It is not only the pestilence that walketh in darkness, but an arrow that destroyeth at noon-day.

Pleasure is in some sort more pernicious than direct vice. Vice has naturally some horror in it: it startles and alarms the conscience, and puts us on our guard. Pleasure, under the colour of being harmless, has an opiate in it; it stupifies and besots. In the soft lap of pleasure, conscience falls asleep. Vice, losing its horror, becomes
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familiar;

familiar ; and as vice increases, some expedient becomes necessary to reconcile us to ourselves.— Thus, looking out for some shadow of excuse, we naturally slide into groundless doubts, and become Infidels out of pure self defence. And, as pleasure makes us Infidels by stupifying the conscience, so it makes us very bad husbands of temporal enjoyments, by darkening the understanding, and thus disqualifying us for the very point to which alone we pretend.

It is this cloud on the understanding which hinders our voluptuaries from discerning that their blind rage for pleasure turns blessings into the reverse. Birth, education, and abundance, are great blessings ; but, abused by pleasure into motives and instruments of indulgence, birth is more ignoble than obscurity ; knowledge is more pernicious than ignorance, and abundance more a misfortune than want.

It is this cloud on the understanding which makes us so little masters in the very science we profess. Happiness is our study, but are we not dunces in it ? We know not, or seem not to know, that all real enjoyment lies within the compass of God's commands ; which abridge not, but defend them : and, when we dip too deep in pleasure, we
 stir

stir a sediment that renders us impure and obnoxious: that, (as much a paradox as it may seem) the best means to arrive at the true pleasures of the body, is to preserve and cultivate the powers of the soul; and that a good understanding is, in man, the source and security of mere animal delight.

These modern votaries of pleasures run, in many things, counter to their master Epicurus. An indulgent providence has abundantly provided us with improveable pleasures. Why are these swept away with an ungrateful hand, to make room for poisons of our own deadly composition, to be placed in her stead? Epicurus was in love with his garden: but that is an amour too innocent for them: a garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wife and happy man, but reflection and peace?—And both of a garden are the natural growth. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort, shews him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common-field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts, and sows celestial

feed in their stead: for what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to Heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a paradise still extant; a paradise unlost. What a rich present from Heaven of sweet incense to man was wafted in that breeze! What a delightful entertainment of sight glows on yonder bed, as if in kindly showers the rainbow bow had shed all its most celestial colours on it! Here are no objects that fire the passions; none that do not instruct the understanding, and better the heart, while they delight the sense; but not the sense of these men. To them the tulip has no colours, the rose no scent: their palate for pleasure is so deadened, and burnt out by the violent stroke of higher tastes, as leaves no sensibility to the softer impressions of these; much less for the relish of those philosophic, or moral sentiments, which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendent fruit, or rising flower; those speechless, not powerless, orators, ever praising their great author, inspire. Religion is the natural growth of the works of God; and infidelity, of the inventions of men.

I am not against enjoyments. Without a relish of the good things of life, we cannot be thankful. Enjoy, but enjoy reasonably and thankfully to the Great Donor: that will secure us from excess.—

To

To enjoy is our wisdom, and our duty: it is the great lesson of human life, but a lesson which few have learned; and none less than these, who proclaim themselves masters of it.

It is this intellectual cloud, which hangs like a fog, over every gay resort of our modern votaries of pleasure, tho' invifible to common eyes, which flings us not only into mistakes, but contradictions. How fick are we of yesterday? yet how fond of to-morrow, though devoted to the same cheat as the past? We cannot believe that fatigue is fatigue, let it's cause be what it will. Too much recreation tires as soon as too much business. The man of business has, at least, his seventh day's rest.—Our fever for folly never intermits: our week has no Sabbath in it.

To speak the truth, we tread this eternal round of vanities less for the pleasure it brings, than for the pain it suspends. It is a refuge, not a prize. Like criminals, we fly to it from our much injured, unforgiving foes, from ourselves, which chide and sting us when alone: when together, we support each others spirits; which is like sailors clinging to each other, when the vessel is sinking. We fly from ourselves, because we first fly from our Maker.

HONEST

H O N E S T P O V E R T Y ,

A CHINESE STORY.

A MAN in the district of Sinkien, in China, had a long while suffered the hardship of pinching poverty, and found himself at length reduced to a very trifle of money, without knowing where to find subsistence after it was gone, so that he and his wife, in despair, bought a little rice and arsenick, determining to mix them together, and put an end to their misery: the rice was almost baked, and the arsenick was mixed therewith, when, on a sudden, an inspector of the Canton entered their house, who had come a great way, and was very hungry, and being in haste to go elsewhere, speedily demanded a little rice. As they told him there was none, he looked into the oven, and saw that it was almost ready, upon which he made bitter complaints that they should tell him a falsehood for the sake of such a trifle; when the master of the house; moving gently his hand, I was not willing, said he to him, to give you any of this rice, and then, falling into tears, added the reason. At these words the overseer took the dish, threw the rice out of it, and buried it, then comforted the poor people; follow me, said he to the husband, I can give you fifty pounds of grain; this will serve you for some days, and perhaps in that time you may

INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,
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AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;
TENDING TO
AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCUPLICATE MORALITY.

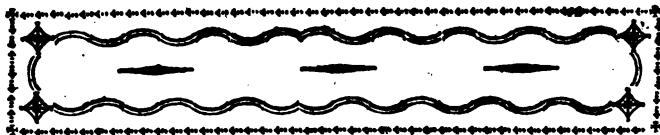
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A
COLLECTION
OF INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE
OF LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

NO woman ever united more real fortitude with so much tenderness and feeling as this illustrious character.

She was the most affectionate of wives; and yet had sufficient strength of mind to take off the proceedings at the trial of her illustrious husband, Lord Ruffel, no other person being permitted, by an inhuman Judge, to use a pen or pencil on the occasion. And many years after, when she was in a very advanced age, her two daughters, the Duchesses of Bedford and Devonshire, happening to lie-in just at the same time, one of them

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died

died in child bed, and the afflicted mother being a few days afterwards with her only surviving daughter, was strictly questioned by her as to the health of her sister, of whose fate she had some suspicion; when this venerable and heroic woman, calling forth all her strength of mind, to prevent the shock, which must have been dangerous at such a period, assumed a smile, and said, " Make yourself easy, my dear, I have kiss'd your sister out of bed to-day." This was literally true, for she had kissed her in her coffin.

ANECDOTE of BISHOP BURNET.

BISHOP Burnet was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character which the French call *l'etourdie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned, on suspicion of practising a concealed method of poisoning; and, among the rest, the Countess of Soissons, niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior Prince Eugene, of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Ann's reign, when that Prince came over to England, Bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as great as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the Duke of Marlborough,

borough, that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person, whose fame resounded through all Europe. The Duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the Prince and other company at Marlborough House. The Bishop, mindful of the caution, resolved to sit silent and *incognito* during the whole entertainment; and might have kept his resolution, had not Prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified Clergyman, taken it into his head to ask him who he was. He was no sooner informed that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the Bishop, and, among other questions, asked him how long it was since he left Paris? Burnet, flattered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction desired, answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time when the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced these words, when his eyes meeting those of the Duke's, he instantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error, by asking pardon of his Highness: he stared

wildly around, and, seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

ANECDOTE

OF GENERAL BURGOYNE,

As related by Himself.

IN Portugal he had been posted, with a body of six thousand British and some Portuguese soldiers, on the banks of the Tagus, to dispute the passage of that river with the whole Spanish army. The renowned Count de Lippe, the Generalissimo of all the forces and auxiliaries of Portugal, found every delay he could throw in the way of the enemy, of so much importance, that he sent positive orders to dispute the pass to the last man.— If he found it impossible to withstand the enemy, he was to abandon to them his camp, his artillery, and provisions, excepting as much of the latter as his men could carry at their backs, and retreat as slowly as he could to the mountains on his left, from whence he was to join the main army in small detachments. The Count accompanied the order with these words, “ I know to what a rude trial I expose the feelings of a gallant officer, when I order him to abandon his camp to the enemy; but

but the nature of the service requires such a sacrifice. Do you execute the orders, I will take measures on myself, and justify you in the sight of the world.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom. Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship.— But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remains only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns;

turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging, by a solemn oath, to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix, the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his garden, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained

tertained at his table the Nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music; and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks, so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the Nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected, derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

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What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him and that he died in a short time, wretched and in exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads, and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain.— Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things,

things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble; taught him to compassionate the distress of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent (said she) by the Gods, to those alone whom they love; for I not only train them up, by my severe discipline, to future glory, but also prepare them to receive, with a greater relish, all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probatory state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age.— Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her to the blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content.”

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the
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deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease.— By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and, at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the Philosopher, “ That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing.” She admonished him to turn his eyes to many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour; and in his addresses to the Gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, and unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner: “ As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity; whom,

whom, if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having, in a short time, acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry; in quelling all disorderly passions, and informing his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honeysuckles.—Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock; and over the door was

written, in large characters, the following inscription:

*" Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
 " Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
 " Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
 " What Palace can display so fair a train?"*

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

ON a large heath, called Shag's Heath, about a mile and a half from Woodlands, in Horton parish, Dorsetshire, is an ash tree, under which the unfortunate Duke was apprehended.

The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that after the defeat at Sedgemoor, the Duke and Lord Lumley quitted their horses at Woodyeat's; whence the former, disguised as a peasant, wandered hither. He dropped his gold snuff box in a pea field, where it was afterwards found full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs. Uvedale, of Horton. One of the finders had fifteen pounds for half the contents or value of it. The Duke went on to the island, as it is called, a cluster of
 small

small farms, in the middle of the heath, and there concealed himself in a deep ditch, under the ash.

When the pursuers came up, a woman, who lived in a neighbouring cot, gave information of his being somewhere in the island, which was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighbouring cots. As they were going away next morning, one of them espied the brown skirt of the Duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery.

The family of the woman who first gave the information, are said to have fallen into decay, and never thriven afterwards.

The Duke was carried before Anthony Ettrick, of Holt, a Justice of Peace, who ordered him to London. Being asked what he would do if set at liberty? he answered, if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again.—Farmer Kerley's grandmother, lately dead, saw him, and described him as a black, genteel, tall man, with a dejected countenance.

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The close where he concealed himself is called Monmouth Close, and is the extremest N. E. field of the island. The tree stands in a hedge, on a steep bank, and is covered with initials of the names of persons who have been to see it.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.

HIS Majesty generally, after dinner, made it a rule to visit the Countess of Yarmouth.—In passing through the chambers to her apartments one evening, only preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, when one of them rolled in under a closet, where wood was generally kept for the use of the bedchamber. After the King had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea, and, judging where it went,—“Come,” says he to the page, “we must find this guinea; here, help me to throw out this wood.” The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it. “Well,” says the King, “you have wrought hard, there’s the guinea for your labour; but I would have nothing lost.”

No bad example in the high departments of State.

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Earl of St. Albans, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, in all her misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with Charles the Second, when all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value, which was just vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl personate himself. The gentleman addressed himself accordingly, enumerated his services to the Royal Family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means, (replied the Earl), and I am only sorry that, as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the Earl of St. Albans, (pointing to the King) who has constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone ungratified: but when any thing of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me see you."—The Gentleman withdrew.—The King smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the Earl.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.

THERE was at Rome, in the time of the Emperor Augustus, a poor Greek poet, who, from time to time, when the Emperor went out of his palace, presented him with a Greek epigram; and though the Emperor took it, he never gave him any thing; on the contrary, having a mind one day to ridicule him, and shake it off, as soon as he saw him coming to present him with his verses, the Emperor sent him a Greek epigram of his own composing, and writ with his own hand. The poet received it with joy; and, as he was reading it, he shewed by his face and gestures that he was mightily pleased with it. After he had read it, he pulled out his purse, and, coming up to Augustus, gave him some few pence, saying, "Take this money, Cæsar; I give it you, not according to the merit of the verses, but to my poor ability: had I more, my liberality would be greater." The whole company fell a laughing, and the Emperor more than the rest, who ordered him a hundred thousand crowns.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE of MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's, and who, not long before, had been employed by the Queen as her Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, came to Cambridge, and next morning paid a visit to the Master of his own College. The Master (whether Dr. Gower, or Dr. Jenkins, is uncertain) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a Fellow of his College to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat himself, and let the Queen's Ambassador stand. Piqued a little at that, Mat composed an extempore epigram on the reception he had met with. It was not reckoned in those days that he had a very happy turn for an epigram; but the occasion was tempting, and he struck it off as he was walking from St. John's College to the Rose, to dinner. It was addressed to the Master, and was as follows:

*I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,
 Before your elbow chair;
 But make a Bishop's throne your seat,
 I'll kneel before you there.*

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One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a Bishop's throne,
Pay *homage* to the Queen.

ON HAPPINESS.

" ——— Alas, where shall we find,
" Some spot to real happiness confin'd?"

THIS penfive enquiry has not been confined to the breast of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith alone, but, in the hours of adversity and disappointment, it has been the language of all the progeny of Adam. It has often sprung from real, sometimes from imaginary infelicity; which is frequently increased, and often wholly proceeds from our making a false estimation of human happiness. We are apt to place a higher value on every blessing not in our possession, than on those we enjoy. The prospect of every distant good is embellished with charms, which lose their lustre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unusual with us to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own: we change our situations, but therein find not the happiness we expected, and yet remain unconvinced of our folly.

folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the fleeting phantoms which enfeebled Hope raises in the dis-tempered imaginations, although disappointment attends every step, and mocks every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wishes recede in proportion to our advances, or, if possessed, that they prove inadequate to our sanguine expectations.

One of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is *wealth*: it glitters at a distance, and appears replete with every requisite essential to terrestrial felicity: it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breasts of its candidates an inextinguishable ardour to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary good; and therefore, to attain it, is to exclude every want, to possess every satisfaction.

But, alas! wealth often flies the pursuer, and in the end leaves him tired, languid, and disappointed, with the fruitless chace. To some, indeed, she grants her favours with peculiar liberality, and admits them to rifle her treasury. But are these in "a spot to real happiness confined?" No, surely; they find, by unprofitable experience,

One only thing can keep you down,
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that the possession of riches falls far short of their expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that happiness they promise, or to avert those evils they are supposed capable of preventing. They are unable to limit the licentiousness of desire, to fill the grasp of avarice, to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter, or to afford that happiness which is expected from them. The possession of wealth introduces wants, not less numerous, nor less importunate, than those we complain of in a state of poverty. They are, indeed, different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek after in this imperfect state. We are very apt to conclude that those are exempt from unhappiness, on whom prosperity beams her radiance, and whose dwellings are circumfused with affluence. In the erring estimation of short-sighted mortals, their lines are "cast in pleasant places;" but a little reflection will convince us that they are "encompassed with many sorrows." View the men who have free access to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than others; they have still numerous wants, which increase with their acquisitions; and still more numerous fears, arising from their very possessions, to which those in humble stations are strangers,

strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their riches; and the more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp.— Were it possible for such to accumulate all the treasures of the earth, they would still be unsatisfied, and, like Alexander, weep because there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others, whose desires are more circumscribed, and who appear contented with their present possessions, are not less unhappy.

Men cannot essentially possess more than they enjoy; the rest, like a cypher on the left hand of a figure, is of no value, unprofitable as to any useful purpose; it is only barren splendour, which, like the glare of a comet, although it shines at a distance, yet affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it: he may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it subservient to any of the most valuable purposes of life. Such, therefore, as possess more wealth than is sufficient to furnish the reasonable wants of humanity, are generally employed in a laborious search after pleasures yet untasted, in which they hope to find unmixed happiness. There is one source of pleasure which the enjoyment of wealth opens to a rational mind, but few there are who find it. The extension of help to the helpless, of
relief

relief to misery, and of comfort to those who dwell in the regions of adversity, are employments attended with the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances overspread with the gloom of sorrow, is attended with sensations of the most refined delight, and tunes the soul to harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied, the essential end for which Heaven has dispensed it. But, alas! how few are there, amongst the great and opulent, who exercise themselves in such benevolent, such God-like actions! How few, whose minds are refined enough to relish the satisfaction arising from such praiseworthy conduct!

The generality of the rich spend their time and substance in a course of falsely estimated pleasure, which, whilst it affords a momentary gratification to some desires, creates others, more difficult to be satisfied. Every indulgence of the passions, beyond the boundaries of reason and temperance, either increases the appetite for more extensive enjoyments, or cloy with a languid satiety:— These are effects equally destructive of true happiness. In this dilemma, the mind is perpetually tossed, like a vessel without a rudder on the boisterous ocean. It is still hurried on, by the gales of passion, in pursuit of something untried, which
is

is supposed more capable of conferring happiness; but this, when obtained, leaves us equally unsatisfied, and at an equal distance from the object of our wishes.

Thus men pursue, with unremitting ardour, that happiness which, for want of a better regulated judgment, constantly eludes their grasp, till, tired with reiterated disappointment, they quit the stage of life and their fruitless search together.

It would be a mark of wisdom in us to consider the numerous examples of this kind as proper objects of instruction. Viewed in this light, they may be useful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly exhibited in their conduct. Let their mistaken assiduity, and consequent failure of obtaining the grand end of life here, excite others to pursue a different plan, a plan more likely to be attended with success.

Compleat substantial happiness is not the produce of terrestrial soil. Whilst we are encompassed with the walls of flesh and human frailty, the avenues through which happiness visits the soul will not admit such a degree of it as will fill up and satisfy our intellectual capacities: but still such a portion of it is within our reach,
as

as will render this state of existence easy and tranquil.

The Sovereign Lord and Governor of universal nature has wisely ordained, that, amidst the highest gratification of time and sense, some alloy should be experienced. By these means we are led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect state, which, in the wise determination of his council, we are formed to inherit, when time, and all its deceptive scenes, shall terminate for ever.

The terms on which this complete happiness is declared by eternal wisdom to be attainable, are such as, if complied with, will also tend to the increase of our present felicity. "Godliness is profitable to all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." The more we withdraw our affections from perishing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celestial objects, the more pure, refined, and acute, will be our sense of present pleasures: they will not be pursued to satiety, but will only lead the mind to the contemplation of those enjoyments which are divine, permanent, and eternal. The joys which the visible creation affords, will not then be centered in us as a substantial, lasting good,
but

but will rather be considered as the lower steps of that ladder by which we may ascend to the superior joys of a glorious immortality. By the "good things that are seen," and which we enjoy here, we shall be excited to seek after "those which are invisible," in that state where the aspirations of hope will end in certainty, and the panting bosom of desire will repose in compleat fruition.

It is undoubtedly a proof of wisdom in us to seek that happiness which is attainable in this life, agreeable to the dictates of reason and prudence. Our passions are ever calling for fresh gratifications; they are clamorous, and not easily silenced; but we know, that if they were indulged without restraint, they would soon precipitate us into ruin irretrievable: it is therefore the province of reason to regulate them, to curb the roving of the will, and to point out the boundaries which it ought never to pass. This reason is capable of doing, and thereby of securing us from numerous inconveniences that arise from giving the reins to ungoverned passions, and free scope to a licentious imagination.

Whenever we thus restrain our wishes and actions, the effects recompence our labour; the

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commotions in our breasts cease, and a calm overspreads the mind: our desires are circumscribed, and, instead of murmuring at our lot, we are convinced the blessings we receive are infinitely beyond our deserts.

This sense produces gratitude and humility in our minds, and thence spring true contentment and lasting peace. We are satisfied with those blessings which the munificent Author of our being has showered upon us, and are most solicitous to make suitable returns for his unmerited bounty. In this situation of mind the purest happiness is found; and herein we are best capable of becoming proper objects for the enjoyment of that superior felicity which awaits the wise and virtuous in the realms of immortality and eternal life.

THE FORTUNATE EXPERIMENT;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A Tale for the Ladies.

LORD FAIRFIELD, a very amiable nobleman, in the prime of life, and possessed of a large estate in the North of England, was so much struck with the beauty, and charmed with the

the conversation and carriage of a young lady, one day at York races, that he could not help making a particular enquiry after her. From the person whom he employed, (his own steward) for the gratification of his curiosity, he received the following intelligence:

“ Her name is Flowerdale, my Lord; her mother is a woman of good family, but having been reduced to narrow circumstances, by the profuseness of an extravagant husband, found it necessary to live in a very frugal way. Mrs. Flowerdale being also a woman who has a great deal of family pride, could not bear to live in or near the place in which she had figured with splendour, and therefore retired to a small house in D——w, the village which your Lordship took notice of, for the pleasantness of its situation, when you rode through it last summer. As she is an excellent œconomist, she not only contrives to live with decency, but keeps up a kind of dignity, in her retirement with her daughter, who is, indeed, by what I can find, in every shape qualified to make a valuable wife. I mention her *domestic* merit, because I am well assured that your Lordship will never bring yourself to share your title and fortune with a woman who has only her outward charms to recommend her,”

“ You say very right, Jenkins; the brightest beauty nature ever formed, would not, without *that* merit you have mentioned, make me think of entering into matrimonial connexions; and I am not yet *fashionable* enough in my principles to seduce the *innocent* amongst the fair sex, nor so regardless of my health, as to have any dealings with the *abandoned*. Miss Flowerdale has, I own, raised emotions of the tender kind in my bosom, and upon the strength of what you related concerning herself, and her family, I would pay my addresses to her immediately, were I certain of being as *personally* agreeable in *her* eyes, as she is in mine. By addressing her in my own character, I shall be apprehensive, supposing the improbability of a refusal, of her closing with my proposals, for the sake of the rank to which I invite her: I wish, therefore, to make my advances to her in such a light, that I may attribute her compliance with my wishes to a real *prepossession* in my favour, totally detached from all mercenary considerations. Now I have a scheme in my head, Jenkins, towards the execution of which, you must lend me your assistance.”

“ I am always ready, you know, my Lord, to obey your commands.”

“ I have

" I have ever found you so. Your son is just come from France. *Tom* is no coxcomb; but he can play the part of a coxcomby man of fashion in a masterly manner. My design is, that *Tom* shall personate *me*, while I pass for a decayed gentleman, belonging to him,—an humble friend, an obsequious companion. I have reason to believe, from Miss Flowerdale's looks and behaviour yesterday, that I am quite a stranger to her; and it must be my business to keep her ignorant of my rank in life, till I have made an impression on her heart. The moment I am sure of having gained my point I shall unmask."

Lord Fairfield having, in this manner, disclosed his scheme to Mr. Jenkins, he readily came into it, adding, that he would answer for his son's doing his best in the part intended for him.

Miss Flowerdale was as much struck with Lord Fairfield as he had been with her: she had never seen him before; but she went home, wishing with some anxiety to see him again, so powerfully had his fine person, elegant manners, and polite conversation, (for he had an opportunity of paying a few respectful civilities to her, without being guilty of impertinence) recommended him to her attention. A widow lady, whom Mrs. Flowerdale visited

visited in the neighbourhood, had taken her and Cecilia to the course; and it was by the unruliness of one of the horses, that Lord Fairfield had the first opportunity to enter into a conversation with the latter, who was much frightened upon the occasion, and whom he greatly relieved by his affiduities.

Mrs. Flowerdale observing that her daughter was very low spirited during their ride home, asked her several times, whether she was not well; and Mrs. Hughes, the lady in whose carriage they were, joined her interrogatories; but Cecilia evaded the discovery of her feelings, by imputing her dejection to the deep impression which the fright had made on her.

In a few days afterwards, a smart young fellow, well mounted, and genteelly dressed in a laced frock, accompanied by a gentleman in plain cloaths, whom he treated like a led captain, and attended by a servant, made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale's small but comfortable habitation.

Cecilia was making up a nosegay when they approached. At the sight of the gentleman whom she had seen at the races, the flowers which she
had

had in her hands dropped to the floor: she started, and ran immediately to her mother, in an adjoining apartment, to express her surprize:—her pleasure she kept to herself.

The smart young fellow having asked if Mrs. Flowerdale was at home, and being answered in the affirmative, dismounted with agility, and entered the parlour, to which the servant conducted him, followed by his companion.

They had not been many minutes in the room before Mrs. Flowerdale came in to them.

“ I beg ten thousand pardons, madam,” said the laced gentleman, “ for making this visit with so much abruptness, as I believe I am an entire stranger to you; but I hope the occasion of it will render any apology unnecessary. Lord Fairfield would not have been so troublesome, if he had not been too much charmed with the beauty of Miss Flowerdale, to be able to remain any longer without intreating you to let him pay his addresses to her. Yes, Madam; I am desperately in love with your amiable daughter, and if you will allow me to repeat my visits as a lover, and consent to her being Lady Fairfield, you will make me the happiest man in the three kingdoms.”

Mrs,

Mrs. Flowerdale was under no small astonishment during the first part of this speech; but another passion took possession of her, as the speaker proceeded, and announced the errand on which he waited on her. According to the description which she had heard of the young Lord Fairfield, for she had never seen him, he was the man, so that she did not suspect his individuality; and she was too much flattered by the conclusion of his address, not to return a very gracious and encouraging reply.

Mrs. Flowerdale, having paid all her attention to his supposed Lordship, had overlooked his companion; but just when she was going to bid her servant call Cecilia down, she recollected the gentleman who had been so obliging to her daughter upon the *course*, and repeated her acknowledgments to him for his politeness.

When Cecilia came into the room, her cheeks were covered with blushes at the sight of *him*, who had occasioned a great disturbance in her gentle bosom, and trembled to such a degree, that she could hardly support herself.

“ Lord Fairfield, my dear,” said Mrs. Flowerdale, “ does me the honour to desire me to admit

mit him as a lover to you. His Lordship has sufficiently apologized for the abruptness of his first appearance in this house; and I expect you to be sufficiently sensible of the distinguishing compliment he pays us both by coming to our poor retreat."

Cecilia, while her mother talked in this strain, stood with her eyes riveted on the floor. She had once timidly raised them after her entrance; but as they met those of *him* who was not the object of her mother's regard, she threw them down again, and from that instant looked exactly like the statue of Modesty, in the first style of sculpture.

"Well, madam," said the supposed Lord Fairfield, "I see your amiable daughter is embarrassed at the suddenness of my proceedings; I will, therefore, wait on her to-morrow, hoping to find her less disconcerted at the sight of me." Then making respectful bows to Mrs. Flowerdale and to Cecilia, he remounted, and rode away.

When he was gone, Cecilia received a pretty sharp lecture from her mother, whose vanity was excessively flattered on the prospect of so brilliant an alliance. "How could you behave so ridicu-

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lously,

lously, child? you looked like a downright fool; but I hope you will behave with more propriety, and find your tongue. Consider, Cecy, what a prodigious match this will be for you. Lord Fairfield is, I swear, a mighty pretty Gentleman, and seems to be extremely good-natured.

Cecilia, with the greatest earnestness imaginable, begged to be excused from seeing his Lordship again, as she could not possibly think of admitting his addresses; and being closely pressed to give her reason for standing so much in her own light, frankly owned that *Mr. Darby* had made too great an impression on her heart to be effaced.

This reply only served to exasperate her mother against her. “ Why, sure, child, you are not in your senses, to prefer a Lord’s toad-eater to himself; it is easy to see, by the manner of Lord Fairfield’s behaviour to Mr. Darby, on what sort of a footing he is with him.”

The next morning, the supposed Lord Fairfield made his appearance at Mrs. Flowerdale’s without his companion, and exerted all his powers to make himself agreeable in Cecilia’s eyes, but in vain: he repeated his visits several days with the
like

like success. He made not the least progress as a lover.

Lord Fairfield, being at length fully convinced, from the reception which young Jenkins met with, and from many corroborating circumstances, that he stood very high in Cecilia's esteem, appeared one day at Mrs. Flowerdale's door in a superb equipage, and richly dressed. His arrival in that style soon produced a discovery; which, though totally unexpected, was altogether pleasing. In a short time afterwards Cecilia became Lady Fairfield, and acquitted herself so well in the sphere of life to which she was raised, that she added a lustre to her coronet, and enjoyed all the felicity with the most indulgent of husbands, which she truly deserved.

ANECDOTE

OF MRS. PRITCHARD AND A FIDDLER.

THE celebrated actress Mrs. Pritchard, having retired with her family, during the summer, into a country village, took a fancy to see a play acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the best and most conspicuous seats in the little theatre. The scenes were made of paste-

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board,

board, and the clothes such as the Manager could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was filled with one single crowdero. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best.—Mrs. Pritchard, instead of taking up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly at the business of the scene, that the country audience were offended. Somebody present happened to know the great actress, and the fiddler asking her name, was told that she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the Theatre-Royal, in London.—“ I will give her a hint presently,” (said Crowdero), and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar’s Opera :

“ Through all the employments of life,

“ Each neighbour abuses his brother, &c.”

“ Come, let’s be gone, (said Mrs. Pritchard) we are discovered; that fiddler is clever;” and as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped Crowdero a curtesy, and thanked him for his admonition.

TRUE MEEKNESS.

ME EKNESS, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. She who hears innocence

ence maligned, without vindicating it; falsehood asserted, without contradicting it; or religion prophaned, without resenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

Meekness is imperfect if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentment of others. If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a profitable account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like the spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking.

True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchemy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances: "It will
suck

suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smooths every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress. Honours and dignities are transient; beauty and riches frail and fugacious; but this amiable virtue is permanent. And surely the truly wise would wish to have some one possession which they may call their own in the severest exigencies. This can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

THE TOILET LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is my earnest wish to make a strong impression on the minds of my fair readers, because men have always found the influence of their conduct great and irresistible.

Frail daughter of Eve! that vice which renders the most beautiful among you disgusting, which debases the most exalted, is

GAMING.

It is this vice that poisons your minds, and makes you forget all the amiable obligations of wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend.

It is this vice obliterates the gratitude you owe the Deity.

It is this vice destroys your taste for intellectual elegance.

This vice is the source of continual unhappiness.

Read the following example:



THE STORY OF MISS BRADDOCK.

Miss Frances Braddock was the admiration of every polite circle.—Her person was elegant, her face beautiful, and her mind accomplished.

She unhappily spent a season at Bath. The whole *beau monde* courted her acquaintance.—She gave the *ton* not only to the fashion but to the sentiments of every assembly. Her taste was admirable, her wit was brilliant.

Her father, at his death, bequeathed twelve thousand pounds between her and her sister, besides
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a considerable sum to her brother, the late General Braddock, who was cut off with a whole party, on an American expedition against the Cherokee Indians.

Four years after the death of her father, she lost her sister, by which her fortune was doubled,—but alas! in the course of a month, by a constant application to cards, she lost the whole.

She fell under the infatuation of her own opinion—She conceived that *judgment* was sufficient, being totally ignorant of *unfair practice*.

Her misfortune preyed upon her mind, nor did she communicate the cause even to her most confidential friends for a considerable time, till at last her mind being unequal to struggle with accumulating adversity, she declared to an intimate female, that the world should never be sensible of her necessities, however extreme they might be.

Notwithstanding her caution, her poverty became known, and her sensibility was daily injured by the real and fictitious condolence of her acquaintance, which stimulated her to the rash resolve of terminating her anxiety, by putting an end to her existence.

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On the night of perpetrating the act of suicide, she retired to her chamber in apparent good health, and in full possession of her senses.—Her attendants left her in bed with a candle lighted, as was usual, and having locked the door, put the key under it.

Miss Braddock always opened her chamber door in the morning to admit her attendants, but the next morning the maid coming as usual, and not hearing her mistress stir, retired till near two o'clock in the afternoon, when being alarmed at receiving no answer to her calling, she employed a man to climb in at the window, when the horrid catastrophe of her mistress was discovered; and the following facts appeared in the evidence upon the view of the Coroner's inquest.

After the departure of the maid on this night, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading, as a book was discovered lying open upon her dressing-table. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and silver girdle together, and hanged herself on a closet door in the following manner:—at one end of the girdle she tied three knots, each about an inch asunder, that if one slipped, another might hold; opening the

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door,

door, she put the knotty end over, and then locked it, to secure the girdle, at the other end of which she made a noose, put it about her neck, and dropping herself off a chair, accomplished her fatal purpose. She hung with her back to the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands. She bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead, supposed to have been occasioned by the breaking of a red girdle, on which she had tried the first experiment, and which was afterwards found in her pocket, with a noose upon it. The Coroner's inquest being called, they returned their verdict *non compos mentis*. On the day after she was decently buried in the abbey church, by the side of her brave old father, who happily did not live to weep over the misfortunes of his children.

In her window were found written the following lines:

O Death! thou pleasing end to human woe!
 Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
 Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Thus, by an act of *self-murder*, or of *madness*, a young lady, in the 23d year of her age, in the full possession

possession of personal charms, sensibility, and virtue, lost her life, by an unhappy infatuation to a fashionable vice.

O cards! ye vain diverters of our woe!
 Ye waste of life! ye greatest curse below!
 May beauty never fall again your slave,
 Nor your delusion thus destroy the brave.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN his last illness, the King endured many restless nights: it was his custom to converse with the servant who sat up with him, by way of entertainment. He said, one night, "I cannot enjoy the least repose—do relate something to me."—The poor servant, an honest young Pomeranian, was doubtless at a loss how to amuse the King, wherefore he kindly furnished him with a subject, by asking, "From whence do you come?"—"From a little village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning." "How much does she gain daily by it?"

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"Sixpence."

“Sixpence.” “But she cannot live well on that?”
 “In Pomerania it is cheap living.” “Did you
 never send her any thing?” “O yes! I have
 sent her at different times a few dollars.” “That
 was bravely done, you are a good boy. You
 have a deal of trouble with me—have patience—
 I shall endeavour to lay something by for you, if
 you behave well.” Thus the conversation ended.
 A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian’s
 turn to sit up with the King, he called him to his
 bed-side, and said, “Look in that window, and
 you will find something which I have laid by for
 you.” The lad seeing many pieces of gold, was
 doubtful whether to take them all: at last he went
 to the King, with two in his hand, and said, “Am
 I to have these?” “Yes,” replied the good mo-
 narch, “all of them, and your mother has re-
 ceived some likewise.” The boy on enquiry
 heard, to his great joy and surprize, she had 100
 rix dollars settled on her for life.

HE

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN,
WITH REGARD TO THE GENERAL LAWS
OF THE UNIVERSE,

A Reason why he should be contented with his present State.

SAY first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know!
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

Presumptuous

Prefumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', beings', use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd by his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

THE ANGEL AND THE HERMIT.

A Certain person had embraced the life of a
hermit from his earliest years. It often
happens that alone, in a wood, one may enjoy
more happiness than in the society of a convent,
or even than in that of the wide world. This her-
mit, for a long course of years, had mortified
himself

himself and fasted, to purify his soul. Watching and labour, heat and cold, all extremes were grown familiar to him; but after so long a penitence, he began at last to think that he had not been sufficiently recompensed by God, and to murmur that he had not been raised to one of those enviable conditions to which he was often a witness when gathering his food. "What!" said he, "does the Almighty load with blessings such persons as neglect him, and leave another that serves him faithfully in wretchedness and want? Why did he not create the world an equal benefit to all mankind? why so unequal a partition of good and evil? so strange a distribution confounds me!

As the good man, in the course of his reclusive life, had acquired but little experience, this consideration gave him much embarrassment. He was indeed so much puzzled by it, that he resolved at last to visit the world, and to seek for a solution of his doubts. He accordingly took a staff and set forward on his journey.

He had proceeded but a little way from his cell, when he was met by a young man, of a very agreeable mien and well-proportioned figure, holding a javelin in his hand. His dress was that of a serjeant at arms, and he seemed to belong to the
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the train of some rich Lord. It was an Angel, who had concealed himself in that disguise, in order to pass undiscovered. They saluted each other, and entered into conversation. "Who is your master," said the Hermit? "Sir, it is he who is Master of the whole world." "For a certainty, you could not have a better. And where are you going thus equipped?" "I have in this quarter a great variety of acquaintance, and I am going to visit them. But it is disagreeable to travel alone, and I wish to have some person to accompany me. You will confer a lasting obligation on me, if you will do me that favour." The hermit, whose project would be greatly facilitated by such visits, readily agreed to the proposal; and they proceeded together.

The night overtook them, before they could get clear of the wood.—Fortunately they descried a hermitage, whither they went to beg a lodging. The hermit gave them as good a reception as his hut could afford; he spread great plenty of his frugal fare before them; but when they came to say grace, the travellers remarked, that instead of praying like them, the hermit was busy in wiping and rubbing a cup made of curious wood, which he kept by him, and drank out of during the repast.

The angel observed where he laid it up; and rising softly in the night, took and hid it: and the next morning, on setting off, without saying a word, carried it along with him. On the road he mentioned the circumstance to his companion, who was quite indignant at his behaviour, and wanted to go back and return the cup to the hermit. " Hold," said the angel; " I have my reasons for acting in this manner; and you shall in due time be made acquainted with them. Perhaps you may have further motives hereafter for wondering at my conduct; but know that whatever you see me do, it is not without sufficient cause, and remember that you be not scandalized at it." The hermit on this reproof was silent: he bowed and pursued his journey.

A prodigious fall of rain, which continued the whole day, wet them entirely through their cloaths, they not being able to obtain any shelter. Night being come, fatigued and half dead with cold, they entered a town; and as neither of them had money, they were obliged to go from house to house, asking in the name of God for an asylum. Every where they met with a refusal, for as we observe people in general love money still better than they do God, the case was much the same at that time. The rain still pouring down, they
thought

thought it best to go and take their seat upon the ground, under a flight of stone steps.

These steps formed part of a tolerably handsome house belonging to an old usurer, a very rich man, but one who would not part with a farthing to get his father into Paradise. The avaricious landlord shewed his head for a moment at the window; when our travellers representing to him the sad condition they were in, supplicated him through charity to grant them a place to lie in. He made them no answer; but shut the window and retired.

“Brother,” said the Angel, “let us remain here, since we can procure no better accommodation; this pent-house will at least protect us from the rain.” But a female servant, who overheard their complaints, and came to examine the cause, admitted them into the house. She gave them a little straw, and they lay down upon it under the staircase. A few minutes afterwards, she brought them a small dish of pease, the remains of the miser’s supper; and in this manner they passed the night, without fire, without light, and almost perishing with cold and moisture.

On the dawn of day, the hermit wanted to depart." "No," said the angel; "I will not go away, till I have taken leave of my host, and thanked him for his hospitality." He went immediately to find him, and, as a mark of his gratitude, begged his acceptance of a small present; which was no other than the cup which he had stolen the day before from the hermit. The usurer did not hesitate to accept it. He wished them a good journey, and assured them that if, on their return, they brought him some other trifling boon, they should be provided with the same lodging.

When they were clear of the town, the hermit could not help declaring his astonishment to his companion: "You want to put me to the proof, I imagine," said he, "when you behave in this strange manner! you steal from that good old man who entertained us so hospitably, merely to give to that blood-sucker who denied us shelter.—Is it your maxim to act in opposition to the practice of other men?"—"I have already warned you to be circumspect in your conclusions," answered the angel; "consider you have passed all your life in woods, and that you have had no experience of the world. Once more I desire you to follow me, and be surprized at nothing."

The

The third night they went to take up their lodging in a rich monastery. They were received charitably, and served with abundance; but the next morning, the angel, before his departure, set fire to the straw of his bed, and took off his companion along with him. As they were ascending a hill, at some distance, he desired the hermit to turn his head and look behind them. By this time the flames had reached the battlements of the monastery; all was on fire. The hermit, at the sight, threw out a loud cry, "Wretch that I am! behold me now an incendiary; whither shall I fly? where hide myself?" In saying which he rolled himself upon the earth, struck his breast, and cursed the hour when he fell in with a man so abominable. "It is in vain that I warn you," said the angel; "you again relapse into your former error: but for the last time I caution you to be attentive and follow me peaceably."

He was at no loss for a lodging that night, but took up his abode, with the hermit, at the house of a reputable tradesman. This was a respectable old man, grown grey with years; he lived in a pious manner with his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and a child of ten years, the only product of his marriage, and the consolation of his age.—He prepared an entertainment for his guests, himself

self washed their feet, insisted on their eating with him at table; and the next day, at parting, embraced them, and bade them a kind adieu.

To gain the high road it was necessary for them to pass through the whole town, and to cross a river by which it was bounded on one side.—The Angel pretending that he was not well acquainted with the streets, prevailed on the good man to permit his son to accompany them as far as the bridge, and put them in the right road. The zealous host went immediately and awakened the boy; who got up with alacrity to attend the two travellers. But when they came upon the bridge, and the boy was taking leave of them, the Angel, giving him a sudden push, plunged the youth headlong into the river, where he was swallowed up and disappeared. “I am satisfied with what I have done; are you also contented?” said he to the hermit. This last, at hearing his words, seized with dismay and terror, began to run with all his might, and never stopped till he had got a considerable way into the country. There he sat down to fetch breath, and to lament his fate.—What have I been doing? unhappy, miserable mortal! I abandoned my cell, where I might have served God all my life in peace; and he has, as a punishment for my folly, delivered me over
to

to a dæmon, and made me an accomplice of his hellish crimes!"

He was about to proceed in his lamentation, when the Angel, who had followed him to set him right, instantly appeared, and addressed him as follows: " Friend, listen to me. . The mysterious plans of the Almighty on earth gave you offence in your cell. You dared to call in question his wisdom, and to prepare yourself to consult earthly beings, and to endeavour sounding the impenetrable abysses of his councils. You had perished that moment, if his justice had given you up.— But he was disposed to employ an angel to enlighten you; and it is I who have been charged with that duty. In vain have I endeavoured to shew you that world which you sought without knowing it: my lessons have not been understood; and I must explain myself more clearly."

He then entered into the particulars of his conduct, and the explanation of his motives for acting in the manner he had done. He spoke of the puerile attachment of the hermit for his cup. " You saw," said he, " that vile object occupy his heart, and make him forget the holy obligation of prayer. Henceforward, now that he is deprived of it, his mind, free from all other affections,

tions, may be entirely devoted to God. I gave the usurer the cup, as a return for the reception he was obliged to give us at his house; because God leaves no good action unrewarded; but it is the only recompence that man will receive: his avarice will one day be punished. The Monks, whose convent I reduced to ashes, were at first poor and laborious, and consequently led an exemplary life. Enriched by the indiscreet liberalities of believers, they have been corrupted; for it is a misfortune in Monks to be rich. In that place which they had erected for their abode, their whole time was occupied in schemes for extending their possessions, or in intrigues to supplant each other in the offices of the monastery. If they appeared in their hall, it was only to hear tales, or to pass their time in trifling amusements. Institutions, rules, church regulations, duties, all were neglected. God, to correct them, thought proper to reduce them to their former poverty. They will rebuild a monastery that will be less magnificent; this work will afford subsistence to many labourers and poor artists; and they themselves, being obliged, as in their first state, to cultivate the earth, will become possessed of more humility and goodness."

" You

“ You force my approbation of your conduct,” answered the hermit; “ but why did you destroy that innocent child, who seemed so eager to render us a service? why deprive of its only comfort the old age of that respectable man, whose benevolence we experienced?” “ That old man, by whom we were received only because I took the shape of one whom he knew, had for thirty years been employed in acts of charity. Never did the poor present themselves in vain at his door; he even stinted himself to supply them. But since he has had a son, and particularly since that son has begun to grow up, his blind fondness urging him to amass a large patrimony for the youth to inherit, he has become austere and avaricious.— Day and night his thoughts have been engaged on profit; and soon he would have laid aside all sense of shame, and turned usurer. The child, dying in innocence, has been received in heaven; the father having no longer any motive for avarice, will recur to his old praiseworthy maxims; both will be saved; and without what you called an atrocious crime both of them had perished. Such are the secret designs of God, since you wish to know them. But remember that you called them in question; repair to your cell and repent. For my part, I must return to heaven.

I

In

In saying these last words, the Angel threw off his earthly disguise, and disappeared. The hermit, prostrating his face upon the earth, thanked the Almighty for his paternal reprimand. He then returned to his hermitage; where he passed the remainder of his days in so much sanctity, that he merited not only forgiveness of his error, but also the recompence promised to a virtuous life.

ODE TO REFLECTION.

'T WAS when Nature's darling child,
 Flora, fann'd by zephyrs mild,
 The gorgeous canopy outspread
 O'er the sun's declining head,
 Winding from the buz of day,
 Thus a bard attun'd his lay:
 Noblest gifts to mortals given,
 Bright reflection! child of Heav'n,
 Goddess of the speaking eye,
 Glancing thro' eternity,
 Rob'd in intellectual light,
 Come, with all thy charms bedight:
 Tho' nor fame nor splendid worth
 Mark thy humble vot'ry's birth,
 Snatch'd by thee from cank'ring care,
 I defy the fiend Despair;

All

All the joys that Bacchus loves,
 All inglorious pleasure proves;
 All the fleeting modish toys
 Buoy'd by Folly's frantic noise,
 All, except the sacred lore,
 Flowing from thy boundless store!
 For when thy bright form appears,
 Even wild Confusion hears;
 Chaos glows, impervious Night
 Shrinks from thy all-piercing fight.
 Yet! alas! what vain extremes
 Mortals prove in Error's schemes,
 Sunk profound in torpor's trance,
 Or with levity they dance;
 Or in murmurs deep, the soul
 Thinks it's bliss beyond the pole,
 Bounding swift o'er time and place,
 Vacant still thro' boundless space,
 Leaving happiness at home;
 Thus the mental vagrants roam.
 But when thou, with sober mien,
 Deign'st to bless this wayward scene,
 Like Aurora shining clear,
 O'er th' ideal hemisphere;
 Who but hears a soothing strain
 Warbling "Heav'n's ways are plain?"
 Who but hears the charmer say,
 "These obscure the living ray?"

Self-love, the foulest imp of night,
 That ever stain'd the virgin light;
 Coward wretch, who shuns to share,
 Or soothe the woes which others bear;
 Envy, with an eagle's eye,
 Scandal's tales that never die;
 Int'rest vile with countless tongues,
 Trembling for ideal wrongs;
 Flatt'ry base, with supple knee,
 Cringing low servility;
 Prejudice, with eyes askew,
 Still suspecting aught that's new;
 Would but men from these refrain,
 Eden's bowers would bloom again;
 Doubts in embryo melt away,
 Truth's eternal sun-beams play.

WHAT HAVE YE DONE?

WHEN the Philosophers of the last age were
 first congregated into the Royal Society,
 great expectations were raised of the sudden pro-
 gress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be
 near when engines should turn by a perpetual
 motion, and health be secured by the universal
 medicine; when learning should be facilitated by
 a real character, and commerce extended by ships
 which

which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But improvement is naturally slow. The Society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not ploughed brought no harvest, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At last, those who were disappointed began to be angry; those likewise who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears, from some of their earliest apologies, that the Philosophers felt, with great sensibility, the unwelcome importunities of those who were daily asking "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been suffered to promise; and the question could only be answered by general apologies, and by new hopes, which, when they were frustrated, gave a new occasion to the same vexatious enquiry.

This fatal question has disturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of
his

his life too strictly enquires what he has done, can very seldom receive from his own heart such an account as will give him satisfaction.

We do not indeed so often disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise; and when our days and years are passed away in common business or common amusements, and we find at last that we have suffered our purposes to sleep till the time of action is past, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial: they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpose he came into the world; he will repine that he shall
leave

leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the system of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.

From this mistaken notion of human greatness it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wisdom so loudly declare that they despise themselves. If I had ever found any of the self-contemners much irritated or pained by the consciousness of their meanness, I should have given them consolation by observing, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who, with respect to the multitudes about him, is himself little more than nothing. Every man is obliged, by the supreme Master of the Universe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small, and his opportunities

portunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature; he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with respect to mortals like himself, may demand, like Augustus, to be dismissed at his departure with applause.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Field-Marshal Fretag was taken prisoner at Rexpoede, the French Hussar who seized him, perceiving that he had a valuable watch, said, "Give me your watch." The Marshal instantly complied with the demand of his captor. A short time after, when he was liberated by General Walmoden, and the French Hussar had become a prisoner in his turn, the latter, with great unconcern, pulled the Marshal's watch out of his pocket, and presenting it to him, said, "Since fate has turned against me, take back this watch, it belonged to you, and it would not be so well to let others strip me of it."

Marshal Fretag, admiring this principled conduct of the *Sans Culotte*, who did not know him, took

took back the watch, and immediately after presented it to the Frenchman, saying, "Keep the watch; it shall not be mine, for I have been your prisoner."

To the NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c.

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF

WANT and MISERY.

WHILE thro' the drear of frost and snow,
Shiv'ring and starving now we go,
O cast a tender eye!
For this good end your wealth was giv'n;
You are the delegates of Heav'n,
To stop the heart-felt sigh!

While cloth'd in fur you stand elate,
You cannot feel our wretched state,
You cannot form our woe;
Yet must each sympathetic breast,
When once it hears how we're distress'd,
And how forlorn we go,

When cold and hunger both prevail,
And both with equal force assail
To wound a mortal frame,

K

Bring

Bring to each mind a horrid view,
A scene as horrid as 'tis true,
And almost wants a name.

The parent hears his offspring cry,
The children watch the parent's eye,
And catch the falling tear;
They echo back each dismal groan,
'Till soon one universal moan
And sorrow rends the air.

Tho' worthless objects may be found,
Who justly feel the piercing wound,
Yet be their faults their own;
Leave them to Heav'n while you dispense
Those blessings you've receiv'd from thence,
And gain th' immortal crown.

How many pray'rs you'll then obtain!
How many blessings not in vain,
Unworthily bestow'd!
From morn to night, from night to day,
Poor Want and Misery will pray,
To bless the great and good.

SPIRITUAL

SPIRITUAL FELICITY.

WITH regard to Spiritual Felicity, we are not confined to humble views.—Clear and determinate objects are proposed to our pursuits, and full scope is given to our most ardent desires. The forgiveness of our sins, and God's holy grace to guide our life; the protection and favour of the great Father of all, of the blessed Redeemer of mankind, and of the spirit of sanctification and comfort; these are objects in the pursuit of which there is no room for hesitation and distrust.

Had Providence spread an equal obscurity over happiness of every kind, we might have had some reason to complain of the vanity of our condition. But we are not left to so hard a fate. The Son of God hath removed that veil which covered true bliss from the search of wandering mortals, and hath taught them the way which leads to eternal life.

AN ESSAY
ON THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

HAIL sacred pages! Oracles divine,
Here law und gospel in coition join,
To teach the world of nature (this short plan),
Man's duty to his God, God's love to man.
Moses, the prophet, was of old inspir'd,
To write the law as God the Lord requir'd;
To be observ'd by all the Jewish train;
Bulls, rams, and goats, were on their altars slain;
Kids, lambs, and heifers, thus resign'd their breath,
And shew'd by faith, Messiah's wond'rous death.
By faith the patr'archs gain'd their blest abode,
(With saints and angels they enjoy'd their God;)
Trusting in the Redeemer yet to come,
T' appear in flesh from the blest virgin's womb;
To save rebellious man from wrath below,
And crowns immortal on their heads bestow.
Hark!—Hark! what joy serene accosts my ear?
The night's far spent, I think the dawn appear;
Peep out my soul of thy bewilder'd state,
And catch the heav'n-born news ere it grows late.
Spring from my breast in raptures! oh the thought!
Behold good tidings of great joy is brought;
Which

Which shall be to all people their reward,
 A Saviour's born, no less than Christ the Lord.
 The glorious heav'nly host, on rapid wing,
 Sang praises to the God of Israel's King,
 Who dwells on high; peace ever be on earth,
 Good-will to men summ'd up their godly mirth.
 Then swift as thought fled to the realms above,
 With tidings of salvation, peace and love.
 Thus good old Simeon did the child embrace,
 Now let thy servant, Lord, depart in peace;
 My lifted eyes hath thy salvation seen,
 A light prepar'd to light the Gentiles in.
 With heavenly raptures! lo, his soul was fill'd,
 And to Death's cold embraces then did yield.
 Jesus in wisdom daily did increase,
 Esteem'd by God and man, great Prince of Peace;
 His precepts far excell'd all human thought,
 Which he affirm'd by th' miracles he wrought,
 Casting out devils; by his pow'rful might,
 He rais'd the dead, restor'd the blind to sight.
 Whilst impious Jews, who, with malignant strife,
 Disown'd their King, enrag'd, they fought his life.
 Christ in the agonizing garden pray'd,
 To have this bitter cup remov'd; then said,
 O Father, not my will, but thine be done,
 Whilst drops of blood from his blest cheeks did run.
 While thus he spake, a multitude appear'd,
 With swords and staves these caitiffs were prepar'd;
Then

Then perjur'd Judas in their front drew nigh,
 And with a kiss betray'd his Lord most high.
 Into the hands of sinners, lo, he's hurl'd,
 As if the greatest sinner in the world;
 Beat and insulted by this rabble crowd,
 Accus'd with blasphemy, and mock'd aloud;
 Dress'd in a purple robe which Herod found,
 With thorns his glorious sacred head was crown'd.
 When at the bar of men Christ was arraign'd,
 Their witness prov'd absurd, and counsel feign'd;
 Thrice Pilate did his innocence declare,
 In this just man no fault at all appear.
 Whilst Jews like Dæmons vent their cruel rage,
 Cry'd out for blood, their brutish thirst t' assuage,
 Pilate, through fear a tumult would arise,
 Join'd with these miscreants, and receiv'd their lies;
 A murd'ring robber by him was set free,
 That Christ might die on the accursed tree.
 (View, O my soul! thy Saviour thus abus'd,
 Make no reply. tho' impiously accus'd!
 He's lowly, meek, and calm on ev'ry side,
 Learn thou from hence to mortify thy pride.)
 Behold him on the cross resign his breath,
 And how his glorious sacred head to death.
 Stupendous condescension! love and grace,
 That God the Son did thus himself abase;
 He left his Father's bosom to assume
 Our mortal rags, and suffer'd in our room;

He

He shed his precious blood to satisfy
 His Father's justice, and bring sinners nigh
 To God the Father; in, and through the Son,
 We're justified by faith in him alone.
 Within the silent tomb awhile he lay,
 Conceal'd by death, 'till the third glorious day;
 On which he rose triumphant from below,
 Wreath'd with a crown immortal on his brow.
 He burst the bonds of death, the grave, and hell;
 Beneath his pow'r their mightiest efforts fell.
 The mighty Conqu'ror up the ætherial sky
 Ascended, to the blissful realms on high;
 Upon a throne of grace, at God's right hand,
 He ever lives; there pleads for sinful man,
 Till the dissolving heav'ns with fire abound,
 And clashing elements their noise resound;
 The sun be darken'd, and the earth be burn'd,
 The moon to blood oblit'rately be turn'd;
 He'll then descend from Heav'n in glorious state,
 And summons all t'appear, both small and great.
 Their scatter'd dust, which hath for ages lain,
 Shall then be join'd and rais'd to life again,
 To hear their final everlasting doom,
 From him who knows all things past, present, and
 to come.
 Happy! thrice happy they who serv'd the Lord,
 But sinners will receive their just reward.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson had an audience of the King, by appointment, in the Queen's library, in the course of conversation his Majesty asked him, " why he did not continue writing?" " Why, Sire," says Johnson, " I thought I had written enough!" " So should I have thought too, Doctor," replied the King, " if you had not written so well."

A PRAYER

OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

O THOU eternal, incomprehensible Being, who art the fountain of mercy, and the source of love; thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels: the seed of virtue is sown even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee, I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinions does not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please?—
 Shall

Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword? O Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbour in my breast! I will try to be like Thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection; I will be as indulgent as Thou to all men whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsions in point of conscience shall be banished for ever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue, and to detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, Thou Eternal Being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in the judgment deserve expulsion from society? and is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a proper sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects for ever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt; and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers: But may thy almighty power never forsake me! O Thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolu-

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tions

tions with thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle; and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. *Amen.*

AN ANECDOTE

RELATING EDUCATION IN THE DAYS OF
ALFRED AND CHARLEMAGNE.

BOTH Alfred and Charlemagne provided masters for their sons, as soon as ever their tender age would allow it; and had them carefully trained up in the equal discipline of arms and hunting, and while these were the principal objects of their active life, Charlemagne was never taught to write, nor Alfred to read till he was thirty-eight, and the former continued unable to write as long as he lived.

The FOLLY of FREE-THINKING:

AN ANECDOTE.

THE late Mr. Mallet was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions whenever

whenever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say, 'Sir, we Deists.' The lecture upon the non-credence of the Freethinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends.—At first the man was fullen, and would answer no questions; but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, "Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well; but you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?" "Sir," said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, 'what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?

ANECDOTE OF BOYCE.

WHEN Boyce, author of some very elegant verses, was almost perishing with hunger, being relieved by Dr. Johnson, who gave him a guinea to buy a piece of beef, and procure other necessaries, he could not eat it without ketchup, and laid out the last half guinea he possessed in truffles and mushrooms, eating them in bed too, for want of cloaths, or even a shirt to fit up in.

Singular and laughable Instance of
IGNORANCE.

DOCTOR Johnson, whilst he was a teacher of youth, had two very good classick scholars, yet, it was thought necessary that something more familiar should be known, and he bid them read the History of England. After a few months had elapsed, he asked them, "if they could recollect who first destroyed the monasteries in our island? One modestly replied, that he did not know; the other said, Jesus Christ.

A HYMN to the MORNING.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! Aurora rise,
Thy cheering course to run,
With lustre crimson o'er the skies,
And usher in the sun.

Thy balmy breath's refreshing pow'r
Shall soon revive the plain;
Awake the sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
And gladden ev'ry strain..

The virgin, yet untaught to sigh,
Shall lightly tread the vale;
And raise with joy the tearless eye,
To bid thy presence hail.

Come, modest maid, with blushes speak,
In all thy roses drest;
Diffusing health to ev'ry cheek,
And peace on ev'ry breast.

Come, Morning! come, which heav'n design'd
Its choicest gifts to bear;
And kindly teach the human mind
To worship and revere.

In

In wonder wrapt let nature stand,
 To think how much she owes;
 And learn to praise the gracious hand,
 From whence the blessing flows.

An ESSAY on LIGHT.

WHEN God had spoken into being that illustrious globe of light, the Sun, every dark orb in the new-created system was so illuminated, as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vast variety of entertaining wonders, with which the creation was to be replenished.

Light, indeed, according to the Mosaic account, existed antecedent to the creation of the sun, and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate succession of day and night.—God himself enlightened it, his spirit moved upon the surface of the chaotic mass, and divided the light from the darkness.

When these divine beams were suspended, the same almighty power was pleased to supply their want by fixing the sun in the mighty void to give light upon the earth; whereas, if the world had been left in its original state, our very eyes would
 have

have been but a useless ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the solar rays stream swiftly from their blazing fountain, and, by a regular and constant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is so swift, and their quantity of matter so minute, that when they come within the sphere, they are out of the force of the earth's attraction; otherwise they would actually move about her with a compound motion, and make a perpetual sunshine.

Many of these rambling effluvia, in their passage from the sun, unavoidably miss our world, travel on from system to system, and lose themselves in the pathless regions of empty space; but here they never stream in vain; like so many ready obsequious servants, they visit every object, fly to us unasked, and pleasantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

MR. Morlan, first physician to the Duchess of Burgundy, going one day to the Prince's with a sword, was jocose upon his adjustment, and said, " Monseigneur, do not you think I resemble

seem Captain Spezzaferro of the Italian comedy?" "It is impossible to resemble him less," answered the Prince; "Spezzaferro never killed any body."

ANECDOTE.

WHEN George the Second proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raised; and the Duke of N——, in particular, begged his Majesty to consider, that the man was actually mad. "If he be mad, so much the better," replied the King, "as in that case, I hope to God he'll bite some of my Generals."

The following melancholy Accident shews that a TYGER is not always deterred from approaching FIRE.

A Small vessel from Ganjam to Calcutta, being longer on her passage than was expected, ran out of provisions and water: Being near the Sugar Island, the Europeans, six in number, went on shore in search of refreshments, there being
some

some cocoa-nuts on the island, in quest of which they strayed a considerable way inland. Night coming on, and the vessel being at a distance, it was thought more safe to take up their night's lodging in the ruins of an old pagoda, than to return to the vessel. A large fire was lighted, and an agreement made, that two of the number should keep watch by turns, to alarm the rest in case of danger, which they had reason to apprehend from the wild appearance of the place. It happened to fall to the lot of one Dawson, late a silversmith and engraver in Calcutta, to be one of the watch. In the night, a tyger darted over the fire, upon this unfortunate young man, and in springing off with him, struck its head against the side of the pagoda, which made it and its prey rebound upon the fire, on which they rolled one over another once or twice before he was carried off. In the morning, the thigh-bones and legs of the unfortunate victim were found at some distance, the former stript of its flesh, and the latter shockingly mangled.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK, THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

KING Frederick William the First ordered our hero once to sit before the court painter, Huber, in order to have his likeness, with the rest of the family, which were designed for a present. However unwilling, the Prince was obliged to obey his father's commands. He therefore went to Huber, sat down, took his flute from his pocket, played a tune, and got up, saying, "Tell my father I have been sitting," and went away. He seemed to have a dislike against Huber; for some years after his accession to the throne, the conversation turning on painters, Huber's name was mentioned: "I do not know him," said the King; "perhaps he may have painted a gateway after the life."

ANECDOTE OF AN INNKEEPER

IN A VILLAGE NEAR NORFOLK.

A Well-known Miser, from London, riding through the village, asked the Innkeeper, who was standing at his door, if he could give him
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some tea, adding, I suppose since the commutation act, instead of paying eight-pence, you can give one plenty of bread, butter, and tea, for six-pence. The host took the traveller by the hand, and led him into a room, where all the windows were walled up; "Are you willing," said he, "to pay for the candles?"

The Impiety of murmuring against Providence; Instability of Human Happiness; Heart-breaking Discovery; Our Duty to submit to Providence; and the good Effects of Industry.

THE murmurs of mankind against the decrees of Omnipotence, are as unjust as they are impious. Resignation to the will of his Creator is the duty of every human being, who, by presuming to censure the unequal distribution of good and evil in this world, discover a weak head, or a depraved heart; sometimes both.

Short-sighted as we are, how childish are our complaints, how absurd are our repinings! repinings and complaints into which we surely should never fall, did we seriously reflect on the infinite

and amazing vicissitudes of human affairs, did we consider that the severest afflictions, according to our hasty apprehensions, are often eventually the most substantial blessings.

Against the decrees of Omnipotence I once murmured myself. The unequal distribution of good and evil in this world, I once censured.—I repined at the sight of beings in a more prosperous situation, and complained of my own hard fate in the bitterest terms. I am now in another, in a better frame of mind, and sincerely hope that many of my discontented fellow-creatures may be rendered otherwise by reading the following narrative, written with the pen of experience.

I was born to the inheritance of a small paternal estate, the income arising from which would, in this age of luxury and dissipation, be reckoned a trifling one. Little, however, as it was, I could not hope to see it increased, as I was not, being an only and a fondled child, with a tender constitution, bred up to any business, though I received a very good education.

Having lost my father and mother as soon as my education was finished, I could not help thinking that what had served us all three, would, undoubtedly,

edly, be sufficient for *me* alone; especially as I looked upon my orphan situation in a desponding light, and had no desire to live in an expensive manner.

So violent was my grief, so deep was my affliction, on being deprived of my parents, that I gave myself up to despair, and accused Heaven of cruelty for snatching them away from me, instead of being thankful for having enjoyed them so long. Time, however, and the tenderness with which the gentleman whom my father had appointed to be my guardian, treated me, alleviated my sorrow. My friendship too for that Gentleman's son, who was remarkably formed to please, who was as amiable in my eyes, as he was agreeable, and who professed the sincerest esteem for me, not a little contributed to its alleviation.

The happiness which I enjoyed with my young friend was excessive, and I thought that nothing could make any addition to it: but while I was pluming myself on my peculiar felicity, and depending upon its continuance, I was extremely disappointed; for the much esteemed companion of my heart was obliged to make a voyage to Lisbon, his father's affairs rendering his presence at that place absolutely necessary.

During

During his absence, which affected me greatly, I became acquainted with one of the most amiable girls in the world; and soon fell so desperately in love with her, that I had no rest night or day, because I had reason to believe that her father would think my fortune too small; and that he would expect a more advantageous match for a girl with *her* person and accomplishments. Then, —then I wished, most ardently wished, that I had been thrown into a way to improve my patrimony, and to make it more worthy of the acceptance of the only woman with whom I could be happy; without whom, indeed, I should be actually wretched.

I had been fortunate enough, as I thought, to find several opportunities to make my addresses to the lady; but the dread of being rejected by *him*, who had alone a right to dispose of her, kept me for a considerable time in a state of the most racking uncertainty; and I was weak enough to affront the memory of my once beloved and revered parents, by accusing them of having been cruelly inattentive to my future welfare.—“ Had I been brought up to business, I might have been enabled, perhaps, to offer myself to this adorable creature without fearing a refusal either from *her* or from her father!”

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I was not, indeed, too far advanced in life to settle to business; but love engaged my thoughts so much, and forbade me also to embark my little all on a precarious bottom, that, instead of endeavouring to increase my income by industry, I abandoned myself to despair.

Despair, at length, drove me to ask the father of my Maria for his consent.

I was, as I feared I should be, repulsed with a peremptory denial.

This was a finishing stroke; I could not support it.—I murmured at Providence for not having given me the exact sum I wanted, fretted myself ill, and was soon pronounced to be in danger.

My guardian, and his family, who had ever behaved in the tenderest manner to me, well knowing the cause of my disorder, informed Maria of my situation.

She, who had never been averse to me, on being acquainted with it, flew to her father, and, with tears in her eyes, intreated him to let her come and see me.

Moved

Moved by her sorrow, he complied with her request; but he was so much more affected at her return, by the account she gave of my indisposition, that he consented to our union.

Our marriage was to be solemnized as soon as my health was restored; and I believed myself to be the happiest of men.

My wife's fortune was but little, if at all superior to mine. Her parents, however, reckoning upon her person and accomplishments, had higher views for her, and had flattered themselves that she would be raised considerably by her external attractions co-operating with her intrinsic merit: they were consequently, at first, rather chagrined to see their schemes defeated; but finding that she was satisfied with her lot, and that I continued extravagantly fond of her, they also became more contented.

In a short time after our marriage, her grandfather died, and left her only five hundred pounds; but at the same time ordered five thousand more to be paid on the birth of a son; and in case of our having only girls, to be made over to another branch of the family.

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This unkind, this unjust procedure, roused my resentment; and I insulted the memory of the deceased old gentleman with the keenest invectives. I ought to have been thankful for his having remembered us at all, as he had a large family, who wanted what he had bequeathed to us more than we did.

We were now perpetually wishing, and wishing with anxiety, to have a boy, to bring so good a legacy home to us; but heaven, justly offended, no doubt, at our unreasonable disquietude, sent us only a female, who was to me, in particular, very disgusting, merely as a female; and her mother was so much displeased with her sex as to deny it nourishment from her own breast. The poor child, though as fine a one as ever was born, was turned out of the house at the tenderest age, not only to partake of the rude accommodations and homely fare of one of the lowest cottagers, but to run the risque of imbibing, with the milk of a stranger, all the ill-blood and ill-humours with which that stranger might be filled. Thus did we throw away a treasure, of which we were not capable of estimating the value.

My wife, not finding herself breeding again, soon began to take a fancy to a different stile of
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living.—She had hitherto been satisfied with privacy, and paid a proper regard to domestic economy, as we were by no means in splendid circumstances; but her disappointment arising from the birth of her daughter, had made a change in her temper; and the society of some gay people of her own sex, with whom she struck up an acquaintance, at first, in order to dissipate her uneasiness, inspired her with too strong a passion for pleasure.—Yet was not my fondness in the least abated by her new propensities. I still doated on her, and indulged her in the gratification of her heart's every wish.

Just about this time, I received a great deal of pleasure (pleasure very little expected) from my friend Theodore's return from Lisbon. His arrival gave me the greatest delight, as I had flattered myself that he would, as a sincere friend, enjoy, by the force of sympathy, the happiness I felt in my lovely Maria's company.

I flew to him, therefore, immediately, and presented him to my wife with the highest encomiums on each other, which, indeed, they both deserved, and which they both soon felt neither proceeded from the extravagance of love, nor the romantic ardour of friendship. Few men were more agreeable

able than Theodore; few women more amiable than Maria.

I now began almost to forget my late disappointment in the arms of my wife, and in the conversation of my friend, between whom I spent all my happy hours.—My felicity was, in truth, so complete, that I even thought not of the diminution of my fortune. My felicity, however,—(how can we expect permanent felicity *here?*)—was soon interrupted.—My wife fell sick of a fever.—In a few days afterwards she was declared to be hastening to her dissolution, and in a few days more expired in my arms.

It is impossible to describe the agonies which my soul endured when I beheld the woman whom I had ever loved to distraction stretched out before me a lifeless corpse. I behaved like a madman; and in the height of my phrenzy dared, impiously dared, to accuse the Almighty of having given her to me only to make me a thousand times more miserable than I should have been, if I had never known her, by an early separation. I stamped—I tore my hair—I committed innumerable irregularities. When I grew somewhat less disturbed, I sunk into a fullness which nothing could remove.

Soon after the death of my wife, my friend Theodore was obliged to settle abroad. His departure occasioned new murmurings, new impieties.

There was now but one object left to attract my attention; *that* object was my little girl, against whom, from her birth, my bosom was steeled.

Maria had now just entered into her fourth year; but having been shamefully neglected both by her mother and me, had contracted a great many low ways under the tuition of her vulgar nurse. I went to see her,—but oh! sharp reproach for having so long stifled parental affection in my bosom,—she screamed at the sight of me.—I was *indeed* a stranger.

Pitying the poor child's situation, I took her home: however, as I gave myself no trouble about her education, she only exchanged, as she grew up, the coarse dialect of the nurse, for the pert language of the chambermaid. Forced by recollection to dwell on the late losses I had sustained, certain of never seeing my beloved wife again, and doubtful with regard to the re-appearance of my friend, I sat either stupified with sorrow, or raving with despair; unmindful of every thing

thing which ought to have engaged my thoughts; unmindful of my mouldering fortune; unmindful of my injured daughter.

One day the maid came into my room, telling me that Miss was cutting her double teeth, and was very ill, adding, that she wished I would give her an anodyne necklace, which she knew her mistress had in her cabinet.

On being thus unnecessarily, I thought, reminded of my wife, I was thrown into a violent rage, and in the first transports of my passion, severely reprimanded the maid for her officiousness; but passing soon afterwards through a room in which the young Maria lay on her lap in extreme pain, I was struck with the resemblance between her and her late lovely mother, a little while before she expired.

A sigh, which I could not suppress, heaved my bosom; and as I hung over the poor innocent, the tears of paternal sensibility rushed from my eyes, and rolled down her pallid face. I then hastened to the cabinet, to search for the necklace, or any thing else that might probably relieve her.

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In turning over several papers, which were intermixed with my dear Maria's trinkets, I recognized the hand of Theodore.

Astonished beyond expression at so unexpected a sight, I opened the letter with precipitation, and read it with horror.—I was stabbed with the perusal of it.—Every word planted a dagger in my heart.—It was—oh, heaven! I still tremble at the recollection of it—a letter from Theodore, the man whom I believed to be my firmest, sincerest friend, to Maria, my wife, who doated on *me*; I also believed, as fondly as I did on *her*. After having thanked her for the very great tenderness which she had discovered for him, he thus proceeded:—"You need not be in the least afraid of your husband's suspicions, for I do not know upon the face of the earth a man who has a stronger confidence in any person than he has both in you and me; nor is there a man in the world, in my opinion, more easily to be duped."

This heart-breaking discovery made me quite furious.—I now exclaimed against Providence in the most daring and irreverent terms, for having suffered me to be so deceived and despised; so grossly imposed upon, and injuriously treated.—I declared, with much vehemence, that no human being

being had ever been so cruelly used, and swore in tremendous accents that no man should so use me with impunity.

Could I have reached Theodore in those moments of madness, when I smarted with resentment, and breathed nothing but revenge, I should have certainly murdered him; but luckily he was at a distance, and I had leisure to grow cool.—My rage, indeed, gradually subsided; but the misery I felt by reflecting on the undeserved treatment which I had received from two persons the dearest to me in the world, threw me into a violent fever.

From that fever, I, with great difficulty, recovered, and sunk into a dejection which almost rendered me incapable of doing any thing. I neglected my affairs—life became burthenfome to me—all the efforts of my acquaintance to raise my spirits, and to put me in humour with existence, were ineffectual. I at last grew so disgusted with society, that I only admitted the visits of an old gentleman, who was a man of exceeding good sense, and irreproachable morals. By *his* frequent visits, I found myself by degrees less and less embarrassed in his company; and at length grew so unguarded, that I made a discovery of the true
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cause of my melancholy, which I had till then concealed from every living creature.

No sooner was he acquainted with the source of my sorrow, than he told me that I was, in his opinion, very deservedly punished. "Learn henceforward," said he, "to submit without the least murmuring to the will of the Supreme; for you may be assured, that every thing in this world is ordered by unerring wisdom; and that we poor imperfect beings know not what is best for us.—You thought yourself the most miserable of men when you lost your wife; but had she lived, what torments would you have endured! You would have seen her prefer your friend to yourself: you would have known that she had been guilty of a very atrocious crime, and the continued sight of her would have doubled your concern, as well as your aversion.—Had you been divorced, or only separated from her, the talk occasioned by it, and the apprehensions with regard to your meeting somewhere, might have produced the most painful sensations in your breast. Besides, with what propriety could your daughter have been educated under the eye of a mother who had violated her conjugal vows; and how severely must she have been shocked at the idea of being the daughter of a woman, whom she could not, without being scan-

scandalized at her conduct, acknowledge as a parent. You ought, therefore, fervently to offer up praises to heaven for having delivered you from so much unhappiness by the death of your wife; and not with less fervency ought you to pour out your thanksgivings for the absence of your friend. Had your friend been within your reach at the time you discovered his treachery, you would have, it is highly probable, challenged him in the heat of your resentment. You might, by so doing, either have been answerable for his death as a murderer, or have been sent yourself, unprepared, and loaded with guilt, into the awful presence of Him, who has expressly prohibited revenge in these emphatical words; *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.* Look up, therefore, with devotion, and with gratitude, to *that* Being, who is as *merciful* as he is *almighty*; think, seriously think, how unworthy you have been of his interposition in your favour; and may you be always ready to say, for the future, on the most trying occasions, *Thy will be done*, without feeling your heart at variance with your lips.

I was struck with the good sense and piety uttered by my valuable neighbour, who had taken the most efficacious measures to restore the tranquillity of my mind, by setting things before me

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in a proper light, and by endeavouring to make me sensible that, under the pressure of any misfortunes whatever, a thorough submission to the dispensations of Providence is as much our *interest* as it is our *duty*.

I now began to reproach myself severely, for having behaved in so unbecoming, so unjustifiable a manner; and tried to atone for my past ill conduct, by making myself as well satisfied as the situation of my affairs, which had been considerably injured by the extravagance of my wife, in consequence of her immoderate love of pleasure, would suffer me to be. Yet still I could not bring myself to behold my little daughter with the eyes of an affectionate parent. I repined continually because my child was not a son, as I should have had, during the minority of a son, the management of five thousand pounds, which would have been of the greatest service to me. Setting aside her having been estranged from me for so long a time, Maria had none of those winning, fond yearnings after me, which children generally have who are trained up under the inspection of their fathers and mothers. Of this want of filial sensibility in my daughter, I complained, in the bitterest terms, to my good old neighbour, who told me that I had brought upon myself the disquietude
which

which tormented me. "At the very time," continued he, "that the tender affections take root, you cast your daughter from you as if she had been an alien: from *your* unfatherly behaviour, therefore, to *her* during her infancy, arises *her* inattention to *you*. Folly is its own punishment. —However, it is not yet too late to make her sensible, by a proper carriage, that you are her best friend; and possibly this despised girl may turn out every thing you can wish her to be."

I listened a second time to the voice of reason. I began to apply myself to the education of my child. I hired, in the first place, an elderly woman recommended by my friend, who had been bred a gentlewoman, but having met with misfortunes, was glad, with a moderate allowance, to undertake the care of my family, and to teach my girl all kinds of needle-work: in reading, writing, accounts, geography, French, and music, *I* was her only instructor; and by accompanying my instructions with many rewards and few punishments, I at length carried my point so far, as to make her love the *father*, while she revered the *master*. I had, at the same time, the satisfaction to see that she improved every day in her person and manners, and became a very fine girl.

When she was about eleven years old, my excellent friend and neighbour—(to whom I was indebted for all the pleasure I at last received as a parent, and to whom my daughter was also indebted both for her father and her education; as I should not, probably, have behaved to her in a paternal way, or have taken any pains to render her an accomplished woman, if I had not been acquainted with *him*)—was suddenly taken ill, and died in a few days.

The first news of his death was a blow which almost stunned me.—So deeply was I affected by it, that I gave myself up again to murmuring and despondence.

While I was throwing out some very melancholy effusions, dictated by despair, I was informed that he had left my daughter, in his will, having few relations of his own, and none who were not richer than himself, ten thousand pounds; five of which I was at liberty to improve by any sort of business or traffic, the most agreeable to me, till my daughter was six and twenty; with the other five she was to be invested on her being of age. I was, however, only to enjoy the use of my five thousand during the stipulated term of years, on condition that I tied up a part of my
estate

estate which would produce an equivalent sum at the expiration of them, in case I should be guilty of any embezzlements, or be disabled, by unforeseen contingencies, from making a restitution.

This was a noble legacy, as unmerited as it was unexpected; but it administered no kind of consolation to me for the loss of the worthy testator. The generosity of my excellent friend I remembered every hour with the sincerest gratitude, and his separation from me with the sincerest regret. However, as I paid too great a regard to the memory of him whom I had so justly and so highly esteemed when living, to neglect the improvement of the sum for which I was made responsible, I offered myself to a sober, careful man, who had been his book-keeper, to go into partnership with him, provided he would thoroughly instruct me in his business; and he cheerfully complied with my proposals, as the stock advanced by me would be of considerable advantage to him.

In this manner I obeyed my dear deceased friend's injunctions, and made an honest old servant of his happy. By strictly attending to the duties of my new employment, I not only kept my mind from dwelling on any disagreeable subjects; but in a few years trebled the five thousand
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committed to my stewardship. When my daughter came of age, I made over ten thousand to her, and married her to a very amiable and deserving young man, for whom she had a great affection. With the remaining sum, added to my little patrimony, I resolved to spend the rest of my days in doing all the good in my power, as my daughter and her husband were in too affluent circumstances to wish for my decease. In acts of beneficence, therefore, I have spent my time from that happy æra, in supplicating the Almighty's pardon for my past offences, and in pouring forth praises to him for all the blessings which he has showered on my undeserving head. Never am I so happy, never do I feel such transporting sensations, as when I am offering up my fervent thanksgivings to the throne of grace.—More and more am I every hour convinced, that the *goodness* of the Deity is equal to his *power*; that we ought ever to pay the most implicit submission to his decrees; and that whatever he permits to be, is permitted for the wisest ends.

ANECDOTE

OF

A REMARKABLE LEARNED AND UNFORTU-
NATE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1724, Francis Brightwell, and Benjamin Brightwell, his brother, were tried at the Old Bailey, for robbing John Pargiter on the highway, in the road to Hampstead. The prosecutor swore very positively against them both; but after evidence had been given against them, Francis Brightwell, who was a grenadier, proved, by several witnesses, that he was upon the King's guard, at Kensington, at the time the robbery was committed. Hereupon the Court went into an enquiry concerning the reputation and character of the prisoner. And several colonels, majors, captains, and other military officers, appeared in favour of Francis Brightwell, and alledged, that they had known him long in the service, and gave testimony as to his sobriety and diligence in the discharge of the duty of a soldier. And as to his honesty, a lady, who was present in court, declared, that she had entrusted him with a thousand pounds at a time; and a gentleman declared, that he had committed his house and goods, to the value of six thousand, to his keeping; in both
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which trusts Brightwell had acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. These ample testimonies concurring to the honour of a man in so low a condition of life, greatly surprized the court, and all who were present: but their astonishment was increased, when Mr. Hughes, a clergyman, appeared also in the soldier's favour, and made the following declaration. " I have known Francis Brightwell, (said he) near twenty years. He has always been reputed to be a person of the fairest character for sobriety, probity, and justice. He has often consulted me concerning difficult passages in Virgil and Homer: for he is to an extraordinary degree accomplished with Latin and Greek literature, and has good skill in Roman antiquities; and, in a word, he carries so large a share of exquisite learning under his grenadier's cap, that I believe there is not such another grenadier in the universe."

Mr. Hughes's testimony was corroborated by that of several others; and, upon the whole, the jury acquitted both Francis Brightwell and his brother. And it afterwards appeared, that the robbery with which they had been unjustly charged, was actually committed by Joseph Blake, and the famous Jack Shepherd. However, this unfortunate accusation proved fatal to Francis Brightwell,
 who

who died shortly after, of a disorder that he contracted in goal, though he was attended by Sir Hans Sloane, then one of his Majesty's physicians.

The following particulars are also related concerning this remarkable grenadier. He was contented in his station, studious at leisure, and ambitious only of knowledge. He had offers of being promoted to the rank of corporal, or of serjeant, which he declined, that he might have as few avocations as possible from his studies.—Neither did he covet money; and 'tis supposed, that had he been at the sacking of a town, he would not have thought of carrying off any other plunder but a valuable book or two. The following instance is given of his disregard of gain. He had an excellent manner of cleaning and furbishing arms, for which he had his settled prices.—An officer, whose arms he had brightened, was so well pleased with his work, that he sent Brightwell (over and above the usual price) a guinea for a present. The philosophic soldier took his price, and returned the guinea by the servant. Some time after, when the officer saw him, "Why," said he to Brightwell, "would you not accept of the guinea I sent you?" "I am paid for my work," replied the centinel, "and desire no more." "Accept of a crown then," said the officer, "if
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your modesty makes you think a guinea too much.”
 “Excuse me, Sir,” answered the veteran, “and do not think it vanity or affectation, when I refuse your kindness; but, indeed, Sir, I don’t want: but I am thirsty, and have no money about me; so that if your honour will be pleased to give me threepence to drink your health, I shall thankfully accept of it.”

SICKNESS not always a MISFORTUNE:

ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF OZIBAH.

An Eastern Tale.

OZIBAH, Caliph of Persia, reigned in all the magnificence, unmanly ease, and effeminate delights, so conspicuous in the palaces of the Monarchs of the East. Buried beneath the impenetrable veil of pleasure, neither the groans of his subjects, oppressed by wicked magistrates; the cries of the orphans, whom the savage banditti of the mountains had wantonly deprived of their parents; nor the melting tears of the widows stripped and exposed to the miseries of despair, could find admittance. But though the most complicated scenes of human misery were disregarded, yet the tremendous hand of Providence no sooner visibly

visibly appeared, than the Monarch trembled on his throne; these delusive scenes of pleasure, which had so long bewitched him, he beheld with horror and detestation, and those objects which he had hitherto beheld with contempt, now appeared only worthy of his attention.

Sickness seized this voluptuous Caliph, and the angel of death stared him tremendously in the face. Where could he flee for succour, or to whom could he petition with any hopes of success?—Virtue he had despised, neglected justice, and laughed at the precepts of religion. To the latter, however, he had recourse, and dispatched a messenger to the venerable Abdallah, who was a constant votary at the holy shrine in the temple at Mecca.

His arrival being notified to the Caliph, he ordered him to be brought into his presence: No sooner did this venerable man enter the chamber of Ozibah, than he cried out, “Glory eternal to the King, whose dominions are safe from decay, and whose kingdom is everlasting. The extent of the heavens, and the boundaries of the earth, are but minute parts of his creation; and infinite space but a small point of his productions. He has regulated the order of the universe, and the

government of the sons of Adam, by the understanding of kings who exercise justice. By his decrees the ties of love, and the bonds of affection, are fastened; and he has implanted, in the various beings and creatures of his workmanship, the passion of inclination and union, with a mutual tendency to society; and praises without end are due to the souls of the prophets, who walked in the paths of righteousness, and directed the way to obtain everlasting felicity. But thou, O mighty Monarch of the East, hast chosen the paths of pleasure instead of virtue, and obeyed the irregular fallies of thine appetite, in opposition to the precepts of religion. For this the arrow of disease was shot from the bow of Omnipotence, to shew unthinking mortals how insignificant is all their boasted strength, when opposed by the arm of that Being who inhabiteth eternity.

“ But ~~he~~ always thinks of mercy, even in the midst of justice; nor ever strikes, but wishes at the same time the conversion of the offender.

“ The other night returning to my cell, from trimming the midnight lamps in the holy temple at Mecca, I beheld the brilliant concave of the skies was veiled from the sight of mortals, by black and impenetrable clouds. The thunders grumbled in
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the distant skies, and seemed to foretell the horror of a future tempest. Scarce had I entered the door of mine habitation, than the thunder became far more loud and dreadful; so that the rocks seemed to move, and the very foundations of the world shake. The sheets of lightning extended themselves from one side of the heavens to the other; and the torrents of water that poured down from the adjacent mountains seemed to threaten the earth with a second deluge. Surely, cried I, the avenging hand of Providence is now executing its justice on a sinful land; or the dissolution of all things is approaching.

“ As I pronounced these words, I looked up, and saw a young man sitting near me clothed in a long robe, whose whiteness equalled that of the snow on the mountains of Candahar. I stood trembling before him, but he said to me, ‘ Fear not, Abdallah, I am one of those benevolent beings that watch over the children of the dust, and direct their steps in the paths of virtue.— Thou art terrified at the present tempest, and canst look upon it only as the effect of the wrath of an offended Deity: whereas, wert thou acquainted with the true nature of things, thou wouldst be convinced, that it is entirely owing to his goodness and mercy. Thunder and storms are as much
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the works of the Father of the universe, as the fruits and flowers that enrich and adorn the earth, and he is obeyed and honoured by storms and tempests, as well as by the gentle and fragrant breath of the morning. The sun, which by his genial warmth cheers and animates the whole creation, leads us to the worship of Him who is the author of life and happiness: the light, which embellishes and adorns every part of the universe, is a lively representation of him who is the very essence of beauty and comeliness; the rivers, the forests, the verdure, and fruits of the earth, all declare his goodness, and are so many instances of his bounty towards the children of men. But the voice of his thunder is appointed to awaken those who either abuse or disregard his blessings, and to bring them to a sense of their duty and dependance on him. But storms are not only designed as a lesson of instruction; for they also of themselves produce very happy effects, by purging and cleansing the air of any impurities, or unwholesome vapours, that too long a stagnation might occasion; by destroying those swarms of insects, which, though useful in some respects, yet would prove prejudicial to mankind. Thus are these objects of terror only instruments in the hands of Omnipotence, whereby he produces the
most

most salutary effects.' Saying this, he rose up, and left me to reflect on what he had delivered.

" And now, O mighty Ruler of this extensive Empire, let me intreat you to look upon this affliction, as intended by the beneficent Father of Nature, as an earnest of his good-will; and as I was taught to look upon storms and tempests, only as instruments in his hands, tending to promote the happiness of his creatures; so should we consider sickness as an instrument of the same kind, tending to make us acquainted with our own condition, the uncertainty of all earthly happiness, and cause us to fix our desires on that true felicity, which lies beyond the grave, and whose limits are those of eternity itself."

This speech greatly pleased Ozibah, who, turning himself towards Abdallah, answered, " O Abdallah, a few days ago, I thought myself great and happy; I was fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; but now my strength is wasted and dried up, and joy and pleasure vanished from my sight. I rely wholly on Omnipotence; and, should he extend his arm, and raise me from the pit of destruction, I will constantly endeavour to tread the paths of virtue, and to obey the precepts of religion. The orphan shall

shall find in me a father, the oppressed a deliverer, and the stranger a friend and protector. Return, Abdallah, to thy place, and when thou pourest out thy prayers in the holy temple of Mecca, remember Ozibah, thy king and friend."

Abdallah accordingly returned to his habitation, and soon after the King recovered from his sickness. His first care was to remove those magistrates who oppressed the people, placing in their stead men of integrity and virtue. He also regulated every thing which he found amiss in the government: nor would he permit any to approach him, unless they were lovers of virtue. By persevering in those noble actions, his kingdom soon became rich and powerful, and all his subjects happy.

AN ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

DURING the King's journey to Silesia, he often slept at a Clergyman's house, without ever seeing his landlord. Being once in good humour, he sent for the minister to talk with him. "How do you do, Doctor?" "Very bad; please your

your Majesty.' "Well, well, things will be better in the other world." 'Perhaps they may be worse there.' "How am I to understand this?" 'I will explain myself; if your Majesty has time and patience to hear me.' "Pray do; it is my wish you should." 'I have, Sire, two daughters, three sons, and only a small parish. Perceiving some genius in the boys, I spared no expence in their education, but sent them to a good school, and afterwards to the university; by which means I have incurred some debts. My children are become very good scholars, yet, being unprovided for, they are of course unable to make me amends for my expences. The parish revenues are rather decreased than augmented;—all my future prospects are darkened—the hope of settling my affairs is vanished—I am grown old with grief, and if death should seize me, without my observing the *suum cuique*, and paying my creditors, how dare I hope for a good reception in the other world? And—

"Yes, yes, it is certainly a bad affair—'tis plain I shall be obliged to step in as mediator.—What may be the amount of your debts?" 'About 800 dollars.' "If you can prove your sons have learned something, and are fit for my service, they shall be provided for. I will settle with your
Q creditors,

creditors, and your salary shall be increased, since you have educated your children for the good of the country. But where are your daughters?" 'I always send them to town when your Majesty comes here with your suite.' "That is prudent; let me see them to-morrow."

The next day his Majesty was told that two amiable young ladies were in the antichamber, and would not be refused admittance, insisting they had been sent for. "Oh!" said the King, "they are surely the parson's daughters; go and fetch me a milliner, and introduce the ladies."—The King found them not only handsome and lively, but of fine understandings; he conversed with them some time—bought them several expensive things—and presented them with money besides. The minister's sons, who produced very good testimonials, were provided for; the daughters soon obtained husbands;—and the King boasted of having made a parson happy in both worlds.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

OUR hero was a great friend to, and very fond of children. The young Princes Von——, had always free access to him. One day writing in his cabinet, where the eldest of them was playing with a ball, it happened to fall on the table; the King threw it on the floor, and wrote on: presently after, the ball fell again on the table; he threw it away once more, and cast a serious look on the child, who promised to be more careful, and continued his play. At last the ball unfortunately fell on the very paper on which the King was writing; who, being a little out of humour, put the ball in his pocket. The little Prince humbly begged pardon, and intreated to have his ball again, which was refused. He continued some time praying in a very piteous manner, but all in vain. At last, grown tired of asking, he placed himself before his Majesty, put his little hand to his side, and said, with a menacing look and tone, “Do you chuse, Sire, to restore the ball or not?” The King smiled, took the ball from his pocket, and gave it the Prince, with these words: “Thou art a brave fellow; Silesia will never be retaken whilst thou art alive.”

THE POOR PILGRIM.

STOP, passenger, whoe'er thou art,
Compassion in thy breast may glow;
And if thou canst not alms impart,
From pity some relief may flow.

If wayward fortune thou hast prov'd,
Lift to my tale, and feel for me:
And if thou e'er hast fondly lov'd,
Let love my vindication be.

An outcast from an affluent home,
Where peace her downy wings display'd,
Mournful and pennylefs I roam—
My all within this basket laid.

Forfaken by the man I lov'd,
The man I foolishly believ'd,
I wail my fate, while he, unmov'd,
Forgets the wretch whom he deceiv'd.

Discarded by parental scorn,
Betray'd by him whom I adore,
A pilgrim, weary and forlorn,
Relief from strangers I implore,

If

If you, to whom I lowly kneel,
Can pity to the frail extend;
If you, for those who e'er can feel,
When spurn'd by ev'ry former friend;

Afflict a pilgrim on her way,
Whose stock of bread is stale and low:
Cold blows the wind—no cheering ray
Warms my faint heart, or melts the snow.

Nor long will this unhappy form,
Nor long this breaking heart, offend:
I sink beneath affliction's storm,
And soon my shame and grief will end.

For sharper than the Northern blast,
Are the repentant pangs I prove;
Hard is my fate, to mourn and fast;
But harder still—to die of love.

VIRTUE

IS the universal charm:—Even its shadow is
courted, when the substance is wanting. It
must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent
acts, but by daily and repeated exertions, in order
to its becoming vigorous and useful. Great events
give

give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue.

Whatever is to be our profession, no education is more necessary to success, than the acquirements of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts, without probity and honour.

Whether science, or business, or public life be our aim, virtue still enters for a principal share into all those great departments of society.

It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives to the mind, and the weight which it adds to the character; the generous sentiment which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of
diligence

diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre. By whatever arts we may at first attract the attention, we can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the season of warm and generous emotions;—the heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. In this season we should endeavour, upon rational and sober enquiry, to have our principles established, nor suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical. No wantonness of useful spirits, no compliance

compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, should ever betray us into profane fallies.

It should not be barren of improvements so essential to future felicity and honour.

This is the seed-time of life. The character is now, under divine assistance, of our forming; our fate is, in some measure, put into our own hands. Nature is as yet pliant and soft;—habits have not established their dominion; prejudices have not pre-occupied our understanding; the world has not had time to contract and debase our affections. All our powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse we now give to our desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which our life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue.

Virtuous youth gradually bring forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginning of life has been vanity, its latter end can be no other than vexation of spirit.

CASTLE-

CASTLE BUILDING.

AN ELEGY.

GODDESS of golden dreams, whose magic
power

Sheds smiles of joy o'er mis'ry's haggard face,
And lavish strews the visionary flower
To deck life's dreary paths with transient grace;

I woo thee, Fancy, from thy fairy cell,
Where 'midst the endless woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal bliss, thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Deep sunk, O goddess! in thy pleasing trance,
Oft let me seek some low sequester'd vale,
While Wisdom's self shall steal a side-long glance,
And smile contempt—but listen to thy tale.

Alas! how little do her vot'ries guess,
Those rigid truths that learned fools revere
Serve but to prove (O bane to happiness!)
Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere.

Be theirs to search where clust'ring roses grow;
Touching each sharp thorn's point to prove how
keen,

Be mine to taste their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance as they blush unseen.

R

Haply

Haply my path may lie through barren vales,
Where niggard fortune all her sweets denies;
Ev'n there shall Fancy scent the ambient gales,
And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff: be his the task
To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes
betray'd;

Be mine to range unseen,—'tis all I ask,
And frame new worlds beneath the silent shade:

To look beyond the views of wealth and pride,
Bidding the mind's eye range without controul,
Through wild extatic day-dreams, far and wide,
To bring returns of comfort to the soul:

To bid groves, hills, and lucid streams appear,
The gilded spire, arch'd dome, and fretted vault;
And sweet society be ever near;
Love, ever young, and friends without a fault.

I see entranc'd the gay conceptions rise,
My harvest ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
And still as Fancy pours her large supplies,
I taste the Godlike happiness to give.

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd sighs,
To shield her infant from the north blast rude;
To bid the sweetly glist'ning tear arise,
Which swims in the glad eye of gratitude:

To

To join the artless maid and honest swain,
Where fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
And guard with fost'ring hand her darling boy:

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
And send th' unhappy smiling from my door,
To spread content and cheerfulness around,
And banquet on the blessings of the poor:

Delicious dream!—How oft beneath thy pow'r,
Thus light'ning the sad load of others' woe,
I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I bestow.

Delicious dream!—How often dost thou give
A gleam of bliss, which truth would but destroy;
Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy.

And O! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks affliction in her dread career!
Who knows distress, well knows that he may lend
One hour of life, who stops one rising tear.

O! but for thee, long since the hand of care
Had mark'd with livid pale my furrow'd cheek,
Long since the shiv'ring grasp of cold despair
Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to break.

For ah! affliction steals with trackless flight,
Silent the stroke she gives, but not less keen;
And bleak misfortune, like an eastern blight,
Sheds black destruction, though it flies unseen.

O! come then Fancy, and with lenient hand
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd
brow;

Bear me o'er smiling tracks of fairy land,
And give me more than fortune can bestow.

Mix'd are her boons, and checquer'd all with ill,
Her smiles, the sunshine of an April morn;
The cheerless valley skirts the gilded hill,
And latent storms in ev'ry breeze are borne.

Give me thy hope, which sickens not the heart;
Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to fly;
Give me the pride thy honours can impart;
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty.

Give me a wish the worldling may deride,
The wise may censure, and the proud may hate;
Wrapt in thy dreams, to lay the world aside,
And snatch a bliss beyond the reach of fate.

ON THE DEATH OF

Miss HENRIETTA HOLLIS LENNOX,

Daughter of the celebrated Mrs. C. LENNOX.

SO blooms the rose, when vernal gales,
 Their soft enlivening influence shed:
 So when a noxious blast prevails,
 It droops, and all its beauties fade.

Ah! short-liv'd flower, ah! hapless fair!
 Alike your charms, alike their date!
 Flow, flow, my tears, on Harriet's bier,
 Sweet victim of an early fate!

Say, shall th' impassion'd bosom grieve
 At angry heav'n's too partial doom,
 That blasted all our hopes, and gave
 Thy spring of beauty to the tomb.

Or shall we, with faith's steady eye,
 View thee thy kindred angels join;
 An inmate of thy native sky,
 Whilst heav'n's eternal year is thine.

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

DOCTOR SOUTH was a most admired preacher, and his sermons have in them whatever wit or knowledge could put together.—As an instance of the natural turn of wit to which this gentleman was subject, the following anecdote is related of him:—Some time before his death he resided at Caversham in Oxfordshire, and having occasion to come to London on particular affairs, he took the opportunity of paying a morning visit to his old friend Dr. Waterland. The Doctor being rejoiced to see him, pressed him to stay to dinner, which he at length consented to do; but the Doctor's Lady, who was a remarkable economist, disapproved of this, and calling her husband into an adjoining room, began to expostulate with him on the absurdity of asking the gentleman to dine, when he knew she was utterly unprovided. The Doctor endeavoured to pacify her, by saying, it was his fellow-collegian, and he could not do less than ask him to dine: he therefore begged she would compose herself, and hasten to provide something elegant, for there was not a man in the world he respected more than the friend that was now come to see him. This, instead of mending the matter, made it worse: the Lady said, she had already

already got a leg of mutton, and if he would ~~be~~ so silly to invite his friends upon such occasions, they should take what she had to give them; for she would not put herself out of the way for any of them. The Doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and protested, that if it were not for the stranger that was in the house, he would thrash her. Dr. South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, instantly stopped the dispute, by saying, with his usual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, " Dear Doctor, as we have been friends so long, I beseech you not to make a stranger of me upon any occasion." The Lady, ashamed of the discovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handsome dinner to be served up, and left the two Doctors to enjoy themselves peaceably to their mutual satisfaction.

AN ANECDOTE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow of punning memory established an ale-house near the pound, and wrote over his door, 'Ale sold by the Pound.'—As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted

reforted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I am come here on purpose to clear myself."

The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, "They tell me you sell ale by the pound; is that true?" "No, and please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you then?" said the Chancellor. "Very well, I thank you, Sir," replied the wit, "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; "Sir, (said he) the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you," and returned with him. "Here, Sir," said he, "here he is." "Who?" said the Chancellor. "Why, Sir," said he, "you sent me for a rascal,
and

and I have brought you the greatest that I know of.'

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himself *incog.* who insisted on taking care of his Majesty's horses, equipage, &c. and also to take him to a house made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were industriously employed in the service of this illustrious traveller, who of course found this imagined hotel the best prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, such fine swift horses were fixed to his carriage, that he confessed they did honour to his landlord the postmaster.—The postillion who drove him had not, as the rest, the usual stile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undressed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dress manifestly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horse he had such an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him.—When the Emperor had taken his place in his

S

carriage,

carriage, the postillion set off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed stage with an astonishing speed, and such as no other horses the Emperor had used could anyways equal. The dextrous postillion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promised a place in the Emperor's service, if he would accept it. 'With all my heart,' said the postillion, in a jocular manner. "Very well, (said the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we'll set off." 'Two, if you please, (said the postillion) and then I'll whip you over six more leagues in a trice.' One of the boys of the inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, saluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a postillion.—The Emperor again got into his carriage. "Drive on, my friend, (said he) you shall have something more for your speed." 'Oh, by my soul, no doubt, master, (said the postillion) I find you are a worthy gentleman.' They presently arrived at the stage, where they refreshed; and the postillion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the stable. "I never had such a good relief of horses, nor so good a postillion," said the Emperor to his new landlord. 'I believe it firmly, (said the innkeeper) the horses belong to his Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himself

was

was your postillion.' The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and seek the Prince; but it was needless; he had set off for his own palace, and it was impossible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely surprized at the singularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for such a condescending service.

A DROLL ADVENTURE

AT THE HOUSE OF A CERTAIN COMMON-
COUNCILMAN.

HAVING missed two pounds of butter, fresh and fine, which he kept for his own use, he accused the maid of having eaten it, or, at least, used it, as in truth she had, for herself and some kitchen company. The girl, to excuse the larceny, brought a young cat to her master, and declared that puss had eaten all the butter, and that she had caught her that moment in the act of finishing the last morsel. The excuse was plausible, but would not pass on the cunning citizen, who immediately put the young cat in the scales; when finding that the creature weighed but a pound and a half, he concluded she could not have eaten just

two pounds of butter, and sent for a constable to carry the maid before an alderman. But the servant redeemed herself by paying for the butter.

A PROSAIC ODE TO PEACE:

BY A NOBLE LORD, WHILE RESIDENT
AT ALTENA.

THE Fates conduct us when they will, and where; for now (averse to cold) we winter in a frigid clime approaching Greenland. A furious Northern blast our vessel blew across the Belt, swift as a swallow skims along the Thames, or doves affrighted cut the yielding air. O England, Neptune's glory, abode of wisdom! in thee ('tis said) dwells liberty divine. Saviour of England, saviour of Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen, omnifluent Ocean, propitious prove. Rise up, celestial goddess, from the deep; turn to fair Albion's coast a lovely look, and fix your temples on its fertile brow. Thy favourite all o'er the British isle is found, thy myrtles fragrant in its gardens grow; each free-born swain, each beautiful nymph, every science which our empire doth adorn, shall greet thee welcome to our sea-bound shore. All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus,

Venus, come! Let Mars, the destroyer of our short-liv'd race, be banished to the Euxine sea, or sound his trumpet on the Thracian plains. Let Turks and Russians this barbarous deity receive; whilst England, happy in its own extent, from all dissention free, shall rule the waves in peace, in plenty, harmony, and delight! All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus, come! Let full libations stream along the board, and marriage rites, emblems of peace, undisturbed remain; till, with redoubled strength, by wealth and rest increased.

TO THE POOR.

THE Providence of Almighty God has placed you under difficult circumstances of life, and daily reads you a lesson in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be assured of, for your comfort, that you are under God's constant and immediate care: and one advantage which you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your course thither by those manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath said, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance;
their

their cares are more, and their distractions greater; so that you have no reason to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and these are chiefly your temptations, and against these you must be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you consider things aright, you will find that your storehouse is the more sure, your supply most certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the grass of the field; so that you may be much more assured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly-minded; always remembering, that he is the poorest man, who is poor in grace.

AN ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF
TAVISTOCK.

A Short time previous to the death of this
inconsolable and lovely mourner, and when
she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery
of her health, a consultation of physicians was held
at Bedford-House, and one of the gentlemen
present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she
would hold open her hand. Her frequent refusals

fals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived that she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, Madam!" observed the physician, "my prescriptions must be useless, if your Ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes, an object, which, although deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." The Marchioness answered, "I have kept the picture either in my bosom or my hand, ever since the death of my lamented Lord; and thus am I determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

XENOPHON tells us, that when an Armenian Prince had been taken captive, with his Princess, by Cyrus, and was asked, what he would give to be restored to his kingdom and liberty? he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my Princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." And when Cyrus had restored him all, he asked his queen, "What think you of Cyrus?" to which she replied, "I did not observe him; my whole attention was entirely fixed upon that generous man, who would have purchased my liberty with his life."

LITERARY

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library, for forty pounds, it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had this book in his possession, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it? and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book.—Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller's, and enquired what he would give for such a book: the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional

ditional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her.

This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction, as it does justice to the memory of a character, lately conspicuous among us for erudition and talents.

ANECDOTE

OF A PERSIAN MINISTER OF STATE.

COSROES, King of Persia, had a Minister of State, whose character was so amiable, that it was difficult to determine by whom he was most beloved, the King or his people. At length this able Minister demanded his dismissal: but Cosroes, unwilling to lose such a faithful and wise statesman, desired an explanation. "Why would you desert me?" said the afflicted Monarch:—"Have you any cause of complaint? Has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? Have not all my slaves been ordered to make no distinction between thy orders and mine? Are not you next my heart? Have you any thing to ask that I can grant? Speak, and you shall be satisfied; only do not think of leaving me."

T

Mitranes,

Mitraneſ, the Miniſter, made this reply: "O, King! I have ſerved thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou haſt moſt amply rewarded me; but nature now requires from me one of the moſt ſacred of its duties. I have a ſon, who can only learn from me how to ſerve thee or thy ſucceſſors hereafter, as I have done: let me purſue this private duty, after all my care for the public good."

Cofroes granted his requeſt; but upon this condition, that he ſhould take the young Prince with him into his retreat, and educate both the youths together.

Mitraneſ ſet out, and, after five or ſix years abſence, returned and carried his pupils to Court. Cofroes was overjoyed to ſee his ſon again; but, upon examination, he was greatly chagrined to find that he had not made the ſame progreſs in his ſtudies as the ſon of Mitraneſ. In ſhort, he was greatly inferior to him in point of real merit.—The King complained to the Miniſter of this ſtriking difference; and his reply ſhould be a leſſon to all young men of good diſpoſitions: "O, King! my ſon has made a better uſe than yours of the inſtructions I gave to both: my attention has been equally divided between them; but my ſon knows that his dependence muſt be on mankind,

kind, while I never could conceal from yours that men would be dependent upon him."

ANECDOTE

OF POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

POPE Sixtus the Fifth being made Pope from a Cordelier, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but kept still the character of a facetious man; and he loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first condition. He remembered, amongst other things, that when he was a Cordelier, he had borrowed money of one Father Peter, of the monastery of —, and had not repaid it to him; and hearing he was still living, he sent him orders to come and give account of his actions. The good Father, who found no guilt upon him, went to Rome; and, being come before the Pope, "We are informed (said the Holy Father to him) that you have misemployed the revenues of your monastery, and we have sent for you to give us an account of the matter." "Holy Father, (said the monk) I think myself altogether innocent as to that." "Consider well, (said the Pope) whether you have not indiscreetly lent mo-

ney to any body, particularly to a certain Cordelier, who came to you such a year." The Monk having thought on it awhile, ' 'Tis true, (said he) Holy Father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time.' " Well, (said the Pope) I am that very Cordelier you speak of, and will now return that money according to promise, and advise you at the same time never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again."

The Monk, very much surprized to find his Cordelier in the person of the Pope, offered to beg his pardon for calling him a knave. " Never trouble yourself about it, (said the Holy Father) that might be true enough at that time; but God has furnished us with means to retrieve our past offences."

Thus he dismissed the Monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and expressed to him great demonstrations of favour.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

IN one of the many plots which were formed against the life and government of this Monarch, there was, among the number of those seized, a soldier belonging to his own regiment of guards. Peter being told by the officers that this man had always behaved extremely well, had curiosity to see him, and to learn from his own mouth what had been his inducement to be concerned in a plot against him. To this purpose he dressed himself in plain cloaths, that he might not be known by the man, and went to the prison where he was confined. After some conversation, Peter added, “ I should be glad to hear, friend, what were your reasons for being concerned in an attempt against the Emperor, your master, as I am certain that he never did you any injury; on the contrary, he has a regard for you as a brave soldier, and a man who always did his duty in the field: if you was therefore to shew the least remorse for what you have done, the Emperor would, I am persuaded, forgive you; but before I interest myself in your behalf, you must tell me by what motives you was induced to join the mutineers;

tineers; and I say again, that the Emperor, who is naturally good and compassionate, will give you your pardon."

"I know nothing of the Emperor," replied the foldier, "for I never saw him but at a distance; but he caused my father's head to be cut off some time ago, for being concerned in a former rebellion, and it is the duty of a son to revenge the death of his father, by that of the person who took away his life. If then the Emperor is really so good and merciful as you have represented him, advise him, for his own safety, not to pardon me; for were he to restore me to my liberty, the first use I should make of it would be to engage in some new attempt against his life; nor should I ever rest till I had accomplished my design: the securest method, therefore, which he can take, will be to order my head to be struck off immediately, without which his own life is in danger."

The Czar in vain used all the arguments he could think of to set before this desperado the folly and injustice of such sentiments: he still persisted in what he had declared; and Peter departed, greatly chagrined at the bad success of his visit, and gave orders for the execution of this man with the rest of his accomplices.

O,

OF ARCHIMEDES.

HAD Archimedes lived in our days, he would have been another Newton. When Syracuse was besieged, he put in practice all the resources of his wonderful genius in machinery for the defence of his country, and rendered this siege one of the longest and most bloody that ever the Romans undertook.

The particulars recorded of the many engines invented by him, for frustrating the attacks of the besiegers, and to harass them in their turn, are so extraordinary and wonderful, as to exceed all credibility, were they not recounted by the gravest and most credible historians. Some of these engines discharged against the Roman infantry stones of an enormous bulk, which crushed in pieces whatever came in their way; and by the destruction they produced, resembled in some degree those terrible fire-arms since invented by mankind for their mutual ruin. Others let fall such ponderous weights on the Roman galleys, as instantly sunk them. Another engine, more extraordinary still, was so contrived, as with an iron of amazing strength to seize a vessel by the prow, ~~to~~ lift her up to a considerable height, and then to let her fall

fall with her whole weight, so as to sink or break her to pieces.

In this manner did Archimedes baffle, for the space of eight months, all the attacks of the Romans. Of such great use, on some occasions, is a single man of genius and science.

But the machines which Archimedes made use of against the Romans at the siege of Syracuse, were in his eye mere trifles, in comparison of his scientific discoveries. He declared, that if he had a fixed point out of this earth, he could move it like any other large body. By means of hydrostatics, he discovered the theft of a goldsmith, who had mixed some other metal with the gold he ought to have used in forming a crown, which he had undertaken to make for King Hiero. The burning-glass, which he invented to set on fire the fleet of Marcellus, was for a long time considered as chimerical; but after seeing that of a celebrated modern philosopher, the other can no longer be denied.

Syracuse was at last taken after a siege of three years, and in the year before Christ 212. Marcellus, the Roman consul, was much delighted with the hopes of finding in this city the man whose
wonderful

wonderful genius had so long baffled the bravest efforts of the Roman arms, and therefore ordered diligent search to be every where made for Archimedes. A private soldier finding him at last, deeply intent on the solution of some geometrical problem, commanded him to go along with him to Marcellus. Archimedes very quietly begged of the soldier to wait a few moments, till he should finish his problem. But the soldier, mistaking his request for an absolute refusal to obey him, stabbed him with his sword on the spot.

Marcellus was extremely concerned at the death of Archimedes, and by the honours paid to his memory, plainly evinced the high opinion he entertained of his merits, giving him a very pompous funeral, and causing a monument to be erected to his memory, so contrived as to exhibit an emblem of that most perfect of sciences, the mathematics. He even extended his favour to the relations of Archimedes, on whom he bestowed distinguishing and advantageous privileges.

Cicero tells us, that more than 140 years after this event, when the memory of Archimedes was almost lost among his countrymen, he himself had the curiosity to make enquiry about his tomb, which, after a painful search, he had the pleasure

at last to find; discovering it by a pillar, whereon was delineated the figure of a sphere and cylinder, with an inscription on the foot of it, pointing out the proportion that a sphere bears to a cylinder of the same base and altitude, which is that of 2 to 3; a proposition which was discovered and demonstrated by Archimedes.

ON
 GENEROSITY
 AND
 DISINTERESTED HONESTY.

A Certain Cardinal, who for the multitude of his generous actions was stiled the Patron of the Poor, had a constant custom, once or twice a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motives of his own bounty.

One day a poor woman, encouraged by the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of this Cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among the crowd of petitioners, the

the Cardinal, discerning the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter's, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: 'My Lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns; and such is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue, and an abhorrence of that odious crime. What I beg of your eminence is, that you will please to interpose your sacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by our honest industry, we can procure the money for him.' The Cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and innocent modesty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the widow's hands, "Go," said he, "to my steward with this paper, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay the rent."

The poor woman, overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note; which, when he had read, he told her fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the

steward's trick to try her honesty, refused to take above five, saying, ' She asked the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure it was a mistake.'

On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take more than five crowns. Whereupon, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully informed of the business; " It is true," said he, " I mistook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the woman: " So much candour and virtue deserve a recompence; here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay it up for a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

If I mistake not, this Cardinal was called Farnese: but whatever his name was, this was an action truly heroic, and which has but few parallels.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.

AS Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, " You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue."

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

CONTRASTED.

A VISION.

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better

ter employed, you may read the relation of it as follows :

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation ; when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black ; her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles ; her eyes deep sunk in her head ; and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity ; and her hands armed with whips and scorpions.—As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed ; and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps, her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the face of heaven with universal gloom. Dismal howling resounded through the forest ; from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous

mendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn, that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched: this is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity; who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation, I espied on one
hand

hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in flow fullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprized by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

“ My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are,
she

she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same; till she at length drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“ Look round, and survey the various beauties of this globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race; and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. • For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it?— Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.”

“ What!” cried I, “ is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through

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flowery

flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degrees disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing them, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic nature, unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of
voluntary

voluntary excesses, must patiently submit, both to the painful workings of nature and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as his recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wert just now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine, and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable: and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him

who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in his pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to his inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospect and noble capacities: but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment,

so

so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

“ Return then with me, from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity; return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependant being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay the Author of your being, is such a cheerful behaviour as discovers a mind satisfied with its own dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF MR. ADDISON.

IT is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—but could go no farther; then rising again, he said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive;"—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

To begin NOTHING of which you have not well considered the END.

A Certain Cham of Tartary going a progress with his nobles, was met by a Dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece
of

of advice." The Cham ordered him the sum; upon which the Dervise said, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the End."

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, 'The Dervise is well paid for his maxim.' But the King was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the King's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason, 'Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.' He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand.—The king observed his confusion, and enquired the reason: The surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conspirators died. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, "That counsel could not be too much valued which had saved a King's life."

An Extraordinary ROBBERY.

THE following extraordinary affair is given to the public on the authority of a very respectable correspondent, who vouches for the truth of it:—A Lady in the neighbourhood of London, a short time since, went to the bank to receive a dividend, amounting to a considerable sum, which she took in bank-bills, put them loose in her pocket, and directed her coachman to drive to a tradesman's in the city, where she bought some goods, and took the opportunity of examining her bills, and putting them in her pocket-book; after which she got into her coach, and ordered the servant to drive home. A few miles from town, the carriage was stopped by a single highwayman, with a crape over his face, who demanded the lady's money and watch, which she gave him. 'Madam, (says he) you have more property about you, give me your pocket-book.' This was complied with, and the highwayman rode off. After a few minutes consideration, the Lady called to her coachman to turn about, and drive back again to the tradesman's where he had taken her up.—On her arrival there, she enquired for the master of the shop, and was informed that he was gone out of town; that his return was uncertain, it might
be

be in an hour or two, or perhaps not for two or three days. This answer increasing her suspicion, she declared that her business was of a very particular nature, and she would wait till she saw him. About an hour afterwards the tradesman made his appearance, when the lady desired to speak with him in private, and the moment they were alone, she told him she had been robbed by a highwayman that afternoon, 'and he was the man.' The tradesman began to storm, protesting his innocence; but the Lady replied very coolly, that she was positive as to his person and voice, though his face was covered; that if he would quietly restore her her property, she would never discover him, from a regard to his family; and if he did not instantly comply with this request, she would order him to be taken into custody. Upon this the tradesman burst into tears, and acknowledging his guilt, restored the property; and the Lady has so strictly kept her promise, that her most intimate friends cannot obtain even a distant hint by which the penitent robber may be discovered.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

WHEN Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20l. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, 'Carry that man another 20l.' Proceeding still, he said, 'Give him 20l. more.' But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, 'Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined.'

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'TWAS on the border of a stream
A gayly-painted tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells.

“ O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
“ Fair painting of a hand divine!
“ Superior far to mortal doom,
“ The hues of heav'n alone are mine!

“ Away, ye worthless, formless race!
“ Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!
“ No more my native bed disgrace,
“ Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

“ Shall the bright daughter of the sun
“ Associate with the shrubs of earth?
“ Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
“ Respect her beauties and her birth.

“ And thou, dull, sullen evergreen!
“ Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
“ My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
“ Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade.”

‘ Deluded flower!’ the Myrtle cries,
‘ Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?’

‘ The meanest shrub that you despise,
‘ The meanest flower has merit more.

‘ That Daisy, in its simplest bloom,
‘ Shall last along the changing year,
‘ Blush on the snow of winter’s gloom,
‘ And bid the smiling spring appear.

‘ The Violet, that, those banks beneath,
‘ Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
‘ Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
‘ When thou art in thy dusty bed.

‘ Ev’n I, who boast no golden shade,
‘ Am of no shining tints possess’d,
‘ When low thy lucid form is laid,
‘ Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

‘ And he, whose kind and fostering care
‘ To thee, to me, our beings gave,
‘ Shall near his breast my flow’rets wear,
‘ And walk regardless o’er thy grave.

‘ Deluded flower! the friendly screen,
‘ That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
‘ And mocks thy passion to be seen,
‘ Prolongs thy transitory day.

‘ But

‘ But kindly deed with scorn repaid—
‘ No more by virtue need be done :
‘ I now withdraw my dusky shade,
‘ And yield thee to thy darling sun.’

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell ;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclos’d ;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos’d.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And ev’ning came with dew’s so cold ;
The wanton beauty ceas’d to blow,
And fought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas ! no more would close ;
Relax’d, exhausted, sickening, pale ;
They left her to a parent’s woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Proud Parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, Who gave him that coat?—The same, said the Shepherd, that clothed you—the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

AWE.

AWE is the first sentiment which arises in the soul at the view of greatness. But in the heart of a devout man, it is a solemn and elevating, not a dejected emotion; for he glows, rather than trembles, in the divine presence. It is not the
super-

superstitious dread of unknown power, but the homage yielded by the heart, to Him, who is at once the greatest and best of Beings.

DISEASE.

IT may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber; where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wife, where all human glory is obliterated: the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness of innocence.

A PICTURE OF AMBITION,

IN THE FATE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand,
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.

Still

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances pow'r ;
 Till conquest, unresisted, cease to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate ;
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord ;
 With age, with cares—with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief adds disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the fate of Kings.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION.

RELIGION prepares the mind of man for all
 the events of this inconstant state, instructs
 him in the nature of true happiness, early weans
 him from undue love of the world ; afflictions do
 not attack him by surprize, and therefore do not
 overwhelm him ; he is equipped for the storm as
 well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of
 life : he is not overcome by disappointment, when
 that

that which is mortal dies, when that which is mutable begins to change, and when that which he knew to be transient passes away.

Religion not only purifies, but also fortifies the heart; so that the devout man is neither lifted up by success, nor enervated by sensuality; he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection; he is inured to temperance and restraint; he has learned firmness and self-command; he is accustomed to look up to Supreme Providence, not with reverence only, but with trust and hope.

In prosperity he cultivates his mind; stores it with useful knowledge, with good principles, and virtuous dispositions. The resources remain entire when the day of trouble comes. His chief pleasures are always of the calm, innocent, and temperate kind, and over those the changes of the world have the least power. His mind is a kingdom to him, and he can ever enjoy it.

The ROBBERY of Mr. JAMES MACKAY,
UPHOLSTERER, IN PICCADILLY.

MR. Mackay was trustee to the will of a gentleman deceased, and had constantly paid
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the wife of De Chameron an annuity of thirty guineas a year, under the will to which he was intrusted. The wife of this man had been in the habit of constantly making applications to Mr. Mackay to assist her with money in advance on account of her annuity, always stating her poverty and distress as the plea. She was then in advance; and what was unfortunate for Mr. Mackay, the pretence for decoying him from his house was, that she had called on him with the information of its being in her power to repay the money Mr. Mackay had been good enough to advance, and that, if he would then accompany her to her house, she would repay it. Mr. Mackay immediately left his own house about nine in the morning with her, and were both of them let in by De Chameron. He was desired to walk up stairs into the dining-room, when De Chameron, after a few minutes conversation, produced a large knife and a pair of pistols, with which he menaced him with instant death, if he offered to cry out or alarm the neighbours, and if he did not lower his voice he would instantly dispatch him. He then demanded his immediately writing an order on his banker (Messrs. Drummond) for three hundred guineas, and was very pressing that it should be drawn in his usual, customary manner of drawing drafts, for if the money was not produced, instant death

death should be the consequence of refusal. The draft was written by Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. De Chameron was dispatched with it. On her return, the villain produced the bank-notes to Mr. Mackay, and told him, there was the money. He then insisted on his drawing another draft on Mr. Walpole, the banker, where the money was kept for the payment of De Chameron's annuity.— This Mr. Mackay refused, stating, that he would submit to death rather than do it; that if he was suffered to have his choice, he, for the sake of his wife and family, should prefer life; but that at all events, he was determined not to draw another draft. Finding he was fixed in his determination, the villain ceased importuning him. He then bored holes in the wainscot of the room, and passed ropes through them, compelling Mr. Mackay to sit down on the floor, to which he bound him, having first tied his hands behind him. In this manner he remained, till some neighbours, hearing his cries, fortunately came and relieved him from his situation.

When the persons got into the house to release Mr. Mackay, they found him tied by the hands and legs, with ropes put through the wainscot, and one hand tied to a rope fixed to the window, which, upon being hastily pushed up, would have

pulled the trigger of a pistol, the muzzle of which was inserted in a small barrel of gunpowder. Mr. Mackay, upon the persons getting up the window to release him, called out to them not to open the window hastily, upon which they opened it gently, and cut the rope, and thereby avoided the danger. There was no furniture whatever in the house; the only things found therein, were some wood, which was put under the staircase, a tinder-box and matches, pen, ink, and paper, and a screw fixed into the ceiling-beam, to which a rope was suspended.

De Chameron, who, in concert with his wife, committed the audacious robbery, was some years ago a private foldier in the French service.—Whilst in that station, he found means to defraud a jeweller in Paris of diamonds to a considerable amount, with which he fled to England. It was supposed that they fled to Holland for security.

SLEEP.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that waylay human arrogance on every side, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become

come more sensible by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things, when they are shewn their form, or told their use; but the speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harrasses himself with fruitless curiosity, and still, as he enquires more, perceives only that he knows less.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has yet been discovered whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility; and some late philosophers have extended the empire of sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change, so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupefaction; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity, or contrariety of opinions upon this subject, nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence on practice. The most diligent enquirer

rer is not able long to keep his eyes open; the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument; and once in four and twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence, by asserting that all conditions are levelled by death; a position which, however it may deject the happy, will seldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleasing to consider that sleep is equally a leveller with death; that the time is never at a great distance, when the balm of rest shall be effused alike upon every head, when the diversities of life shall stop their operation, and the high and the low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conquests, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a man by the necessity of sleep. Whether he considered sleep as necessary to his mind or body, it was indeed a sufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which required such frequency of renovation, gave but faint promises of immortality;

talities; and the mind which, from time to time sunk gladly into insensibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the supreme and self-sufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world, than the consideration, that there is no height of happiness or honour, from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose; that the best condition of life is such, that we contentedly quit its good, to be disentangled from its evils; that in a few hours splendor fades before the eye, and praise itself deadens in the ear; the senses withdraw from their objects, and reason favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and prospects of covetousness, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that desires most have all his desires gratified, he never shall attain a state, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with satisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical separations.

All envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied; and surely none can be much envied who are not
pleased

pleased with themselves. There is reason to suspect that the distinctions of mankind have more show than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obscure, join in one common wish, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our desire of abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the quantity of stupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himself added intemperance to sleep, and solaced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world; and almost every man has some art, by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty; many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the dance of airy images, which after a time we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own
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imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands, or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the fun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future; to unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual succession of companions; but the difference is not great; in solitude we have our dreams to ourselves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end sought in both is forgetfulness of ourselves.

ANECDOTE
OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,
KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT came to the King's knowledge, that a corporal of his body regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. His Majesty, wanting to be convinced of the matter, it was so settled that the corporal could not fail meeting him at a particular hour. '*Ah, corporal,*' said the Monarch, '*you must be a brave fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay.*' "I flatter myself that I am brave, Sire," said the man, "but the watch is of very little consequence." The King taking out a gold watch set round with diamonds, said, '*My watch points at five,—how much is yours?*' Shame and confusion appeared at first in the poor corporal's face; and, however unwilling he might be to boast at that moment, he drew out his chain with the bullet, and answered with a firm voice,—"*My watch, your Majesty, shews neither five nor six; but it points out to me, that death which I am ready to die for my King at every moment.*" The Monarch replied:—"*In order that you may see daily one of those hours in which you are to die for me—take this watch.*"

THE

THE
HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION
IN THE FIELD.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue,
O'er breaking clods, the ploughshare's way;
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native diffoluble clay.

And when with feed I strew the earth,
To thee all praises let me give,
Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whose breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd, I behold the stately stem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! sustain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, through youth's dangerous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

When blasts destroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,

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Warns

Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's fickle yields;
And I beneath death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,
Sleep for a while, to service dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords
The path to life which all must tread,

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM III.

LORD Moleſworth, who had been Ambaffador at the Court of Copenhagen, published, at the end of the laſt century, an eſteemed work, entitled, "*Account of Denmark*." This writer ſpoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with the freedom which the liberty of England inſpires. The King of Denmark, then reigning, was offended at ſome reflections of the author, and ordered his Miniſter to complain of them to William III. King of England. 'What would you have me do?' ſaid William. "Sire," replied the Daniſh miniſter, "if you had complained to the
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the King, my master, of such an offence, he would have sent you the head of the author." ' That is what I neither will, nor can do ;' replied the King ; ' but if you desire it, the author shall put what you have told me in the second edition of his work.'

RETIREMENT

NATURAL TO A GOOD MIND ;

ITS RELIGIOUS USE.

THE love of retirement has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds, which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed every thing generally supposed to confer happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they possessed both power and riches, and were, therefore, surrounded by men, who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them every thing that might offend their ease or interrupt their pleasure, they have soon felt the languors of satiety, and found themselves unable to pursue the race of life without frequent respirations of intermediate solitude.

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To produce this disposition, nothing appears requisite but quick sensibility and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or silence, the man, whose faculties enable him to make ready comparisons of the present with the past, will find such constant recurrence of the same pleasures and troubles, the same expectations and disappointments, that he will gladly snatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and seek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of sense cannot afford him.

Nor will greatness, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this desire, since, if he is born to think, he cannot restrain himself from a thousand enquiries and speculations, which he must pursue by his own reason, and which the splendour of his condition can only hinder; for those who are most exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay so large a tribute of their time to custom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, No man in the house is more a slave than the master.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he answered, that
there

there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

These are some of the motives which have had power to sequester kings and heroes from the crowds that soothed them with flatteries, or inspired them with acclamations; but their efficacy seems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common classes of mankind, to whose conceptions the present assemblage of things is adequate, and who seldom range beyond those entertainments and vexations, which solicit their attention by pressing on their senses.

But there is an universal reason for some stated intervals of solitude, which the institutions of the church call upon me, now especially, to mention; a reason which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future state; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; since none can imagine themselves not comprehended in its obligation, but such as determine to set their Maker at defiance by obstinate wickedness, or whose enthusiastic security of his approbation places them above external

ternal ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward to another against the threats of calamity.

It is not without reason that the Apostle represents our passage through this stage of our existence by images drawn from the alarms and solicitude of a military life; for we are placed in such a state, that almost every thing about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleasure, has a tendency to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside, or retard our progress.

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Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in most things that relate solely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance, every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former, and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated.

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience, which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt; and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not infligated his appetites by indulgence, or suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion and multiply their demands?

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties in our provision for this life, arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses, even in cases where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of sense are instantaneous, its objects strike unsought, we are accustomed to follow its directions, and therefore often submit to the sentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoise between the pleasures of this life and the hopes of futurity, present objects more frequently falling into the scale, would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all its activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite, not less than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the business,

business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rights of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which every thing proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves, which has always been considered as the perfection of human nature ; and this is only to be obtained by frequent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirements from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting sight of prosperous wickedness.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alleged it was none of his business.—Very well, said the master; but pray what do you call your business? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu.—You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.

POPE'S

POPE's UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;

O lead

O lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ABSURDITY OF
HEREDITARY PREJUDICES

EXPOSED.

SOME persons believe every thing that their kindred, their parents, and their tutors, believe. The veneration and the love which they have for their ancestors, incline them to swallow down all their opinions at once, without examining what truth or falsehood there is in them. Men take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them. I freely grant that parents are appointed

appointed by God and nature to teach us all the sentiments and practices of our younger years; and happy are those whose parents lead them into the paths of wisdom and truth. I grant further, that when persons come to years of discretion, and judge for themselves, they ought to examine the opinions of their parents with the greatest modesty, and with an humble deference to their superior character; they ought, in matters perfectly dubious, to give the preference to their parent's advice, and always to pay them the first respect, nor ever depart from their opinions and practices, till reason and conscience make it necessary.— But after all, it is possible that parents may be mistaken, and therefore reason and scripture ought to be our final rules of determination in matters that relate to this world, and that which is to come.

AN

EVENING ODE.

EVENING now from purple wings
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;

Near

Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love;
 Stella, thither let us stray!
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.
 Phœbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
 In his stead, the queen of night
 Round us pours a lambent light;
 Light that seems but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
 Evening's silent hours employ,
 Silence best, and conscious shades,
 Please the hearts that love invades;
 Other pleasures give them pain,
 Lovers all but love disdain.

The WORLD never known but by a Change
 of FORTUNE.

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

BORN to a large fortune, and bred to the
 knowledge of those arts which are supposed
 to accomplish the mind, and adorn the person of
 a woman. To these attainments, which custom

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and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary acquisitions by the use of books, and the conversation of that species of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and aversion, under the name of scholars, but whom I have found a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained, which, embellished with elegance, and softened by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world, I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard in every place of converse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation; my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame; my mien was studied; my dress was imitated; my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves; my visits were solicited as honours;

nours; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with Melissa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass, I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance. When I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph, amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and caresses. To please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer

is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year; when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination that Meliffa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she should cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearances, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, and those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamity in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits: some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes,—to compare my present and former condition; to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendour which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level
 • with

with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended. I will, therefore, so far mention my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule,—that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements. These had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary

to their happiness, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured, because the men who followed them, upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happened to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their
court

court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown. and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Meliffa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate, who has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of the dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous, lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

SUCCESS-

SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM
OF
A SPANISH GENERAL.

THE dreadful massacres in South-America, by which millions of poor Indians, ' the gentlest children of the sun,' were savagely extirpated, have rendered the Spanish name detestable on that vast continent. One of the Generals of this nation, however, was not insensible to the kindly dictates of humanity. He was desirous to spare the effusion of blood, and to owe his conquest to the more innocent arts of stratagem. With this view he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the sun, that either of the two contending parties, which appeared to be visibly protected by heaven, should reign over the other, who, moreover, should embrace their religion; that the Americans therefore should implore the assistance of the sun, while the Spaniards should beseech the protection of the Invisible but Supreme Being, whom they adored as Lord of the Sun, and of the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish General assured the American Chiefs, that he had been praying to the true God to obscure the splendor of that great luminary, which his enemies worshipped, that by such a fig-

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copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me without a commendation; and very seldom without a shilling.

At last the chief of our subscribers, having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country.—She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the influence of servants—that scarcely a wench was to be got *for all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction

viſion to thoſe who adviſe them to ſpare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in leſs than a year the whole pariſh was convinced, that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our ſchool was now diſſolved; my miſtreſs kiſſed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpleſs, ſhe could not aſſiſt me, adviſed me to ſeek a ſervice, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for ſcholarſhip, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, conſidered as a crime; and, when I offered myſelf to any miſtreſs, I had no other answer than, *Sure, child, you would not work; hard work is not fit for a penwoman;—a ſcrubbing-bruſh would ſpoil your hand, child.*

I could not live at home; and while I was conſidering to what I ſhould betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our ſchool to London, came down in a ſilk gown, and told her acquaintance how well ſhe lived, what fine things ſhe ſaw, and what great wages ſhe received. I reſolved to try my fortune, and took my paſſage in the next week's

week's waggon to London. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a filter of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place.— She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watch-maker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on Sunday, and spend half the wages of the week on Richmond-hill; on Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; Tuesday and Wednesday consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse.— You may be sure that of the sufferers the maid suffered most, and I left them after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night.

night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning; he seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linendraper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry.— I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resenting the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous, and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants, and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in
proportion

proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light fingered. You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

Having left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or the suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompence her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became under-maid at the house of a mercer in Cornhill, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern without the knowledge of his father, and

and I was ordered by my mistress to let him in silently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilst the rest of the family was in bed, I considered as supernumerary, and having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way; I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress, who told me that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This was the first time that I found or thought it criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life; my mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake of her

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amuse-

amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude.— But a burning fever seized my mistress, of whom I shall say no more than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place, and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen; so that when I was hired into the family of an East-India Director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footman; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress, the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's

day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for some time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though she could not read hard words, and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At last my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house-steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out that my fauinefs was grown to such a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well swept since *Betty Broom* came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to

leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick-bed, and I would find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner, because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made and destroyed, because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour; but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and fullness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds; with this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

SIR Walter Raleigh, discoursing with some friends, in the Tower, of Happiness, urged, that it was not only a freedom from diseases and pains of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience, and inward tranquillity.
And

And this happiness, so suitable to the immortality of our souls, and the eternal state we must live in, is only to be met with in Religion.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN the year 1718, Dryden's '*All for Love*.' was performed for the amusement of the old Duke of Marlborough, by persons of fashion. Among the learned who were present, are to be mentioned the names of Bishop Hoadly, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele.

Lady Bateman, who was the Duke's favourite grandchild, and very beautiful, played the part of Cleopatra; her Ladyship applied in vain to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion. Bishop Hoadly, perceiving her anxiety, on retiring at bed-time, called for pen, ink, and paper, and in the morning delivered to Lady Bateman a prologue, which is preserved in Mr. Duncombe's collection of '*Letters by several eminent Persons*.' Her Ladyship accordingly spoke it in the evening; and the compliments in the following lines, with his grand-daughter's attention,

tention, being as acceptable as it was sudden—his Grace burst into tears.

EXTRACT.

‘ This heap of stones, which Blenheim’s palace
frame,
‘ Rose in this form a trophy to thy name :
‘ This heap of stones must crumble into sand ;
‘ But thy great name shall through all ages stand.
‘ In fate’s dark book I saw thy long-liv’d name,
‘ And thus the certain prophecy proclaim :—
“ One shall arise,* who will thy deeds rehearse,
“ Not in arch’d roof, or in suspended verse ;
“ But in plain annals of each glorious year ;
“ With pomp of truths the story shall appear.
“ Long after Blenheim’s walls shall moulder’d lie,
“ Or, blown by winds, to distant regions fly,
“ By him shall thy great actions all survive,
“ And by thy name shall his be taught to live.”

In the course of the play, Sir Richard Steele, who sat next to the Bishop, often remarked how well Captain Fisher, who played the part of Anthony, performed the character; and the Captain being particularly impassioned with Lady Bate-

* This probably alludes to Sir Richard Steele’s intention of writing a History of the Duke’s campaigns.

man,

man, Sir Richard remarked—‘ I doubt this Fish is Flesh, my Lord.’

ANECDOTE OF AN ATTORNEY.

A Worthy old gentleman in the country, having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country gentleman, there’s one of them, I am sure, cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier’s, that you sent me for a present out of the country.

AN ANECDOTE.

M. Le Porter, page to Lewis XIV. in the Memoirs of the French Court, informs us that there was an old Courtier, then living, who had

had rose gradually from Page to the Queen Catherine of Medicis, to be an assistant to the Favourite, and in time supplanted him; who, after thirty years, and numberless changes, was dismissed with an honourable pension, and the Order of St. Lewis. The old gentleman, during a severe illness, confessed to a Rev. Court Chaplain, with seeming contrition, the ways and means he had submitted to, to preserve favour, and to acquire preferment. The Rev. Father having confidence in his penitent, freely acknowledged the great similarity in their proceedings through the course of their earthly progress, though not with equal success, or he had long since been Archbishop; passing at the same time a modest compliment on the venerable Courtier's superior judgment and perseverance.—The Knight looking stedfastly on his Reverence, said, “from such sincere confessions, shall we not presume to absolve each other, without justly incurring the censure of the Holy Romish Church.” The good Priest's zeal not exceeding his knowledge, he received with humility a lay absolution.

THE INESTIMABLE
VALUE OF TIME.

EVERY hour you live is an hour given you to prepare for dying, and to save a soul. If you were but apprized of the worth of your own souls, you would better know the worth of days and hours, and of every passing moment; for they are given to secure your immortal interest, and save a soul from everlasting misery. And you would be zealous and importunate in the prayer of Moses, the man of God, upon a meditation of the shortness of life, Ps. xc. 12. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts to wisdom." *i. e.* So teach us to consider how few and uncertain our days are, that we may be truly wise in preparing for the end of them.

It is a matter of vast importance to be ever ready for the end of time, ready to hear this awful sentence confirmed with the oath of the glorious angel, that 'time shall be no longer.' The terrors or the comforts of a dying-bed depend upon it: the solemn and decisive voice of judgment depends upon it; the joys and the sorrows of a long eternity depend upon it:—Go now, careless sinner, and in the view of such things as these,

go and trifle away time as you have done before; time, that invaluable treasure: go, and venture the loss of your souls, and the hopes of heaven and your eternal happiness, in wasting away the remnant of hours or moments of life: but remember, the awful voice of the angel is hastening towards you, and the sound is just breaking upon you, that 'time shall be no longer.'

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERIC THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ONE time the King rung his bell, but nobody coming, he opened the door of the anti-chamber, and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to wake him, he perceived a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited his curiosity and attention; he drew it out and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance, in sending her part of his wages; for which heaven would certainly reward him, if he continued his faithful service to God and his Majesty. The King walked softly back to his apartment, fetched a roll of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into his

his pocket again. Soon after he rung the bell so hard that the page awoke, and made his appearance. "Surely you have been asleep," said the King. The boy stammered part of an excuse, and part of a confession; and in his confusion, putting his hand into his pocket, he felt, with the greatest surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, trembling, grew pale, and stared at the Monarch with tears starting from his eyes, and unable to utter a syllable. "What is the matter?" said the King. 'Alas! your Majesty,' sobbed the page, falling on his knees, 'my ruin is intended, I know nothing of this money.' "Why," said the King, "whenever fortune does come, she comes sleeping—you may send it to your mother, with my compliments, and assure her, I will provide for you both." The unexpected joy this gave the page, is beyond description.

This very scene has produced a comedy, entitled '*The Noble Youth*,' by Professor Engle.

UNCERTAINTY OF FRIENDSHIP.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of Friendship. It is painful to consider that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or

destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of Friendship, of invincible Constancy, and unalienable Kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable because they are rare. The Friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power, and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together, may be separated by the different course of their affairs; and Friendship, like love, is destroyed
by

by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions.—What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man, deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend, after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them, that the pleasure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different scenes have made different impressions, the opinions of both
are

are changed, and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest, which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of Friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest, upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief I know not what security can be obtained; men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels, and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will be seldom found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united.—Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks cold and petulant; Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender

flender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the desire of pleasing, and willingness to be pleased, are silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

A HYMN.

OUR God is the Father of all,
 The Father of mercies and love;
 He pities the works of his hands,
 Though he reigns in the heavens above.

Not a sparrow can fall to the ground
 Without his permission and care;
 From such a kind Father and Friend,
 Then what have his children to fear?

We've nothing to fear but from sin,
 It is sin that displeases our God;
 When we disobey his commands,
 Like a Father he uses the rod.

ADVICE

ADVICE FROM A YOUNG LADY

TO HER

FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE,

LATELY MARRIED.

HEAR, Peggy, since the single state
You've left, and chose yourself a mate,
Since metamorphos'd to a wife,
And blifs or woe infur'd for life ;
A friendly muse the way would shew,
To gain the blifs, and miss the woe :
But first of all I must suppose
You've with mature reflection chose ;
And this premis'd, I think you may
Here find to married blifs the way.

Small is the province of a wife,
And narrow is her sphere of life ;
Within that sphere to move aright,
Should be her principal delight ;
To guide the house with prudent care,
And properly to spend and spare ;
To make her husband blefs the day
He gave his liberty away ;
To form the infant's tender mind ;
These are the tasks to wives assign'd :

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Then

Then never think domestic care
Beneath the province of the fair,
But daily those affairs inspect,
That nought be wasted through neglect:
Be frugal plenty round you seen,
And always keep the golden mean.

Be always clean, but seldom fine,
Let decent neatness round you shine:
If once fair decency be fled,
Love soon deserts the genial bed.

The early days of wedded life
Are oft o'ercast with childish strife;
But be it your peculiar care
To keep that season bright and fair;
For then's the time, by gentle art,
To fix your empire in his heart;
With kind obliging carriage strive
To keep the lamp of love alive:
For should it through neglect expire,
No art again can light the fire.

To charm his reason, dress your mind,
Till love shall be with friendship join'd;
Rais'd on that basis 'twill endure,
From Time and Death itself secure.

Be

Be sure you ne'er for power contend,
Nor seek by tears to gain your end ;
Most times those tears which cloud our eyes,
From pride and obstinacy rise :
Heaven gave to man superior sway,
Then heaven and him at once obey.

Let sullen frowns your brows ne'er cloud,
Be always cheerful—never loud :
Let trifles never discompose
Your features, temper, or repose.

Abroad for happiness ne'er roam,
True happiness consists at home ;
Still make your partner easy there,
(Man finds abroad sufficient care)
If every thing at home be right,
He'll always enter with delight ;
Your converse he'll prefer to all
Those cheats the world do pleasure call ;
With cheerful chat his cares beguile,
And always meet him with a smile.

Should passion e'er his soul deform,
Serenely meet the bursting storm ;
Never in wordy war engage,
Nor ever meet his rage with rage ;

With all our sex's soft'ning art,
Recall lost reason to his heart ;
Thus calm the tempest in his breast,
And sweetly soothe his soul to rest.

Be sure you ne'er arraign his sense,
(Few husbands pardon that offence)
Twill discord raise, disgust it breeds,
And hatred certainly succeeds;
Then shun, O shun, the fatal shelf!
Still think him wiser than yourself;
Or if you otherwise believe,
Ne'er let him such a thought perceive.

When care invades your partner's heart,
Bear you a sympathizing part,
And kindly claim your share of pain,
And half his troubles still sustain:
From rising morn till setting night,
To see him pleas'd, your sole delight.

But now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Shall she pretend,—O vanity!—
To lay down rules for wedded life,
Who never was herself a wife?
I own you've ample cause to chide,
And, blushing, throw my pen aside.

ROB-

ROBBERY OF TIME.

WHEN Diogenes received a visit in his tub from Alexander the Great, and was asked, according to the ancient forms of royal courtesy, what petition he had to offer, " I have nothing," said he, " to ask, but that you would remove to the other side, that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine, take from me what you cannot give me."

Such was the demand of Diogenes from the greatest monarch of the earth, which those, who have less power than Alexander, may with yet more propriety apply to themselves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do sometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence should at least be vigilantly preserved.

It is well known, that time once past never returns, and that the moment which is lost, is lost for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others.

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This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice; scarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement; the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

This waste of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the Great, whose followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at last with petitions in their hands. Those who raise envy will easily incur censure. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not suffer more reproaches than they deserve, and may not rather themselves complain that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to impotency without shame.

The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number solicitation is its own reward: To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase

crease or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be considered as a beast of prey, justly dreaded, but easily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waste of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not resisted, because they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded mischiefs, and invisible encroachments.

He, whose rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, must give up himself in a great measure to the convenience or humour of those that surround him. Every man who is sick of himself, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to speak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to speak. Hour passes after hour, the noon succeeds to morning, and the evening to noon, while a thousand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as fast as they are offered, but which the custom of the world

world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies; he, who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain; to the œconomist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles, and breach of alliances; to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

To put every man in possession of his own time, and rescue the day from this succession of usurpers, is beyond my power and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, some stop might be put to this unmerciful persecution, if all would seriously reflect, that whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty
of

of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

ON THE
GENERAL CRUELTY OF SCHOOLS.

POVERTY, or covetousness, I have observed to be the two motives with men to undertake the drudgery of a school: from the last nothing good can come, the motive is bad: from the first we may expect something: hunger softens brutes; but a peculiar attention should be paid to the temper of the man. If he is hasty and irascible, it will vent itself in beating and cruelty to the children; if mild and gentle, it will be alluring and irresistibly persuasive. An Apostle hath said, "Fathers provoke not your children to wrath:" but how many children, in contempt of this precept, are provoked to wrath by the wanton cruelties of masters! Many an amiable disposition has been ruined by unhappily falling under such hands.

Why is it that our universities send us back so few bright men? The cause, in a great measure, is in our schools. Young men, glad that they are escaped from slavery and the lash, to a land of liberty, think they can never enjoy it enough;

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and

and finding the college exercise trifling, and that little time is required to perform it, the rest is devoted to pleasure, and such pleasure too that often stupifies the scholar, and leaves what the chemists call a *caput mortuum*, a lump of dulness.

A friend of mine, whom I have heard lament the present insensible method of masters, thought he had found out a proper place for an only child at what is called a private school, that is, by the bye, only a more crafty method to pick your pocket; but he found himself miserably deceived. I was at his house when what I am going to relate happened. One Silex, I believe, a Welch parson, set up some years since such a school as this, craftily giving out that he would take but a few, but would have his price. My friend was caught in the deception: he sent his son, unsuspecting any severity, much less cruelty. The boy was of an amiable disposition, and very ready at learning; but it happened once, after his return from home some four or five days, doubtless with thoughts uncollected for school exercise at such a season, that he missed a word in construing his lesson. The fault was unpardonable; he was beat upon his head, his money taken from him, and, *horrendum dictu!* he was told that he should be confined to the school-room three days without viſuals, and

and at the end be severely flogged. What man, under such circumstances, would not meditate an escape? much more than a boy, not eleven years old. He bore, however, with patience, the first day's confinement, though viſtials were brought to him, but as it were by ſtealth. The manner of this conveyance confirmed him that he muſt undergo the puniſhment. Into what an agony muſt ſuch a child be thrown by ſuch cruel treatment? Fear is a dreadful painter. The images it draws in the mind are horrible; but ſome of his ſchoolfellows, commiſerating his caſe, perſuaded him to attempt his eſcape. The undertaking was arduous, yet the next morning he ſet out, and though he had near thirty miles to travel, he was at home by dinner; ſuch was the ſwifneſs fear gave to his feet. But what a ſcene of diſtreſs did I there behold! the ſudden ſurprize by the child's return, the fear left he ſhould have overheated his blood, and a multitude of miſgiving thoughts, had very near been too much for the parents.

My blood, I confeſs, boiled againſt the wretch that had thus wantonly ſported in cruelty, which might have turned out fatal to a family, and im-bittered the reſt of their days: but maſters make light of theſe things, and tell them with glee and pleaſure over their pipes and bottles. It is high

time for authority to interpose. Apprentices enjoy its protection; for it is forbid masters to use any cruelty with them. Why then should it not interpose, and lay its commands on schoolmasters? Why must children, less able to bear severity, be unmercifully exposed to it? Colleges have visitors, and also many other institutions to regulate abuses. Let visitors then be appointed at the public expence to be a check upon schoolmasters. It would be money wisely disbursed, no matter for men of learning; honest and humane will be sufficient. The end of their office is only to be a check upon their masters. The will of man unchecked naturally grows imperious. How comes it to pass that we have been wise enough to lay restraints on each other in every other affair of life, and yet have neglected to place a watch upon schoolmasters? Talk with men who have either passed through a public or private school, and you will not hear one in three speak well of the master's humanity. Many schools are more terrifying to children than prisons to men.

The

The following elegant Lines were written on the Death of the Rev. MOORE MEREDITH, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Mr. H. F. SOAME, Student of that College, and fixed upon the Pall of the deceased, according to the custom of that Society.

SONS of the world, who view with scornful eyes
 The grave in which sequester'd science lies;
 Who mock the student's toils, or mark them not,
 Or deem he labours but to be forgot;
 Exists a while within the cloister's gloom,
 Then sinks unheeded to an humble tomb!
 Come, ye who proudly scorn the pedant's boast,
 Here weep the talents which you honour most!
 Know that there sleeps on this lamented bier
 All that might well have grac'd your gayer sphere;
 Wit, that to dulness only gave offence,
 And learning's store subservient still to sense;
 The sportive fancy, and the humourous vein,
 Which numbers imitate, but few attain;
 Quick to conceive, and ready to express
 The clear conception in its happiest dress;
 Fire, that with seventy winters snow could wage
 Successful war, and melt the frost of age.
 Mourn him, ye gay, for you had sure approv'd
 Whom *Yorick* honour'd, and *Eugenius** lov'd;

* STERNE and HALL, both of Jesus College, and intimate friends of Mr. MEREDITH.

Refuse the decent tribute, if you can,
Due to the Wit, the Scholar, and the Man!

ANECDOTE

OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

SOME months since, while the Prince of Mecklenburgh Strelitz was on a visit to his Royal Highness, he took him to Scheveling, to see the departure of the vessels and boats employed in the fishery, (esteemed a fine sight in Holland) and on which occasion the seamen and crews generally vie with each other in parade and dexterity. The Prince of Orange standing near the water's edge, as the vessels were about hoisting sail, a boy on board one of the vessels, eager to distinguish himself in the eye of the Prince, by exhibiting some feats of activity, unfortunately fell overboard, and was drowned: at sight of which the Prince of Orange instantly jumped into the water, with a generous view of saving him, and was in the greatest danger of being drowned, by a wave rolling over him; but having been with difficulty rescued from the peril, some of his attendants asked him why he hazarded himself, whose life was so valuable to the public. When he declared, in the most humane and affectionate terms, that at the instant
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the boy fell in, he forgot his consequence, his philanthropy over-ruling, and felt himself equally interested to save him, as if he had been his brother. A speech not only expressive of his exalted soul, but worthy the descendant of such illustrious ancestors. Further, the Prince, as a proof of his noble humanity, settled a handsome pension on the parents of the boy, who lost his life in a laudable, though hazardous endeavour, to encrease the entertainment of his Prince.

AN ANECDOTE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckingham, when Earl of Mulgrave, was Lord Chamberlain to King James II. He was apt to comply in every thing that he thought might be acceptable; for he went with the King to mass, and kneeled at it; and being looked upon as indifferent to all religions, the Priests made an attack upon him. He heard them gravely arguing for transubstantiation. He told them, "he was willing to receive instruction:—he had taken much pains to bring himself to believe in God who made the world, and all men in it; but it must not be an ordinary force of argument that could make him believe, that man was quits with God, and made God again."

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A GAMING ANECDOTE.

A Very respectable gentleman, who had an aversion to cards, that he might not be deemed unfashionable in a family where he often visited, and public days for play were set apart, found himself under the necessity to play deep; but it was his good fortune generally to be successful. After some years of intimacy, the master of the family took him aside one day, and imparted to him the melancholy secret, that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state. The gentleman expressed his concern at his friend's distress, and entreated him not to despair. On his return home, he opened a private drawer in his bureau, in which he had nightly deposited his winnings at the card tables in his friend's house, and the next day he insisted on refunding the sum this inconsiderate man and his family had lost. It was sufficient to give a turn to his affairs, and to save his friend from instant imprisonment; but he restored it only on this condition, that they should never play at cards again.

F I N I S.

